

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1979 • \$3.00

**GALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE**

Raquel

**A PHOTOGRAPHIC
CELEBRATION OF
THE DECADE'S MOST
DESIRED WOMAN**

**AL PACINO TALKS
HIS FIRST EVER
IN-DEPTH
INTERVIEW**

**NORMAN MAILER'S
STUNNING ACCOUNT
OF GARY GILMORE'S
FINAL HOURS**

**BETTING THE N.F.L.—
HOW TO BEAT
THE POINT SPREAD**

**SEX IN LOS ANGELES—
THE SECRET LIFE
OF TINSELTOWN**

**PLAYMATES ENCORE
YOUR ALL-TIME
FAVORITES LOOK
BETTER THAN EVER!**

SEX STARS OF '79

**PLUS: JOHN UPDIKE
FREDERICK FORSYTH
HARVEY KURTZMAN
AND WILL ELDER
RICHARD PRYOR
ANSON MOUNT
SHEL SILVERSTEIN
LEROY NEIMAN
AND A FEAST OF
HOLIDAY GOODIES**





LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING CAR.

ALL NEW FROM THE GROUND UP.
THE 1980 TOYOTA

Economy never looked like this!
The completely re-thought, re-designed,
re-engineered Toyota Corolla. Efficient

aerodynamic styling, handsome new interiors
with more leg room, a peppier new 1.8 liter
engine. And the same kind of total economy

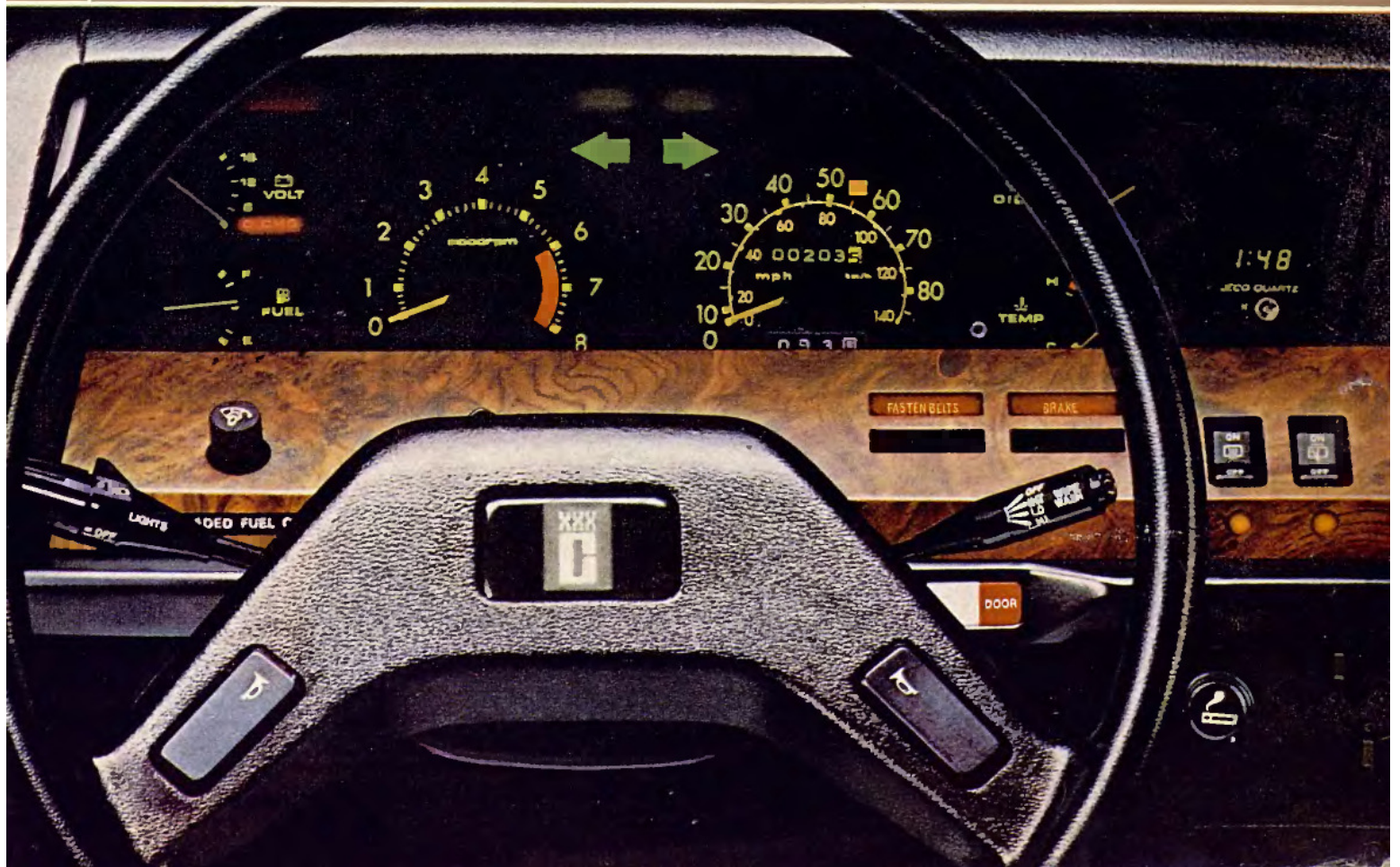


COROLLA.

that made Corolla the best selling car in the world. So turn the page and see what total economy will look like in the 1980's.



12 COMPLETELY REDESIGNED COROLLAS
WITH STYLE AND TOTAL ECONOMY
THAT ARE RIGHT
FOR RIGHT NOW.





Today you need Toyota's world-famous total economy more than ever. But that doesn't mean you can't have a little fun—and when you drive an all-new 1980 Corolla, you'll have a lot of fun.

Take the Corolla SR-5 Liftback (the red car above). The sleek aerodynamic styling does more than just look great. It helps reduce wind resistance too. Corolla engineers spent 425 hours on wind tunnel testing alone, and it shows.

Inside, the Corolla SR-5 Liftback has more leg room front and back than last year. The interior finish suggests a finely made touring car. A 5-speed overdrive

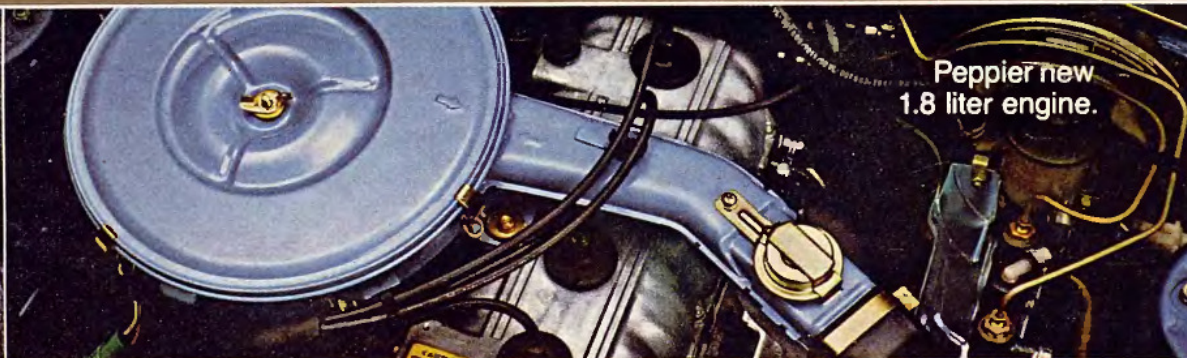
transmission adds to the sporty feel and reduces engine RPM's at highway speeds. Even an AM/FM Multiplex stereo radio is standard.

Of course, while it's an extremely nice car, this Corolla Liftback may not be the perfect match for your needs. That's why there are so many other Corolla models to choose from—more than any other small car line.

2-Door Sedans, 4-Door Sedans, Sport Coupes, Wagons—a car for virtually every need. 12 Corolla models in all, including the new front-wheel drive Corolla Tercel on the next page.



The SR-5 Liftback cockpit.



Peppier new 1.8 liter engine.



SR-5 Sport Coupe has reclining front bucket seats.



AND THE NEWEST COROLLA OF ALL...
THE COROLLA TERCEL
FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE. IT'S THE HIGHEST
MILEAGE, LOWEST PRICED* TOYOTA!



No other small front-wheel drive car
has more front leg room.
(SR-5 interior shown.)



The new Toyota Corolla Tercel. It isn't the first front-wheel-drive car. But it may be the best. For one thing, the Corolla Tercel's 1.5 liter engine is mounted longitudinally—fore and aft. The advantages are substantial. In legroom. In serviceability. The Corolla Tercel even has an easy shifting 4-speed gear box.

Yet the Corolla Tercel Standard Sedan is still the highest mileage, lowest priced Toyota you can buy. The Corolla Tercel is rated at **33** EPA Estimated MPG, 43 EPA Estimated Highway MPG.

Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other cars with manual transmission. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the EPA "Highway Estimate."

*Corolla Tercel Standard Sedan's price is based on manufacturer's suggested retail price. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, California emissions, or optional equipment.



33 EST. MPG
43 EST. MPG HWY.



Corolla Tercel SR-5 Liftback
has 25.6 cubic feet of cargo space.

**Can you look this man straight in the eye
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?**



PLAYBILL

ONCE AGAIN, it's time for our traditional Christmas feast of good reading and delightful viewing. And there's no better way to whet your appetite for the repast than to direct your attention (as if it need be directed) to the lady on our cover, **Raquel Welch**, who has become something of an American tradition in her own right. Or perhaps we should say her *image* has become a tradition, because, as you'll find out in *Raquel*, the woman behind the image wants to be known as something more than just a sex goddess. Considering her photographs by **Chris Von Wangenheim** and **Tony Kent**, she'll have to work hard just to tone her image down to that of demigoddess, but we admire her character. Speaking of characters, **Al Pacino** (of *The Godfathers*, *Dog Day Afternoon*) has a reputation for being uncommunicative, if not downright unsociable, when asked to be interviewed. But somehow **Lawrence Grobel** managed to win Pacino's trust and came away with this month's *Playboy Interview*, a very personal look at a very private actor.

If there's anyone more enigmatic than Pacino, it's **Richard Pryor**. We asked **William Brashler**, author of the novel *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, which became a Pryor hit movie, to explain, in 6000 words or less, what makes Pryor tick. In *Berserk Angel*, illustrated by **Ed Paschke**, Brashler makes a valiant stab at what is clearly an impossible task, and takes us one small step closer to comprehending this outrageous ball of comedic fire. According to Brashler, interviewing Pryor was less than pleasant. He says, "The day I hit L.A. to interview Pryor, the temperature hit 104, and each day after that for a week, it was over 95. Pryor lives in the San Fernando Valley, which is known for its heat. And he hates air conditioning. So I can only attribute his foul humor that week—as noted in the piece—to the heat. Then again, maybe I can't..."

Although we try to publish only the best short fiction every month, our December issue has had a reputation for containing some of the year's most entertaining stories: and, once again, we've met your expectations. For wry holiday humor, take a trip to Jerusalem with Henry Bech and his wife in **John Updike's** *The Holy Land*, illustrated by **Harold Berson**. Updike, whose last work in these pages, *The Faint*, earned him our award for the Best Short Story of 1978, says *The Holy Land* was inspired by a trip he made to Israel in November 1978. In another genre, **Frederick Forsyth**, author of the best-selling novel *The Day of the Jackal*, takes us through the labyrinth of a murder case in his suspenseful story, *Used in Evidence*, illustrated by **Roger Brown**.

Speaking of suspense: Even though we all know how Gary Gilmore's story is going to end, **Norman Mailer** keeps us fascinated right up to the firing squad as he recounts Gilmore's last days in our final excerpt from his remarkable new book, *The Executioner's Song*, published by Little, Brown and Company.

Gilmore, despite his death-row bravado, was nobody's hero. For that, we seem to have to look these days to Captain Marvel and others of that ilk. Whether you're a hero worshiper or not, we think you'll get a bang out of *The Great Comic Heroes Trivia Quiz*, by **David A. Fryxell**. During the day, Fryxell is a mild-mannered senior editor of *TWA Ambassador* magazine, but the rest of the time, he's a super comics buff, with a collection of more than 1600. **Shel Silverstein** doesn't exactly draw comics, but whatever you call his cartoons, they work. Take, for instance, *Teach Your Children Well*, a biting social commentary from his forthcoming book, *Different Dances*, published by Harper & Row. On the other hand, sometimes Silverstein's poetry challenges the old adage that a picture is worth 10,000 words. You'll know what we mean when you read Shel's other contribution to the issue, *The Winner* (illustrated by **Brad Holland**), which we predict will become a



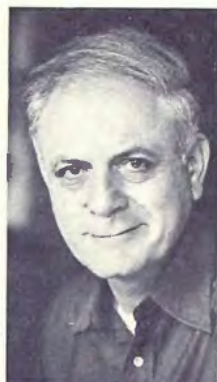
VON WANGENHEIM



GROBEL, PACINO



BRASHLER



BERSON



UPDIKE



PASCHKE



MAILER



NEIMAN



FORSYTH



BROWN



FRYXELL

JILL KREMENTZ © 1979

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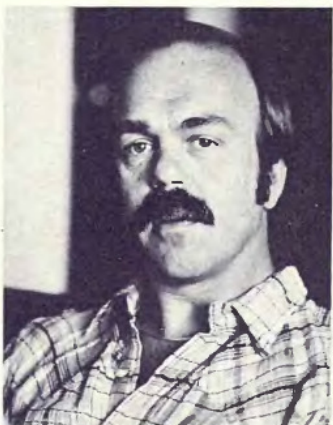
BEARD



GLASSFORD



MOUNT



LINDERMAN



CASILLI



HARWOOD



BEAUNET, WILLIAMSON, MC NEESE, GRABOWSKI, SUSKI

Silverstein classic. If there's an artist whose work is just as closely identified with *PLAYBOY* as Silverstein's, it has to be **LeRoy Neiman**, whose Christmas gift this month is a colorful page from a new feature, *LeRoy Neiman Sketchbook*; his subject is Cuba's boxer *numero uno*, Teofilo Stevenson.

While Neiman paints life colorfully, it must be said that **Peter Beard** lives it colorfully, perhaps more so than anyone else in America. We realize that, coming from us, that's a fairly strong statement, but who can argue with the evidence in *Peter Beard*, a visual diary replete with photos of more famous folk (all friends of his) than you can count on your fingers and toes? Appropriately, the narrative is by satirist **Terry (Candy) Southern**. While we're mentioning satire, we want to make amends for an incomplete credit in the October *Playbill* regarding *And That's the Way It Was, 1980-1989*. We implied that Tony Hendra, Christopher Cerf and Peter Elbling were the sole writers of the article and the book from which it was adapted, *The '80s: A Look Back at the Tumultuous Decade 1980-1989*. Actually, the book was also the work of three contributing editors (Tony Geiss, Jeff Greenfield and Ellis Weiner), 27 writers and dozens of others who submitted ideas, attended brain-storming sessions and the like. Sorry, everybody. And before we close the book on satire, we'll remind you not to miss *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, sassy missives contributed this year by **Tom Koch** and illustrated with sculpture by **Don Glassford**.

Another annual rite is the selection of the coming season's best collegiate basketball players by **Anson Mount**, our peerless sports prognosticator. If you know Anson's record of accurate predictions and you're a betting man, you'll put your money on *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. It'll give you the edge.

The subject of betting reminds us of the old joke about the guy who, weekend after weekend, had incredible luck betting against his fellow workers on the outcome of the N.F.L. football games. It almost seemed as though he had advance knowledge of the scores. Finally, one of his buddies asked him his system. "Easy," he said. "I have symbolic dreams that tell me the scores. For instance, the night before the Bears beat the Packers 21 to nothing, I had a dream in which I saw four sevens in a row floating in the air. Four times seven is 21. It was as simple as that." His friend replied, "But four times seven is 28, not 21." "OK, OK," snapped the first guy, "you be the mathematician." Well, there are systems that work, and we think we've got one for you: *A Bonehead Course in N.F.L. Betting*, by **Lawrence Linderman**. It's a little more complicated than the dream method, but we think it'll pay off.

No Christmas issue would be complete without a passel of pictorials to warm you on these chilly winter nights. First, we have our annual roundup of the people who've made America's sexual pulse race a bit faster: *Sex Stars of 1979*, with text by **Jim Harwood**. As usual, it took a team to put it together for you, and they deserve a hand. Let's hear it for Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski**, *PLAYBOY* film critic **Bruce Williamson**, West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Assistant Picture Editor **Patty Beaudet**. Next up is *Playmates Forever!*, a cockle-warming blast from the past. Veteran photographer **Mario Casilli** tracked down several ladies who've graced our centerfolds in years past and—wouldn't you know it?—some of them look better than they did when we first photographed them.

To round out our yuletide issue, we have another installment of our *Sex in America* series—and this is the one you've been waiting for—*Sex in America: Los Angeles*, by **Barry Farrell** and **Penelope McMillan**, with a close-up on *Sex in Hollywood*, by **James Wohl**; your ballot for the *1980 Playboy Music Poll*; a column by our new Travel Editor, **Stephen Birnbaum**, in *Playboy After Hours*; and, to top this surprise-packed plum pudding, there's the December Playmate, our home town's own **Candace Collins**. If your Christmas isn't merry yet, it's only because you haven't started turning the pages. Cheers!

THE VERY FIRST BOTTLE WAS WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS.



This was The Mennen Challenge,
to the greatest fragrance creators from around the world:
If you can create the ultimate male fragrance
you will earn one million dollars. The result?
The gold standard of men's colognes, made exclusively
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so rich, so masculine, it makes you feel like a million bucks.



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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

If ever there were any question that Raquel Welch is one of the sexiest women in America, this photo of her by Chris Von Wangenheim should settle all arguments forever. Far still more of Raquel, including her thoughts about her burgeoning career as a serious actress, see Raquel on page 156.

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quality...precision...reliability. Things that mean a lot at those moments you enjoy your music.

TDK's D cassette is made for those moments. It's surprisingly economical, yet it provides clean, beautiful music from any portable, car cassette or mid-priced home deck.

If music's as important to you as it is to Stevie Wonder, you'll record it on TDK cassettes.



TDK

The Amazing Music Machine

Inseparable.



It's not a Bloody Mary until you add
the Lea & Perrins.

You probably have your own little touches when you're mixing a Bloody Mary. A dash of this. A jigger of that. But the special touch that goes into every Bloody Mary is Lea & Perrins Worcestershire.

You see, the original recipe for a Bloody Mary called for the Original Worcestershire Sauce by name — Lea & Perrins. It was a perfect match, and they've been inseparable ever since.

When your taste Winston out-tastes

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



grows up,
them all.

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.



Wolfschmidt Vodka.

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



CHIP OFF A BEAUTIFUL BLOCK

Diane Lane, one of the freshest faces we've seen onscreen recently, captured the hearts of *Time*'s editors so much that they put her on their cover (left). Diane, as you know, starred in *A Little Romance*—one of the more charming films of this year (below). What you probably didn't know was that Diane's mom, Colleen Farrington, was the October 1957 Playmate (right).



PREMIER BOND

The world premiere of *Moonraker* got its rockets off at a party at the London Playboy Club. At right, Richard "Jaws" Kiel looks even larger than life when posed between two Bunnies. Below, Roger Moore checks out the reaction to his new beard; at bottom, well-dressed astronauts.



SAINTS PETER AND HEF

Hugh M. Hefner and Peter Bogdanovich chat during a luncheon at Playboy Mansion West celebrating the L.A. opening of *Saint Jack*. The film, directed by Bogdanovich and co-produced by Hefner, has met with well-deserved acclaim.

Just one look is all it takes to appreciate the exceptional value of the Mazda RX-7 versus Datsun 280ZX or Porsche 924.

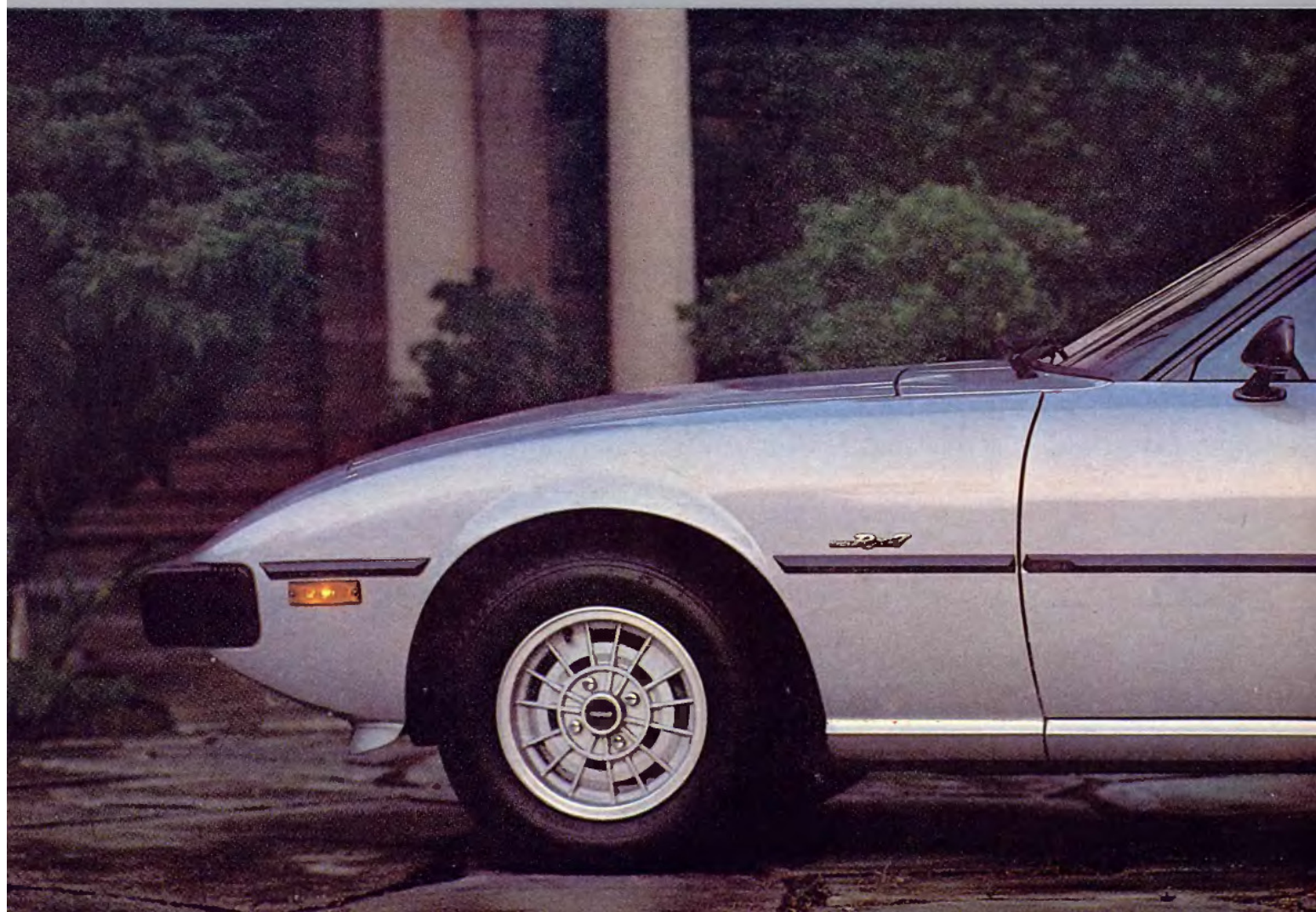
As remarkable as the Mazda RX-7 is on its own merits, it looks all the better when compared with the competition. Because the sleek, aerodynamic RX-7 is virtually everything you could want in a refined sports car—at an almost unbelievable price.

It can reach 0-50 in 6.3 seconds. Its inherently compact rotary engine is placed behind the front axle, for ideal weight distribution and superb handling.

In auto racing, a specially-



The 1980 Mazda RX-7 GS \$7995*



prepared RX-7 won its class at the Daytona 24-hour race. Another RX-7 set a world speed record at Bonneville.

17 EST. mpg **28** EST.** hwy mpg

The incredible smoothness of the rotary engine makes the RX-7 a quiet sports car. All this performance from a car that can attain excellent gas mileage on the open road.

But one of the most remarkable aspects of the front mid-engine RX-7 is that it offers infinitely more than performance. It also provides extraordinary comfort.

So if you know what you want in a sports car, and you don't want to pay a king's ransom to get it, take a look at the RX-7 GS or S Model.

The beautifully-styled, high-mileage, high-performance sports cars from Mazda.



You're also going to like the looks of RX-7 GS standard features.

- AM/FM stereo radio with power antenna
- Side-window demisters
- Cut-pile carpeting
- Tinted glass
- 5-speed
- Tachometer
- Styled steel wheels
- Steel-belted radial tires
- Front and rear stabilizer bars

- Ventilated front disc and finned rear drum brakes with power assist
- Electric remote hatch release
- 3-speed automatic transmission, air conditioning, aluminum wheels and sun roof available as options.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GS Model shown. S Model \$7195. Slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown \$275-\$295 extra.) All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-spd. trans. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

mazda

The more you look,
the more you like.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

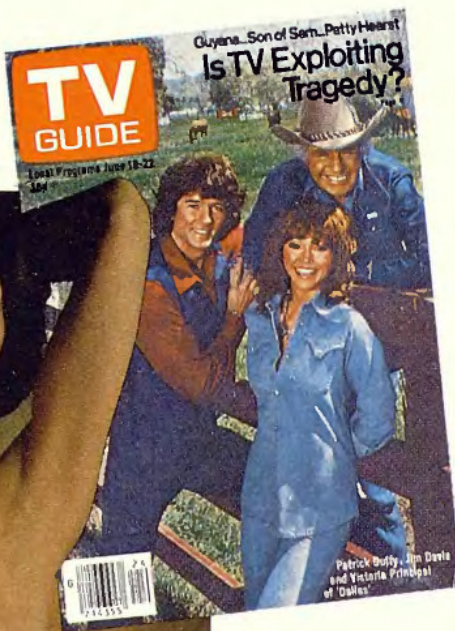
DROPPING INTO STOCKS

They came by car and by helicopter (below) to enjoy Playboy Clubs International President Victor Lownes's 25-hour party at his Hertfordshire, England, estate, Stocks, celebrating PLAYBOY's 25th. At right, Christie Hefner and Lownes tool around in a bumper car.



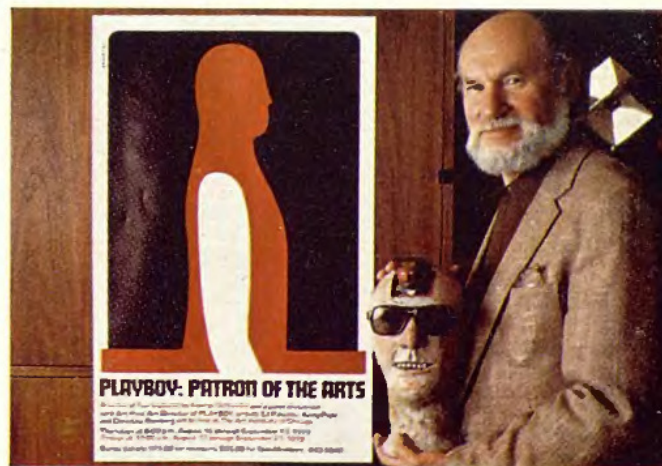
SWEET VICTORIA

We know that many of you watch *Dallas* not for its gut-wrenching drama and interpersonal relationships but because of Victoria Principal. This picture is to remind you that she also starred in Playboy's *The Naked Ape*. You're welcome.



KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY

Playboy's L.A. office building is an appropriate backdrop for a billboard advertising the Penguin paperback of Charlotte Chandler's book on Groucho Marx, which grew out of her March 1974 *Playboy* Interview with him. It's also scheduled to be featured in an Italian book on American billboards.



ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Playboy Art Director Arthur Paul poses in front of the poster he designed for a lecture series at Chicago's Art Institute.



There may still be places on earth
where Grand Marnier isn't offered after dinner.

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof. Carillon Importers, Ltd., New York, New York 10019. © Carillon Importers, Ltd.

Rich Lights

from Viceroy

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There's never been a more satisfying switch.

The rich low 'tar.'

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



DEAR PLAYBOY

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THE HOWLS OF IVY

Girls/Women of the Ivy League (PLAYBOY, September) is definitely well worth David Chan's efforts. Besides giving the Ivy League woman's image a much-needed face-lift (beauty and brains can go hand in hand), I found the feminist furor it created extremely amusing. I myself was attending Columbia (Barnard) for my first year as a transfer from Mount Holyoke College when Chan's ad appeared in the *Columbia Daily Spectator*. I'm sorry now that I ignored the prodding of my male friends to go for an interview and missed the opportunity to have a little more fun within the realm of academe.

Linda Gabaccia
Copake Falls, New York

PLAYBOY's restraint in its own defense is remarkable. I've noticed that in all the years of fielding flak as the "chief exploiter of women," you've never directed your readers to the PLAYBOY masthead, on which a great number of—that's right—women are prominently featured. *Women* in presumably well-paid positions of respect, authority and responsibility. *Women* vitally involved in every aspect of a major international magazine's production. A glance at the *Playbill* frequently reveals women as important contributors. Finally, we don't see Hefner racing frantically around trying to father a son to whom he can leave his publishing empire in the hopelessly distant future. Apparently, daughter Christie will do. It seems that PLAYBOY has opened more avenues of real accomplishment to women than most of the people who bitch about it.

Robert E. Crawford
Lakeview, Oregon

Being a senior at Harvard College, I was thrilled by your pictorial of the Ivy League women. Although *The Harvard Crimson* was its usual "ass backward"

self by not running your ad, you still found the best we have to offer.

Richard Green
Cambridge, Massachusetts

BUREAU OF MISSING CHECKS

In our September issue, as part of the *Girls/Women of the Ivy League* feature, we noted that *The Harvard Crimson*, in what we hope was a last-ditch display of Victorian censorship, had refused to run our recruitment ad. We also noted that, adding insult to injustice, the *Crimson* never bothered to return the check photographer David Chan had given it to run the advertisement. The next voice we heard was that of *Crimson* president Susan Chira, who indignantly insisted that the *Crimson* had sent a check for the amount on January 4, 1979, and that PLAYBOY had not cashed it, had mislaid it or—could it be?—had not received the check. Chira demanded "a retraction, prominently displayed, in the next available issue." After a thorough audit of our books, we concluded Chira was right on one count. We never received the check. Chira's own examination of the *Crimson*'s books revealed a ledger entry for the payment but, after six months, no canceled check. On July 31, 1979, after we had gone to press with the September issue, the *Crimson* issued another check. That check we received and immediately cashed, since, with the *Crimson* bookkeeper apparently on a once-every-six-month schedule, we couldn't know when we'd get another chance.

It is a shame that there are some feminists who believe in perpetuating a double standard—being free in order to be what they want to be, yet at the same time telling other women that they are not totally "liberated" if they choose to

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end." Robert Service



Soft-spoken and smooth, its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks, or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.

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100 Proof Imported Liqueur
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The Minolta XG-1 is Bruce Jenner's camera. Because it's compact, lightweight, and measures light in a way that makes action photography just about foolproof.

Because even if your subject is moving from sunlight to shadow, Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System changes the exposure for you. Automatically.

That means you can concentrate on the action. The XG-1 does just about everything else.

You can add to your range of creative ideas by adding a Minolta Auto Winder or Auto Electroflash. Or any of the more than 40 computer designed Minolta lenses.

As for value, the XG-1 is the least expensive automatic 35mm SLR Minolta has ever made.

All this means, with the XG-1 you can take the pictures you never thought you could take. At a price you never thought you could afford.

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The automatic choice
for value.



pose for PLAYBOY. It seems to me that being liberated means just that.

Ray Bowie, Jr.
Somerville, Massachusetts

Thanks for publishing the article on the women of the Ivy League. As a high school senior, I find that it has pertinent information about the colleges that their catalogs do not.

Nick Brown
Berkeley, California

I think it's disgusting how some women use their intelligence to get jobs that they might not have gotten by using just their bodies.

Eric W. Spencer
Troy, New York

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Your interview with Pete Rose in the September issue is typical of PLAYBOY—excellent! It does everything a first-rate interview should do, to provide the reader with as candid a picture as can possibly be given of an individual in just a few pages. Rose has got to be one of the most narrow-minded, pretentious, ignorant people in sports today. Apparently, he has no intelligent or even half-decent opinions regarding anything other than baseball and, of course, himself. In questions involving topics other than those two, his answers are pitifully brief and vague, showing his ignorance and lack of interest. Contrary to the fantasy by which he seems to live, life does not revolve around baseball and Pete Rose.

Liz Llorente
Columbia, Missouri

Thank you for the interview with Pete Rose. It is loudmouthed characters like him who make the dull game of baseball interesting.

Charles Price
San Francisco, California

I'd like to commend Pete Rose for trying to give a good, honest interview. He was asked some good, tough questions and I feel he came back with straight, honest answers. What I don't understand is why your interviewers have to screw up a good thing! I mean, who gives a shit if he fucks around on his wife or who he knocks up?

Joe Vicca
Niagara Falls, New York

So Pete is a one-dimensional illiterate moneygrubber. He plays ball good!

C. F. Alexander
Charlotte, North Carolina

I am the executive producer of a nationally syndicated television sports series called *Greatest Sports Legends*. PLAYBOY asked Pete if he considers himself a legend. We'll answer that. We did

a show on Pete Rose. We do shows only on legends.

Berl Rotfeld
Greatest Sports Legends
Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

"Webster's" defines legend as a non-verifiable historical story, a myth of recent origin and a person who inspires them. Enough said.

Baseball had survived for many years before Rose appeared on the scene, and it probably will still be around when he is long gone. Sure, he is a good ballplayer, but it still takes nine men to field a team and more than one star to take that team to the top.

Lanny D. Mears
St. Joseph, Missouri

PLEASURE IN THE PANE

While cruising through town the other day, I happened to see this storefront with its broken window. There was something very familiar about the shape of the missing glass. It's our friend the



Rabbit. What really made me look twice was the name of the shop. You couldn't find a better name for the PLAYBOY logo to appear on. I thought you'd enjoy seeing it, too.

Jon Culligan
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

MC CARTY ON TRIAL

Your September pictorial on Playmate Vicki McCarty is very much appreciated. First, you give us an absolutely beautiful woman with her head squarely on her shoulders. And, second, Army Freytag's photography is simply superb. His gate-fold shot is one of the best in PLAYBOY in years.

Michael A. Oestreicher
Flagstaff, Arizona

Thank you, gentlemen, for showing that a beautiful body and a 145 I.Q. are not contradictory. It is refreshing to see a beautiful woman with the courage to be intelligent and an intelligent woman with the courage to be beautiful. I have long regretted the societal delusion that a vibrant, challenging mind detracts from a beautiful body. Rather than



"The Minolta XD-5 gives you that and a lot more."

Bruce Jenner—
Olympic Decathlon Winner.



For the simplicity of continuous automatic exposure, plus almost unlimited versatility, there's the incredible Minolta XD-5 35mm SLR camera.

Why incredible?

Because the XD-5 is easy to use, yet offers you so many different ways to get great pictures.

If you want to set the lens opening, the XD-5 will automatically set the correct shutter speed. If you want to set the shutter speed, the XD-5 will automatically set the correct lens opening.

If you want total creative control, you can set both lens opening and shutter speed.

And what's even more incredible, the XD-5 is the world's least expensive multi-mode camera.

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Maserati Merak or Lamborghini Silhouette?

If you know... you probably know St. Pauli Girl Beer.

People who know the difference in fine things know the difference between imported beer and St. Pauli Girl, the superb imported German beer.

"Girl" fanciers favor St. Pauli Girl with its delicious, full-bodied flavor and sparkle. Many have even discovered St. Pauli Girl Dark with its hearty and distinctive German richness.



Imported from Bremen by Carlton Sales Company, New York, N.Y.

Maserati. If its "Flying Buttress" rear-quarter treatment didn't tip you (Silhouette has air scoops!) Ms. Liberty should have. Factory Lamborghinis are no longer imported. Bufts have to spend small fortunes to make them "U.S. legal"!

exclusive, the two have always been interdependent in forming an honest and exciting woman.

Jett B. Anderson
Kansas City, Kansas

At last, the secret is out. After taking in the wonderfulness of Vicki McCarty, everyone should know that there is something extra-special about a girl with a brain, a body and a working knowledge of how to put the two together.

William R. Dumas
Los Angeles, California

Vicki McCarty comes across as a genuine, likable person. More of a Playmate. Less of a plaything. And what a prospect for the bar! If the centerfold was her opening statement, I can hardly wait for the summation.

Robert C. Adelman
Bellerose, New York

You may have to wait awhile for that



summation, Bob. The jury around here is still examining the evidence.

CUTTING THE OPEC CORD

I appreciated Richard Rhodes's opinion piece, *Oil: Who Needs It?*, in the September issue. It is exceptional and presents many of the same ideas others have been proposing, so far in vain, for years. We are too much under the influence of Big Oil and are trying to keep our present energy-devouring lifestyles going and growing. Those ideas espoused by Rhodes and others are our only viable and practical solutions.

Herb West
Ellijay, Georgia

I and probably everyone else in the country would certainly like to see less dependence upon foreign oil; however, I don't believe that will come about through Government action. I suspect that the reason we got into this situation

For the American male, the Scandinavian reward.



Some men take better care of themselves than others.

They share our Scandinavian attitude of healthy self-regard. And because they do, they choose a cologne that signals and symbolizes that regard.

Kanø Man's Cologne, with its essential oils from Sweden, rewards the man who wears it with a zestful, manly scent. A scent sophisticated enough to attend a board meeting, and enduring enough for a night on the town afterwards.

Kanø After Shave combines a lighter level of scent with very practical benefits. Refreshing scent, astringent closing of pores and razor nicks, and special humectants to help replace natural oils lost during shaving.

To Kanø, even products with good scents should make sense.



kanø

From Scandinavia, the look, the feeling of health.

Kanø created by Scannon, Ltd. 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Essential oils imported from Sweden, blended and packaged in the U.S.A. ©1979 Scannon, Ltd.

Also available in Canada.



the world of
BALLY

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was Government action in the first place. If we could perhaps persuade the various branches of Government to give us a little inaction, the free market and American ingenuity might get busy and solve the problems.

Brooks A. Mick, M.D.
Findlay, Ohio

Richard Rhodes forgets that even with his magnificent ten-point program, large amounts of base electric power will still have to be generated from something. In his illogical ranting against "high-technology" solutions, he dismisses as an "absurdity" one answer that may do the job fully: the solar-power satellite. He knows nothing about it, else he would realize it is a technically feasible (albeit expensive, *as yet*) method to produce clean, reliable *continuous* base-load electric power. Sunlight is ten times more efficient in space than on earth, and the beam will not "fry" passing birds—that statement is an outright error.

Michael A. Solly
General Electric Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

JAZZED-UP SEX

My hat is off to you for a job well done. Your article *Sex in America: New Orleans*, by Peter Ross Range (PLAYBOY, September), is poignant, to the point and truthful without offending anyone or even blemishing the mystique of the Crescent City. I have just spent the past four years at Tulane University and I can appreciate the extent to which all facets of the topic are covered. And I'm sure Range had one helluva time doing it. My only request—do as great a job in looking at New Orleans from its musical perspectives.

Michael Reinert
New York, New York

In reference to your side bar on sex at Tulane University (*Sex and the Sons of the South*) in the September issue: We found that article slanderous and biased. The unnamed Zeta Beta Tau member, by his description in your article, sounds like he would have a difficult time finding a sexual partner at any university. The young women at Tulane are very offended and are surprised that PLAYBOY would publish this type of trash.

Carolyn Higgs
Jeanette Gbur
Newcomb College
New Orleans, Louisiana

Zeta Beta Tau fraternity at Tulane University is no more of a drug haven than any other fraternity on campus. Indeed, we have plenty of pot and can drink any other fraternity under the table, but we also have the brains and know-how to use those demonic devices. Although there are exceptions to the feminine-deficiency rule, the lack of



*In the night before Christmas
I've got some advice
For those who've been naughty instead of nice.*

*If you should party into the night,
You may wake up with a headache to fight.
While an upset stomach makes you want to die,
From the turkey, eggnog, and mom's pumpkin pie.*

*So before the children shout in your ear,
"Wake up, wake up, Santa's been here,"
Take Alka-Seltzer. The sound of fast relief
Because it'll work beyond all belief.*

*That's why this season you're likely to hear
This bubbly tune of holiday cheer:*

**"DECK THE HALLS WITH
PLOP PLOP, FIZZ FIZZ
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA,
LA, LA, LA, AHH."**





able anywhere. There's a live memory. And because the P 10-D runs on rechargeable batteries and comes in an easy-to-carry size (weighs just 24 oz.), you can carry out your calculating anywhere you like.

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You can check your answers on both 10-digit display and standard adding-machine paper tape. As easy-to-read as it is to buy—avail-

The one best-seller you'll read again. And again.



Canon's P10-D. The portable printer/display with adding-machine tape.

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promiscuity on the Tulane campus is very evident. However, the French Quarter, Fat City and the neighboring college campuses more than make up for any Newcomb deficiencies.

Craig Glick
Gary Casper
Zeta Beta Tau
Tulane University
New Orleans, Louisiana

When Newcomb women want lovers who understand that going down means oral sex and not intercourse on the floor, we choose men who are big doers and not big talkers. The folks at ZBT have vivid imaginations. Too bad their sexual fantasies have no substance or action.

Lynn Feingold
Brookline, Massachusetts

LONG MAY IT WAVE

I admire both the artwork and the girls in your magazine. Of the girls, I was particularly taken by Miss February. So I decided to honor her and your



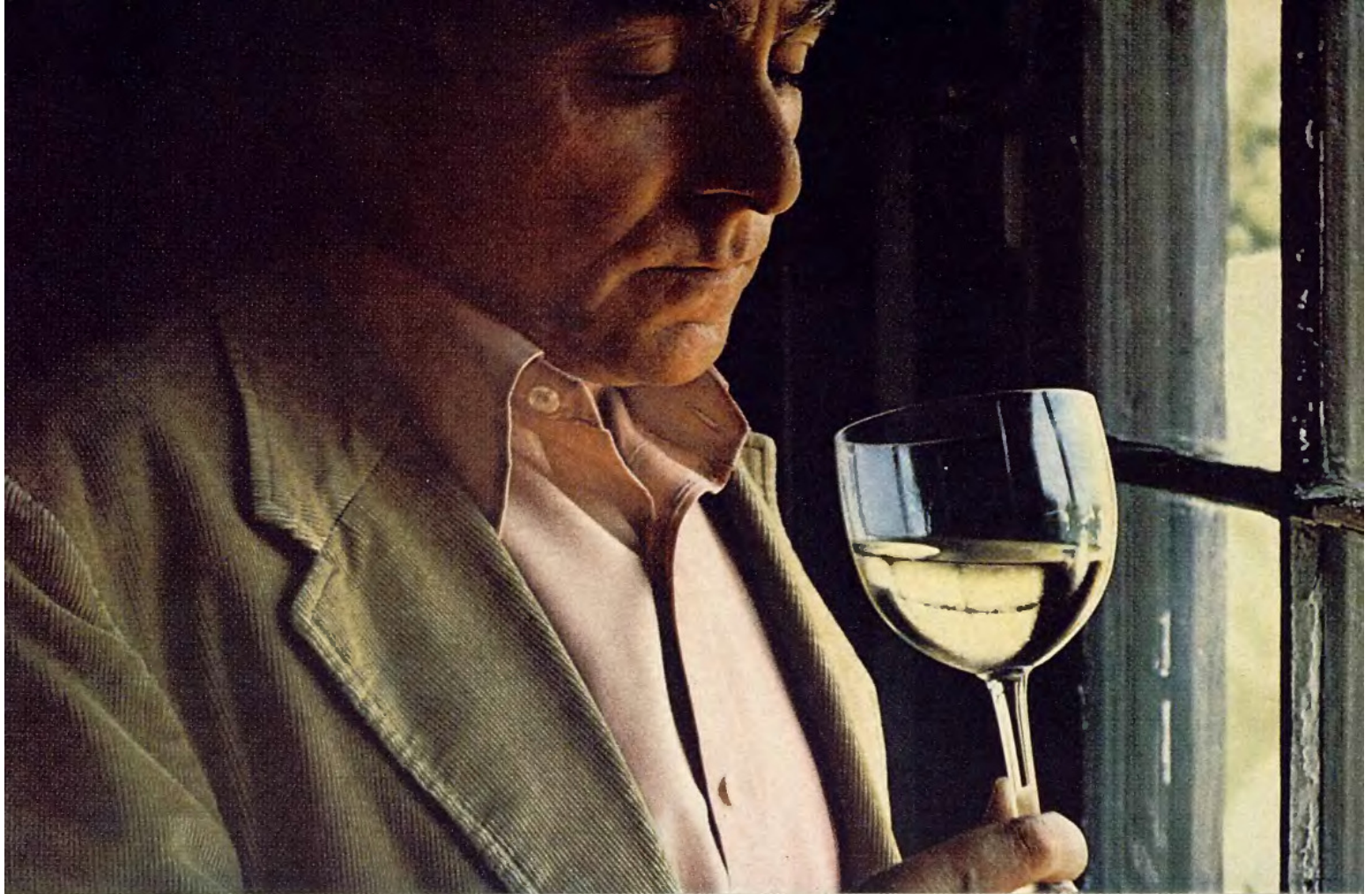
magazine in a painting that I call *American as Playboy*. I am 20 years old and a junior college art student.

Tom Killeen
St. Louis, Missouri

Thanks, Tom. We've always suspected that that's what Betsy Ross had in mind in the first place.

ONCE UPON A TIME

I read with great interest the September *Pipeline* article "Getting into Get-Rich-Quick Books," as I, too, have been disappointed with the quality of those books. Having read quite a number of them (I am a broker and a registered investment advisor), I agree that, nearly without exception, they are more an attempt to line the pockets of the authors than to illustrate an effective method for consistently earning above-average returns in the stock market. You are in error, however, in stating that



BECAUSE the delicate bouquet of this young wine foretells its noble future, our winemaker can patiently and carefully guide the promising youth of our Johannisberg Riesling. Every step we take, we take with care because

THE WINE REMEMBERS

THE WINERY OF
ERNEST & JULIO
GALLO



Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, CA

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there is no system available that is consistently able to achieve this feat. I know, because I developed such a technique while in graduate school.

David R. Greenlee, President
Investment Research Associates
Charleston, West Virginia

Whoops! You had us going there for a while, Greenlee.

CLAUDIA COMES HOME

Thanks for the tasteful revisit with Playmate of the Year Claudia Jennings (*Claudia Recaptured*, PLAYBOY, September). She is a very lovely lady.

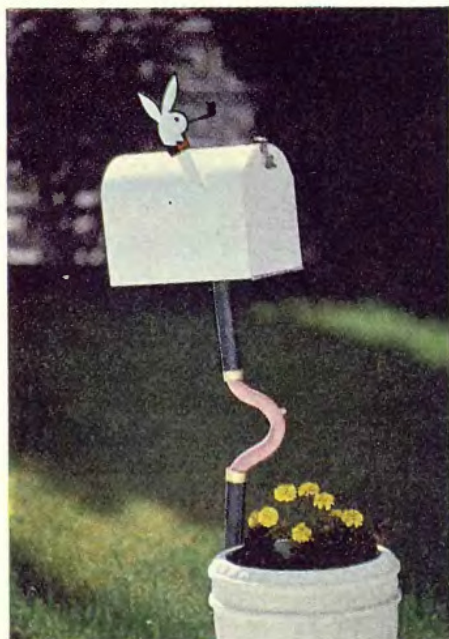
Sam Allen
Boston, Massachusetts

On my 16th birthday, in 1969, a friend gave me an issue of PLAYBOY and I immediately fell in love with Playmate Claudia Jennings. For the past ten years, I have followed her career and I was overwhelmed to see her featured in a pictorial essay in the September issue. This ten-year love affair (unknown to Claudia, unfortunately) has survived many PLAYBOY issues full of beautiful centerfolds and countless pictorials; I still rank Claudia my favorite Playmate.

Ron Grove
Mohnton, Pennsylvania

PRETTY ZIPPY CODE

I had a book of humorous photographs called *Smiles* published back in my home country of England, and am here in the States to produce pictures suitable for an American edition. The



enclosed picture is one of a series I have shot on the U. S. mailbox. The owner of this one is left to the imagination.

David McEnery
West Hollywood, California

The mailbox with the Rabbit Head flag is very clever, David. But it's the pole it's sitting on that really titillates us.





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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Henny Youngman never cracked a better one-liner than the *San Francisco Chronicle's* deadpan report about the gay sequel to *Marvin vs. Marvin* in which "a Washington man is suing his male former lover for allegedly violating an oral agreement."

TANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Breaking up is always hard to do, but citizens of the small German city of Bremervörde have discovered that it can be a damned distressing occurrence just to watch, too! When a 21-year-old Dutch corporal stationed in town was barred by her dad from seeing his young sweetheart, he decided to prove his undying love in a public display that combined the essence of Romeo with the grace of Godzilla. Modernizing the romantic nuances of Shakespeare a bit, he broke into his girlfriend's home using a 39-ton tank. His zany act of passion brought the entire house down, literally.

Feeling that imitation is the sincerest form of flattening, the ironclad Casanova pancaked the home next door as well before rumbling off into the night, crushing his girlfriend's father's car, five other vehicles and a youth office the girl had patronized. The paramour of the Panzer division was eventually apprehended by fellow soldiers and brought up on "several charges." The final bill for the jilted lover's moonlight sonata? A mere \$120,000. Romeo's reaction to a broken heart was not only quicker and much more permanent but a lot cheaper, too.

DE OL' CASTE SYSTEM

Someone is stealing the black cast-iron lawn jockeys of Connecticut! That's right, folks. The last bastion of middle-class American racism has fallen into the clutches of the criminal element. During a six-month period, 13 of the heavy, red-jacketed, lantern-carrying jockey statues have been snatched off the lawns of

white families in two Connecticut communities. The culprits? According to West Hartford police, the perpetrators are a group of radicals calling themselves The Black Jockey's Liberation Army, an entourage that leaves the following note at the scene of each kidnaping: "'Tis the goal of our army to wipe clean from the face of the earth and remove all forms of bigotry. . . ."

Of the 13 lawn jockeys liberated, 11 were of the black variety. One, a liberal model, was poor white trash. The remaining one, Hispanic-American in features, was later abandoned on the lawn of the official residence of Connecticut's governor, Ella T. Grasso. No note was left when the white jockey was taken and, thus far, no lawn flamingos have been molested.

A possible way station on the B.J.L.A.'s underground railroad was uncovered when a workman measuring a home for

storm windows spotted six black jockeys inside. Windsor Locks police raided the house and arrested William T. Butchon, 28, who lives there with his father. The freed jockeys are being held by police as evidence.

According to Connecticut States Attorney Allen W. Smith, suspect Butchon pleaded not guilty and asked for trial by a jury of his peers. No other arrests have been made. "He seems a very normal young man," said Smith. "We have no evidence that this is an international conspiracy, nor does another Civil War appear to be likely in the near future."

JESUS IN EVERY DRAIN

A lot of people may believe that God is dead, but in the Midwest, He's alive and well and active in private enterprise. Officials of the Concrete Pipe Corporation of Menasha, Wisconsin, elected Jesus Christ chairman of the board in a unanimous vote. How did a carpenter's son from Nazareth muscle into the plumbing biz? The firm's president, born-again Christian Don Koepke, doesn't think the Lord's abrupt change of occupation odd at all. "He runs this place, anyway," he said, explaining the vote.

Next month: Buddha buys controlling shares of Wham-O toy company.

BARELY MAKING IT

No one has ever accused the Internal Revenue Service of being particularly understanding when it comes to auditing the returns of hapless taxpayers. IRS official Uta Biedenfeld has reversed that trend, however, showing a good deal of compassion when confronted with the naked truth.

While auditing the 1977 tax return of Broadway actress September Thorp, Miss Biedenfeld ran across a deduction of \$465 for "make-up." She was skeptical. "You see," she explained, "under IRS rules,



even an actress cannot deduct clothes, make-up or hair styling that can be adaptable to street wear. And for make-up, you must use cosmetics that go beyond what we would call the everyday look."

September was summoned and asked to explain the large expenditure. She did so, showing that, indeed, her make-up went beyond the everyday look. "I'm in *Oh! Calcutta!* and I have to appear nude onstage every night, so I cover myself with body make-up. I go through a tube every two weeks and it's very expensive."

Uta carefully reviewed the facts and allowed the deduction to go through, commenting sagely, "There are always extenuating circumstances." Miss Thorp, meanwhile, says that in the future, she will continue to take the \$465 as the bare minimum off her taxes. On another front, it is reported that Loni (IVKRP in *Cincinnati*) Anderson's deductions have reached six figures for 1979 alone.

NO PARKING: TWILIGHT ZONE

Alexandria, Virginia, police proved that there's no way out of parking fines when they ticketed a blue van on three separate occasions before noticing that the driver was sitting, quite dead, in the front seat.

Sergeant Archie Hall explained how the terminal ticketing came about. The driver of the van suffered from multiple sclerosis and used a special device to fasten himself behind the steering wheel. "Because of the equipment," the sarge stated, "if you just glanced, you really couldn't see the man unless you were looking very hard."

Judge Crater could not be reached for comment.

STOP THE MUSIC

Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. Disco dancing has been proved hazardous to your health. It's true. Disco dancing is currently crippling its devotees on two fronts, at different ends of the body. The American Podiatry Association is currently warning groovy guys and gals about an epidemic of the dread "disco foot" syndrome. Disco feet, it seems, aren't happy feet. According to the association, they are fraught with aches, corns and calluses. Eventually, excess boogying can even cause sprains, stress fractures and inflammation.

Meanwhile, the respected *New England Journal of Medicine* is warning disco dervishes of "disco felon": a lamentable state of medical morbidity equal to Frisbee finger, judo itch and jogger's nipple. Basically, disco felon is an inflammation of the finger tip caused by snapping one's fingers to the beat of the music. And Dr. Frederick W. Walker of Johns Hopkins Hospital warns that the malady that arises with a snap can-

not be dismissed as easily. One 17-year-old girl, for instance, popped her fingers to the music so much and so hard that the middle finger of her left hand developed calluses. Eventually, they cracked and infected the girl's finger tip—and the dreaded disco-felon cycle was completed.

So take heed, disco dancers, and snap and tap no more. Gee. Wonder what happens to people who play musical chairs for kicks.

CHECKING IN

We asked free-lance writer and film critic Susan Granger to talk with Christopher Reeve on the set of his forthcoming movie, "Somewhere in Time."



PLAYBOY: Your Superman image is so squeaky clean, yet you smoke, you drink and you aren't exactly the all-American boy in real life. Do you believe you have an obligation to maintain a wholesome image?

REEVE: It's my life and I'm free to do what I want. I don't see myself as any kind of symbol. I've been an actor for 15 years, playing killers, a Nazi and even a grandmother. I've done many characters and I'm not more one than another. I'd go crazy if I tried to please everyone. If I want to drink or not drink, smoke or not smoke, it's a private decision, and I can't think whether or not little Johnny from Iowa is going to be happy about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as somehow different from the current crop of young actors?

REEVE: Definitely. I'm not of this generation. I'm not a brooding young Brando, and I'm certainly not a De Niro, Pacino or Hoffman. I think the only way to succeed in this business is not to be like somebody else. I'd like to bring back the screen image that was popular in the Thirties and Forties, a less complicated, less introverted leading man—like Jimmy Stewart, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Robert Taylor.

PLAYBOY: Females of all ages turn on to you. How do you explain it?

REEVE: I've noticed that the response is directly proportional to the age. Under ten, they squeal; from ten to 15, they giggle; from 15 to 20, they kind of hang back and act cool; and over 20, they ignore me. Young girls have a media-hyped image of me, and because they're awakening sexually, they focus on the first reasonable object, whether it's Shaun Cassidy, Andy Gibb, John Travolta or me.

PLAYBOY: What do you find sexy in a woman?

REEVE: First, she's got to be tall. I'd have a hard time with a girl 5'2" tall. I'd feel like the Jolly Green Giant. It's agony for me when I'm around short people. Second, intelligence works magic on me. I really like a woman who can do more than I can. If I learn a girl is at secretarial school just hoping to catch a husband, I go right under the table. One of the best relationships I ever had lasted three years: a girl who played beautiful violin, could sail and climbed mountains. I've always had relationships with women I could learn something from.

PLAYBOY: Is living together important?

REEVE: Of course. There's a tremendous number of things you don't find out about somebody until you start living together. Another girl I was attracted to thought that fun was making soup! I didn't know that, of course, until we started living together. That was back in our artsy-fartsy student days at Juilliard in '74, when we were moving in and out at the drop of a hat. There were 25 actors in a class and by the end of the year, if any two people hadn't slept together, it was a big surprise.

PLAYBOY: You're about to be a father. How do you feel about it?

REEVE: Gae Exton and I have been together more than three years now. She's got everything—brains, looks and a marvelous, uncomplicated view of the world. She's an open, direct person with a great deal of spunk. It's likely we'll be married soon, depending on when Gae's divorce from her first husband, David Iveson, is finalized in the British courts. I'm delighted and proud about our baby. I'm not really worried if the baby comes before we can make it legal. It's no problem for us, and I'm sure it won't be a problem for the child. But I'm old-fashioned at heart, so I do hope we can be married as soon as possible.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your childhood.

REEVE: I was brought up by a committee. I had a lot of parents. My mother and father were divorced when I was four and both remarried immediately. I was shuttled on the train between New Haven and Princeton, and I learned a kind of shuttle diplomacy between my two families. My father is a professor of creative writing and poetry at Wesleyan

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SOME MODEST PROPOSALS FOR A NEW SCOUT HANDBOOK

The *Scout Handbook* was originally written to prepare youth for adulthood, to help boys develop the character, habits and skills needed to survive and become competent citizens. But that was in 1911!

The revised 1979 edition acknowledges some contemporary realities—ecology and conservation—but, for the most part, the past 68 years of social change are news to the *Handbook*.

Today, "boyhood fun" means cruising and scoring; "overnight adventures" involve Ripple and car stripping; and "survival skills" include cocaine testing, bust evasion and cutting into gas lines.

The *Handbook* clearly wants updating. Herewith are a few modest proposals to that end.

NATIONAL BADGES

Scouting is international, and each country has its own uniform patch; but those haven't been timely since Prohibition. Today, Japan's symbol isn't the Rising Sun but the Trinitron!

Badges for the Eighties. Peru (coke spoon), Switzerland (bank vault), Costa Rica (hand taking money), Germany (Mercedes), Iran (armed bearded fanatic), Colombia (pot leaf), China (Coke bottle), Mexico (green card), Poland (Pope), Guyana (Kool-Aid package), Libya (strait jacket), Chile (electrodes).

SILENT SIGNALS

Soundless communication is a fine scout tradition, but today's messages go way beyond "Move forward" and "Assemble." New signals are long overdue.

Finger to lips—"Quiet, the guy from the finance company is outside." Finger pointing to crotch—"Want to be friends?" Hands clutching head—"I need a drink." Finger drawn across throat—"I've been subpoenaed." Arms raised—"Just take my money and don't shoot me." Beating head with fists—"You *can't* be pregnant."



Arms flailing, eyes rolling—"Wanna try some PCP?" Finger up nose—"I work for the Government."

MERIT BADGES

A good concept, but with outmoded requirements and badge symbols. *Athletics* is still a winged foot, not a pro contract; *Atomic Energy* is a lithium

atom, not a gas bubble, etc. Old categories must be brought up to date. Some examples:

American Business. (Three-martini lunch.)

Successfully complete two of the following: (1) An IRS audit; (2) Oral sex under a desk; (3) Alcoholism treatment; (4) A McDonald's management-trainee course.

Show proof that you have: (1) Misappropriated scout funds; (2) Bribed a scout official; (3) Avoided prosecution.

State and explain the safety rules of: (1) Kickbacks; (2) Duplicate books; (3) Expense padding; (4) Nooners.

Surviving Adolescence. (Zig Zags and condom.)

Successfully undergo two of the following: (1) Deprograming; (2) Analysis; (3) Heroin withdrawal; (4) A drunk-driving test.

Show proof that you have: (1) Lived through a suicide attempt; (2) Gotten rid of the clap; (3) Gotten rid of whoever gave you the clap; (4) A fake I.D.

Apply for: (1) Federal aid; (2) Law school; (3) Workmen's Compensation; (4) A car loan; (5) Parole.

Social Skills. (*The Playboy Advisor.*)

Converse knowledgeably on three of the following: (1) California wines; (2) Stereo components; (3) Porsche maintenance; (4) Hot tubs; (5) Marriage contracts; (6) Harvey Wallbanger mixology and history.

Successfully complete: (1) Disco lessons; (2) Sex therapy; (3) est; (4) The Jacuzzi lifesaving test.

State the distinctions between: Getting clear, getting straight, getting centered, getting "it," getting down, getting together, getting space, getting divorced and moving to the West Coast.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

and Yale; my mother is a newspaper reporter in New Jersey. However, the people I really owe my upbringing to are the repertory actors at the McCarter Theater in Princeton. In that atmosphere, I learned to think for myself.

PLAYBOY: Did you start out with big roles in the theater or did you have to work your way up?

REEVE: I was the *definition* of the word extra in the theater. On the bottom of every Shakespearean cast list, where it says "Lords, Officers, Messengers, Etc." I was the "Etc." for years. One of the biggest compliments a director ever paid me was that I could make the noise of a crowd all by myself.

PLAYBOY: Your co-workers term you a real pro. How do you feel about the profession of acting?

REEVE: I'm religiously square about it. If the call is at seven, you should show up at 6:55 and not a moment later. I can't suffer people who don't know their dialog. When I was an extra, I knew every word in the entire script backward. We had some people on *Superman*, who shall remain nameless, who felt it was cute to drink six bottles of champagne before they'd come and do a scene. I cannot comprehend it. We're all little children—insecure—and should have been veterinarians or something like that, but—damn it—why discredit acting, which has had such a bad rap since John Wilkes Booth?

PLAYBOY: Do you indulge in alcohol and drugs when you're not working?

REEVE: Sure; I like my drinks straight—vodka or Scotch, never messed up with water. I also enjoy good wines and Dom Perignon champagne. The wine must be fine, though; I can't take that sweet stuff you buy for \$1.39 a bottle. I occasionally smoke grass. When things are happening, you happen with them. I try to stay a bit away from the snow. I think snow storms are bad for your health. But none of these things are essential or important in my life. It's strictly take it or leave it.

Why does the University of Mississippi football team have such incredible spirit? Coaching strategy like this advice under the heading REBEL TIPS ON QUARTERBACKING: "Put right hand under center's butt with middle finger in the middle of his crack." All they need now is a tight end who uses Right Guard.

At Ed's Steaks in Levittown, Pennsylvania, you can get the best steak sandwich in the world, or so they tell you. Its advertisement encourages customers to "try our free Famous Condom Counter," which includes "hot peppers, hot sausage and Jewish pickles, Etc." The point, we suppose, is to put a little spice back into your love life, not to mention some Jewish pickles, Etc.

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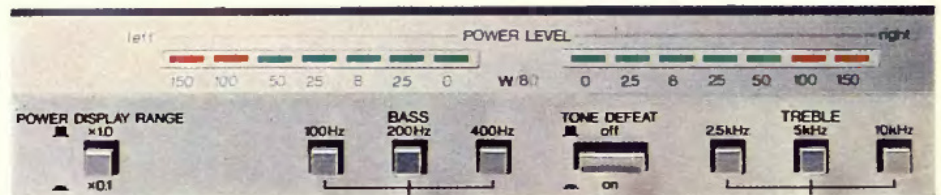
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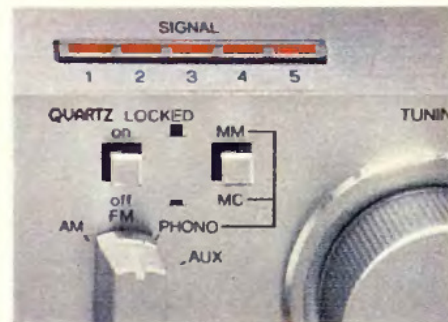
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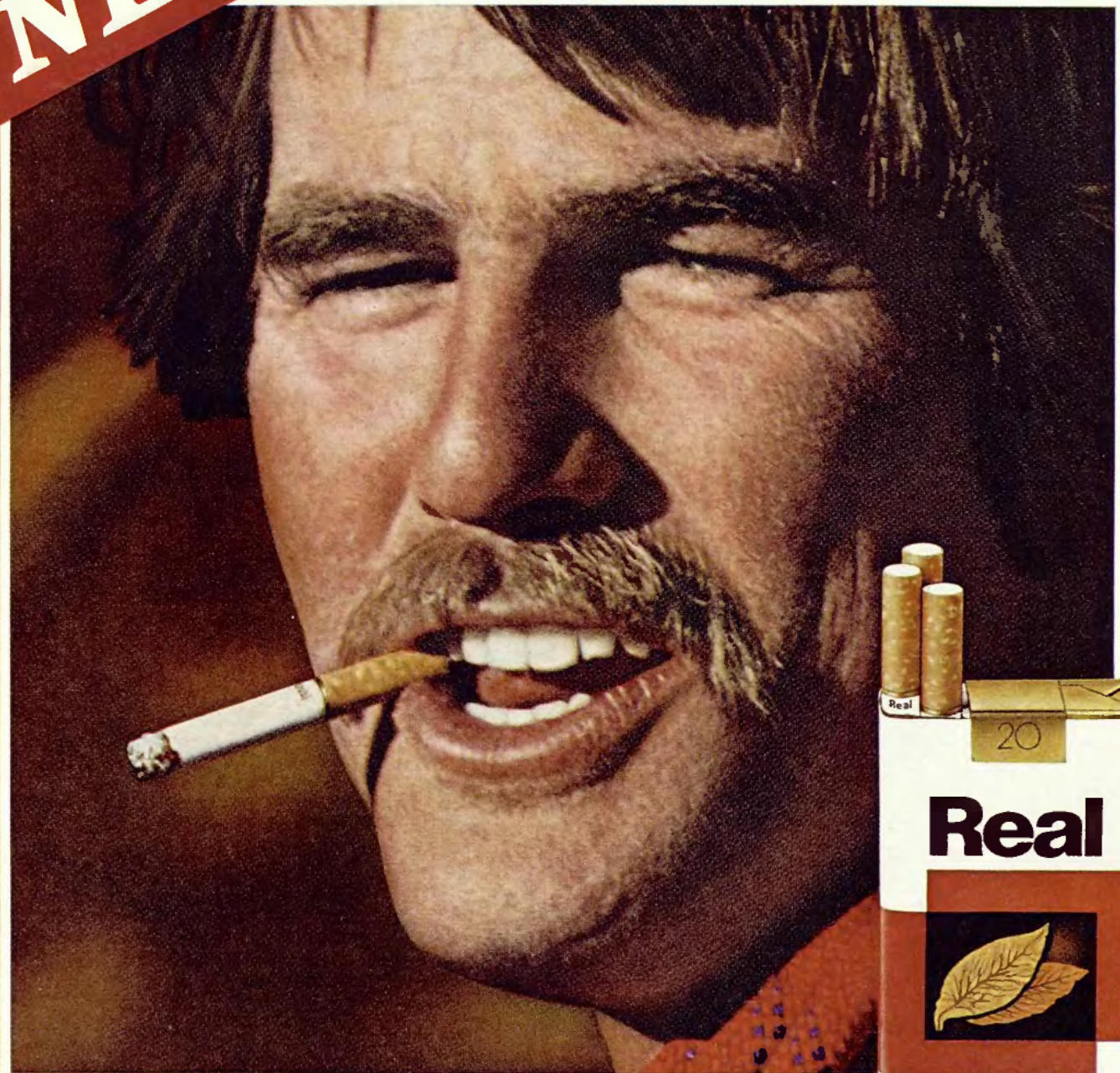
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MOVIES

With at least four of her movies in current release and several others imminent, Italy's phenomenal Laura Antonelli is threatening to become America's sweetheart in the sex-symbol division. Friends abroad keep insisting that Antonelli is already old news over there—meaning in worldly, jaded Continental Europe, I suppose—but that doesn't bother me. She is good news over here. And now that everyone's getting the message, we're apt to see some Antonelli films rescued from oblivion by distributors who wouldn't have paid a nickel for them a year ago. The latest is *The Divine Nymph*, an ambitious and provocative romantic drama made in 1976, with Laura bed-hopping between Marcello Mastroianni and Terence Stamp. Mastroianni plays the man who ruined her way back when, with Stamp as an urbane nobleman who becomes obsessed by her. His obsession is made understandable when Laura reclines nude on a sofa after their first hour of *amore*—smiling, smoking a cigarette and graciously ignoring any questions put to her about previous lovers she's had. This scene demonstrates, better than any other I can remember, Antonelli's special womanliness and eroticism. The script may indicate she's a minx, yet she comes out looking like a flesh-and-blood masterpiece. She has class as well as real acting ability, and so much presence that she dominates the screen even while sharing it with actors such as Stamp, always excellent, and Mastroianni, who can only be fantastic.

Director Giuseppe Patroni Griffi obviously meant his decadent erotic fable, set in pre-Fascist Italy during the frantic Twenties, to be more than a vehicle for three iridescent stars. Marvelous period decor, rendered as images of art-deco delirium by Giuseppe Rotunno (Fellini's favorite cinematographer since 1968), plus a first-rate musical score, further convey the look and sound of a status film. *Divine Nymph* has charisma. Overall, though, the movie seems more mannered than meaningful, a stridently stylish, rather diffuse mixture of sex and politics. The stars sell it, with Antonelli's haunting beauty as the irresistible major attraction.

Filmed during a golden New England autumn, Henry James's *The Europeans* seems to stop in its tracks occasionally to soak up the aching physical beauty of the scene. You may feel you have been coaxed along on a color tour. You may also note that this graceful movie made by producer Ismail Merchant and director James Ivory often resembles one of those bookish, leisurely epics imported from BBC-TV. That's not meant as an insult to *The Europeans*. All Jamesian



Divine Antonelli, Stamp.

Ah, Antonelli! She's *Divine*; Remick displays class, while the Python gang waxes pseudo-Biblical.



Robin Ellis, Lee Remick in *Europeans*.



Brian: Look out below!

dramas are by nature slow, emotionally laced up, full of Victorian reticence. I happen to like that, for a change of pace—no car chases, no contemporary

hysteria, no one yelling "Mutha fucka" or getting his throat cut. Typically, James's tale contrasts American innocence with the wiles of two experienced worldlings from abroad. Lee Remick and Tim Woodward, as the flashy intruders, have the best roles and do the most with them, though Nancy New and Lisa Eichhorn (who performs so winningly in *Yanks*) generate sympathy as the Wentworths' two very marriageable daughters. This sort of painstaking character study is a mother lode to the Merchant-Ivory team, whose films—from *Shakespeare Wallah* to *Roseland*—have habitually been concerned with outsiders on alien shores. Given a literate, careful script by their usual collaborator, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, *The Europeans* casts an Indian-summer spell over some highly civilized scenes of courtship. My only complaint is that they might have improved everyone's good manners with a bit more flesh-and-blood excitement, even in old Massachusetts. Too much decorum dries up the juice.

Monty Python's *Life of Brian*, directed by Terry Jones, zooms off as a pseudo-Biblical romp in the doggedly irreverent manner of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, vintage 1975. With Graham Chapman as a reluctant Messiah and Judean revolutionary named Brian Cohen (he's born in a manger right next door to Jesus), also as the First Wise Man and as Pontius Pilate's best army buddy, Biggus Dickus, *Brian* has all the Python gang playing multiple roles, naturally (or unnaturally, when need arises). Jones, Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle and Michael Palin are very funny men, though their collective talents as screenwriters tend to produce spotty results. Theirs is the buckshot school of screen comedy. When they get to a climactic Crucifixion scene set to the strains of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, with a segue into one of those brave little whistling tunes beloved by composers of Broadway musicals, it's magic time. Some of the rest is less than magical. Even predictable. *Life of Brian*'s lavish production values often undermine the true Monty Python style, that deceptive, raffish, off-the-top air of making things up as they go along.

As a confirmed Fellini freak, I was intrigued, bewitched and bedazzled a dozen ways by Federico Fellini's *Orchestra Rehearsal*, which came into being as an Italian TV film and set off heated controversy throughout the land. Subtitled "The Decline of the West in C# Major," at least over here, *Orchestra Rehearsal* is called "an ethical fable" by Maestro Fellini himself. Actually, that's all it is, or seems



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to be, for the first few minutes or so. An aged music copyist introduces himself while fussing around a 13th Century oratory where Popes and bishops are buried, and where a group of musicians will soon arrive to rehearse. They come, nursing grudges and bolstering egos, "united by mutual hatred" of a German guest conductor. When a violinist claims that *his* instrument is the heart of the orchestra, a wry colleague adds, "And the clarinet is the cock." Wild humor, violence and sour notes follow, while union rules overwhelm the demands of art. By the time a huge wrecking ball breaks through the walls of the room, one of the musicians is balling the pianist under the piano. Clearly, the time of greatness is kaput. For Italy. For art. For mankind. A cast of nonprofessional performers seems perfectly attuned to another memorable score by the late world-renowned Nino Rota, who died last April. In memoriam, what could be more fitting than a spare, astonishing audio-visual essay on society's moral decay?

Singer Roger Daltrey of The Who sings nary a note in *The Legacy*, and there is not a lot to sing about in this hollow-centered horror movie based on John Coyne's soft-cover best seller. One by one, going the way of Agatha Christie's infinitely more interesting *Ten Little Indians*, five Devil worshipers meet grisly deaths in a stately English home where a couple of young Californians have been lured for reasons I won't belabor. Katharine Ross and Sam Elliott play the L.A. Beautiful People, looking exactly right for the parts. They can act, too, but director Richard Marquand manages to keep everyone's talent closely reined, so that *Legacy* achieves dogged mediocrity throughout. What I remember best is that Satan wants to invest his power in Katharine's slender body and that Elliott doesn't seem to mind very much. Sporting chap, Elliott. Good fellow, Plucky girl. But bloody bad show.

Well into her 40s and still wildly beautiful, Joan Collins, in *The Stud*, plays one of swinging London's most insatiable man-eaters. "When I first met him, Tony thought 69 was a bottle of Scotch," she boasts to a girlfriend. As Tony, the potent stud of the title—who manages a disco club owned by Joan's husband and tries nobly to service every fly-by-night bird he can handle, between bouts with the boss's wife—Oliver Tobias has just the right sort of easy-come charm for a gigolo. All surface, he is the male equivalent of a professional party girl—a good-looking guy in Gucci threads but ever ready to shed them. *The Stud's* Tony, in other words, could be the *macho-man* version of *Darling*, or maybe close kin to the horny hairdresser of *Shampoo*. This movie ranks several notches lower, by any standard, yet its rhythmic nervous



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energy seldom flags. One troublesome flaw is the postrecorded dialog, which often has a hollow studio sound. Collins and Tobias managed to keep me hooked, however, because they seem so at home in the claustrophobic world beyond the fringe of disco. Joan's sister Jackie wrote the original novel and adapted it for director Quentin Masters, who quickly establishes a sleekly sensuous erotic tone. Trashy, outspoken, frank and funny, *The Stud* adds up to soft-core social drama—sexy as a free feel in the back seat of a purring Rolls.

There is plenty of hard breathing but no hard-core evidence of hanky-panky in *The Runner Stumbles*, Stanley Kramer's hyperthyroid movie version of a supposedly successful play by Milan Stitt, which was inspired in turn by the real-life case of a Michigan priest who was tried for the murder of a nun long, long ago. I never saw the play, maybe because I have a blind spot about stories of priests enamored of vivacious young nuns. The time given is 1927, in a remote country parish where carnal thoughts apparently spring up like crab grass because there's not much else to do. Dick Van Dyke and Kathleen Quinlan play the cross-bearing couple, who begin to vibrate when he says cynically, "I've yet to see a rainbow," and she replies jauntily, "You have to know where to look." Wow. Right about then, I began to look at the ceiling a lot. When I looked back from time to time, Van Dyke was doing an earnest but futile job of playing it straight, while Quinlan skipped and sang a syncopated song called *My Rumble-Seat Gal* with some children from the church school. Reorchestrated to bring out the *Sturm und Drang* of forbidden desire, the song becomes the movie's major musical theme, believe it or not. And that's only *one* example of how Kramer's heavy hand brings *The Runner Stumbles* to a sorry, soapy end. Again and again, Stitt's tale of stifled passion raises questions about faith, love and duty that are quickly obscured by suds. Meanwhile, there's a murder trial, with the late Sister Rita alive and well in flashbacks. Tammy Grimes and Maureen Stapleton, as two conscientious local Catholics, and Beau Bridges, as the town's drunken defense attorney, all contribute strong performances that would probably look prizeworthy in a less feverish movie.

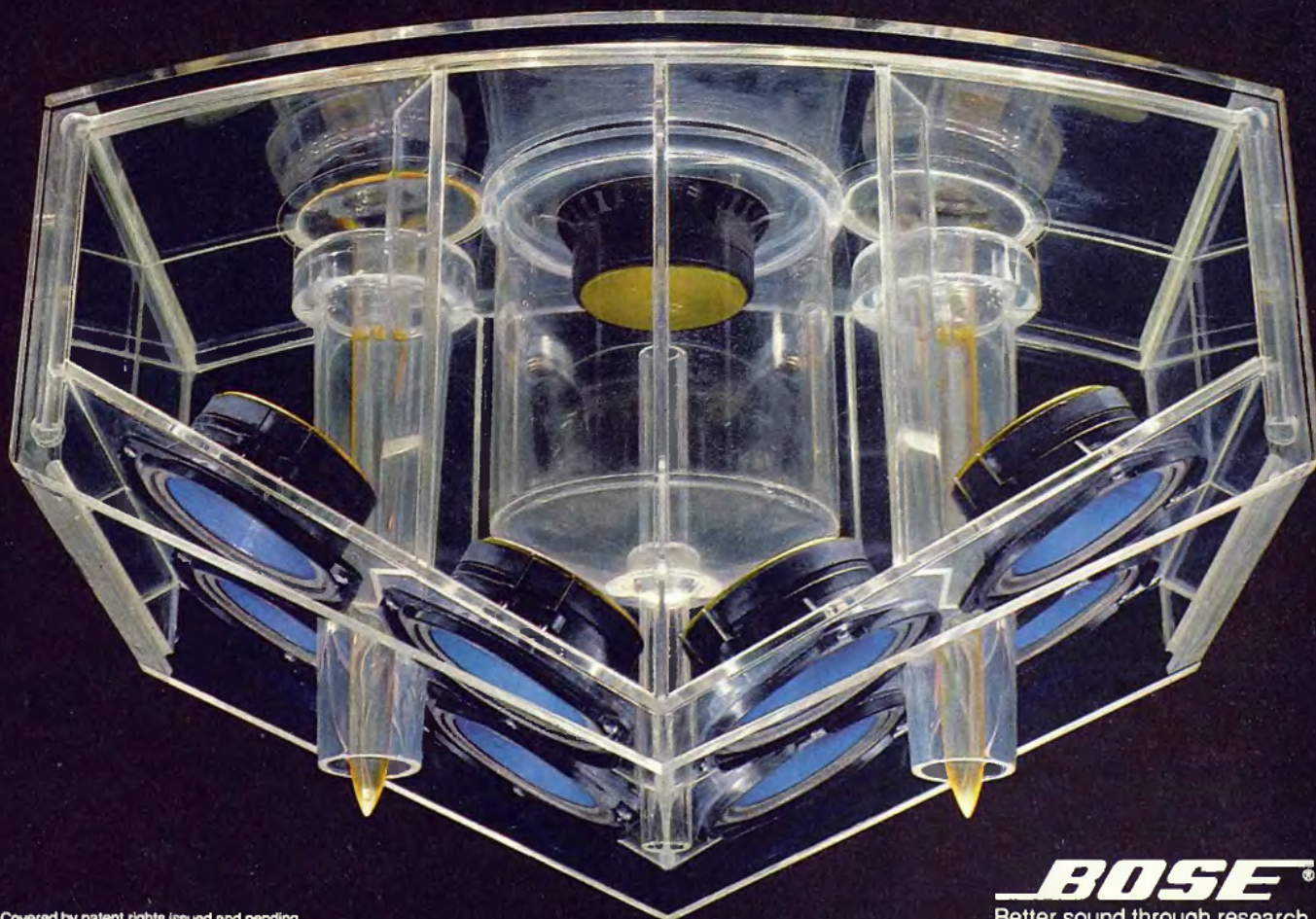
In this year of *Alien* and *The Amityville Horror*, shockers, regardless of merit, seem to be worth their weight in gold. When *a Stranger Calls* has Carol Kane, Charles Durning, Colleen Dewhurst and Rachel Roberts to guarantee some dramatic substance for a grueling middle-weight thriller about a homicidal maniac (Tony Beckley) who likes to warm up with telephoned threats. "Have you

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checked the children?" he asks, while a tremulous baby sitter played by Miss Kane, a formidable waif who makes any other actress' tremulousness look like steely composure, dissolves in fear. And that's just the beginning. *When a Stranger Calls* tones down the ugly explicit violence audiences are becoming inured to, though writer-director Fred Walton (with Steve Feke as co-author) handles his first feature-film assignment so deftly that no one may notice the clever touches. *Halloween* still outranks all contenders as the definitive goose-flesh fantasy about baby sitters and bogey-men, yet in this category, there's nearly always room for—pardon the expression—new blood.

FILM CLIPS

Rape of Love: French writer-director Yannick Bellon's highly sensitized portrait of a rape victim often lets its feminist roots show, speaking somewhat too conscientiously for all women instead of relying on its heroine—an attractive provincial nurse who is abducted, beaten, brutally raped and sodomized by four working stiffs on a spree. In the principal role, Nathalie Nell rivets attention both as a ravished beauty and as an eloquent actress. She may be the classiest Gallic import since Deneuve came over, reeking of Chanel.

The Concorde—Airport '79: One of the longer airline commercials, this super-sonic valentine makes it clear that the plane would never go down but for sabotage. Robert Wagner is the bad guy from big business who doesn't want Susan Blakely to reach Moscow, via Paris, because she knows too much about him. Cicely Tyson, carrying a heart transplant for her young son, hasn't a minute to waste. Copilots Alain Delon and George Kennedy struggle nobly to stay aloft, but the bird they're flying is an endangered species in more ways than one. Needs a head transplant, maybe.

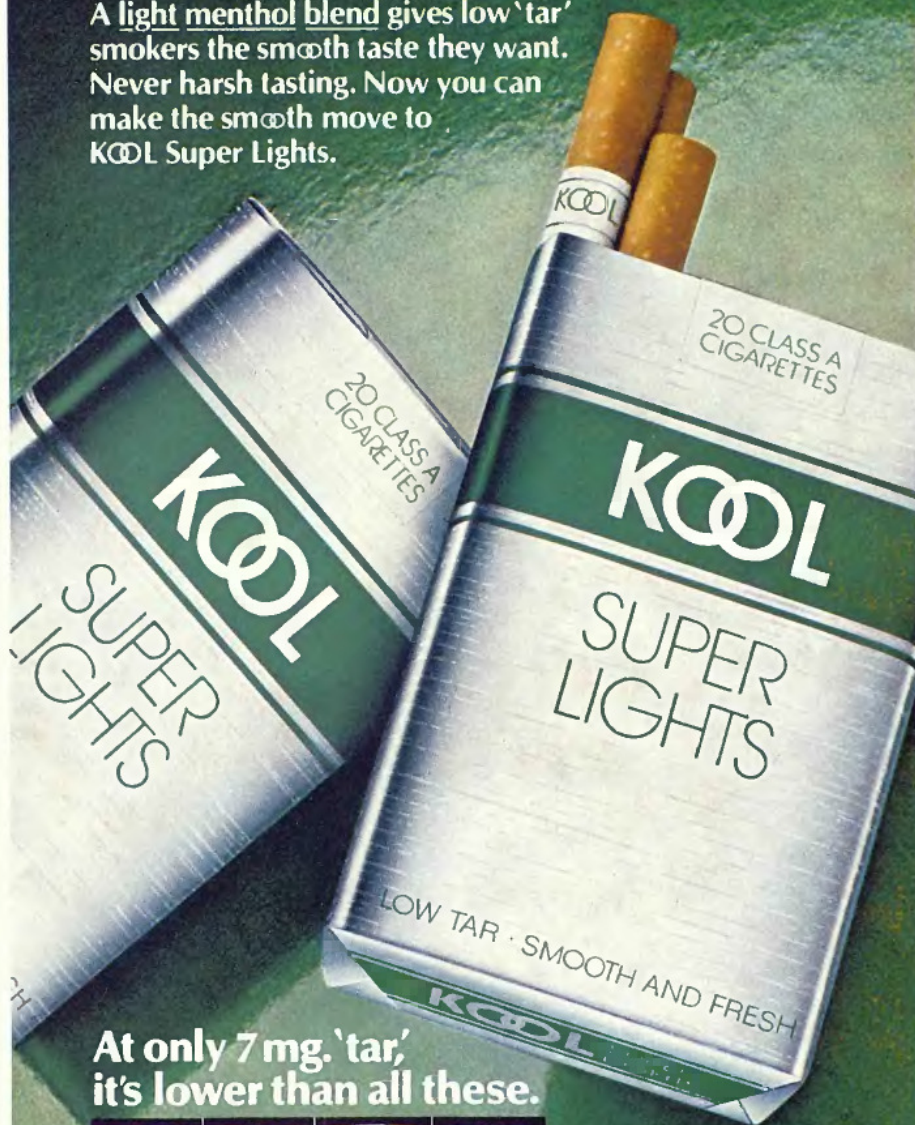
Nighthawks: London's gay scene is explored with insight and compassion in a documentary-style drama about a geography teacher named Jim (sensitively played by Ken Robertson) who spends his off hours cruising.

Woyzeck: German superstar Klaus Kinski has the look of a Frankenstein's monster after months of rigid dieting and occupational therapy. He plays the crazed barber-soldier who brutally murders his unfaithful mistress in director Werner Herzog's eerie movie version of an unfinished 19th Century German play by Georg Büchner (which also became Alban Berg's opera *Wozzeck*). Most directors of the loudly hailed German New Wave, Herzog included, still strike me as joyless, pretentious and boring. But Kinski is something else. See for yourself. —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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ADVENTURES

Travelers on the road between Llanfynydd and Abergorlech, in southern Wales, are often startled to see a gang of horseback riders dressed in checked shirts and denims, fringed vests and leather chaps, holsters, boots and ten-gallon hats: cowboys in Wales.

Cowboys in Wales?

Well, cowboys for a week, anyway. They're paying guests at Ponderosa, a dude ranch where, for a bargain £65, a British Western freak gets a week of riding and hanging out at a Western-style minivillage that looks like a Hollywood set, complete with a stable, a blacksmith shop, a trading post and a saloon called the Golden Nugget. He gets to square dance. He gets to sit around the campfire, eating hamburgers, sausages and fried beans and singing 'Ome on the Range. He gets to pretend.

Grownups playing cowboy . . . with a British accent.

For an Easterner, visiting Ponderosa is decidedly weird. It's hard enough to accept the fact that dude ranches really exist, but put one in the south of Wales, in the midst of sheep-covered hills and folks who talk more like Robert Morley than like John Wayne, and the whole thing is downright mind-boggling.

Are these people for real? You bet your six-gun.

Frank Mansell and his wife, Elsie, run Ponderosa. He's a middle-aged Englishman who has never been closer to the American West than the 52nd Street Armory in Brooklyn during the Big One. But he likes Western horsemanship and all the trappings, and he's not alone in Britain, so five years ago, he gave up his London riding stable and headed for the hills to set up this retreat for would-be pardners. The property he found was once a pig farm, but he stuck a Stetson on his head and called it Ponderosa. And he was in business.

Mansell wears jeans and cowboy boots to go with his broad Stetson. His belt boasts a huge buckle with a steer head. "A lot of people class us as cowboys," he said not long ago. "They think it's just a game. I class us as Western horsemen. There's a lot of skill in Western riding, you know. The whole thing is different. . . . Did you know there's a reason why they wore these big hats? You see, the typical Welsh or English farmer has a little peaked cap, so when it rains the water runs right down his neck. The Stetson is more sensible, don't you think?"

If Mansell is serious about his horsemanship and the authenticity of his little ranch (Ponderosa's tack room is stuffed with harnesses and huge Western saddles imported from the U.S. and Mexico, and the horses have names like Apache, Valiant and Honey), some of



I say there, podner,
cowboys in the
wilds of Wales?

his guests are equally serious about turning their week at the ranch into an escape from everyday drabness.

"You get to play cowboy, actually," said a young buckaroo named Roger Phillip Lond-Caulk. (Roger Phillip Lond-Caulk? "There ain't room in this town for both of us, Roger Phillip Lond-Caulk. . . .") He was over from Norfolk for a fortnight, with his chum, Scott Arthurton. "When you're a kid," he went on, "you see *The Lone Ranger* and *Tonto*. That gives you childish dreams you may never get rid of. In my village, people laugh at you if you walk about in a checked shirt and bandanna. They think you've gone nuts. But I've liked Western films since I was a baby—Clint Eastwood best of all. I'd love to go to the United States to see the West, but this is probably as close as I'll ever get." Welcome to Fantasy Ranch.

Marion Twiss likes to dress like a cowgirl. "This is the real me," she said, strutting in full leather chaps she had made herself from a pattern. "It's no 'oliday dressing in a fancy skirt. I've been coming four years now. It's a bit of life as it used to be. No daily papers saying someone's dead, someone's murdered. There isn't the tension. If you don't relax 'ere, there's something wrong with your 'ead."

Maria Speariett is another cowgirl for

a week. At home in Lancashire, she works as a cook in an old people's home; at Ponderosa, she puts on her boots and fringed vest and lets loose with her hoss. "English riding is so stuffy," she said.

The dudes at Ponderosa—there's room for eight at a time—ride for hours through a national forest, pausing for a box lunch on the trail. They sleep in bunkhouses that are converted mobile homes. They square dance in Mansell's homemade Golden Nugget Saloon, which has an old upright piano against one wall and is decorated with old cowboy boots, postcards from Texas, posters of Billy the Kid and Butch Cassidy, a deerhead over the bar and a sign that reads HAND YOUR SHOOTING IRONS TO BARTENDER BY ORDER OF THE MARSHAL.

Cops and bank clerks come on holiday; so do teachers and solicitors. Love of the wild West knows no bounds. They give themselves handles like Hoss and Buck and Pecos Pete. Not all the visitors are riders, even—some show up just for the atmosphere. They groom the horses and mosey around while the others are out gathering saddlesores.

Those who are into fancy gear show off their outfits—they pay £200 and more for a full set of the real stuff. Anything British-made or nonleather is considered schlock. "Plastic cowboys," the sharp dressers sneer.

Those who are into guns sit around polishing their imitation Colts while they watch the BBC. Occasionally, they hold quick-draw contests, but not everyone is impressed, least of all Mansell. "The way I see it," he explained, "back in the West they didn't all carry guns and have shoot-outs, like on the telly."

There's often someone with a guitar on hand, or some Johnny Cash records. On campfire night, in particular, the dudes sing: *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain, Red River Valley, Don't Fence Me In*. You try those with a British accent.

Thursday afternoons, they ride to Abergorlech, tie up their steeds in front of the Black Lion pub and go inside for a glass of Brains, the local brew. "The neighbors thought it was all a bit queer at first," Mansell admitted. "But we get along now."

Mansell shifted his Stetson and tugged at his wide belt. "Sometimes it does seem rather comical," he allowed. "A while ago, we had an amateur film crew here making a picture about the American West. I was watching when they had someone come running out of the saloon. It looked fine until he opened his mouth. Then he yelled out, 'Go and get the sheriff! They've shot someone!' with this shocking British accent. I couldn't stop laughing."

—DAN CARLINSKY

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IS IT A SIN TO HUM IN YOUR HEART? The Ayatollah has threatened to ban music from Iranian radio and television. Music, he said, like opium, "stupefies a person listening to it and makes the brain inactive and frivolous . . . a youth who spends his time listening to music can no longer appreciate realities." Isn't that the whole idea?



BEATLE MONUMENT A BUST: Beatle-maniacs in Liverpool planned to erect an \$80,000 statue in honor of the hometown fab four. Unfortunately, Liverpoolians may have opened their hearts but not their pocketbooks. At last report, the appeal for funds had raised all of \$60.



This past March, Columbia Records sent most of its jazz roster, plus some pop artists, to Cuba for three nights of concerts. The resulting live LP, *Havana Jam*, is uneven, but Weather Report and the CBS Jazz All-Stars were in top form, as were the Cuban Percussion Ensemble and Orquesta Aragon. The interplay between John McLaughlin and Tony Williams alone is worth the price of admission.

WITH A BULLET!

Bruce Iglaiver wishes the Alligator in his house would leave him more time for socializing—"I had a date last night and I was two and a half hours late because one of my bands couldn't make an engagement, and I had to find a replacement"—but he doesn't want it to go away. There's small chance it will. Alligator, the record company he started on a shoestring in 1972, a fans' dream floating in the corporate sea of the record biz, expects to gross \$250,000 this year. Where he once did everything himself, from producing the records to mailing them—"I've packed and shipped at least 75,000



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albums by hand"—the intense Iglauer, 32, a perfectionist who had a hard time learning to delegate responsibility, now has three full-time employees helping him record a generation of blues stars—including Son Seals, Albert Collins, Fenton Robinson, Koko Taylor and the artists on Alligator's *Living Chicago Blues* anthology—that he has developed at a time when the major companies won't touch blues except as a joke. Iglauer, who learned the independent record producer's trade from Bob Koester while working as a shipping clerk for Koester's Delmark label, recorded his own favorite artist, the late Hound Dog Taylor, in 1971 and drove across the country with a trunkful of records, stopping to talk with deejays and distributors. A year later, he was so busy mailing records and helping Taylor with bookings that he had to leave Delmark and sink or swim with Alligator. He endured some lean years before his 18-hour workdays began to pay off. Now he looks forward to moving his business out of his two-story frame house in Chicago and getting it under control so he can spend more time with the ladies, among other things; but since his head is brimming with new projects, and he remains a workaholic—"It's wonderful for the ego, being a catalyst for a great performance or helping someone's career grow"—it looks as if Iglauer's dates will have to continue sharing him with the blues.

The B-52's—who've just waxed a first album for Warner Bros.—may be the first all-white "party" band to come along in a while. It's a New Wave rock-'n'-roll band from Athens, Georgia, and it leans toward the music of James Brown, Captain Beefheart and Patti Smith. There is no "magic footprint" method to learn the dances the B-52's inspire.

The B-52's look as if they'd been assembled in Woolworth's. Kate Pierson (keyboards) and Cindy Wilson (second guitar) labor under Everest-sized beehive and bouffant hairdos, while drummer Keith Strickland and lead guitarist Ricky Wilson look like two fellas from the varsity team who forgot to dress for the dance. In the middle, lead singer Fred Schneider resembles a punkish Cesar Romero. Just to look at, they're more fun than a barrel of Talking Heads.

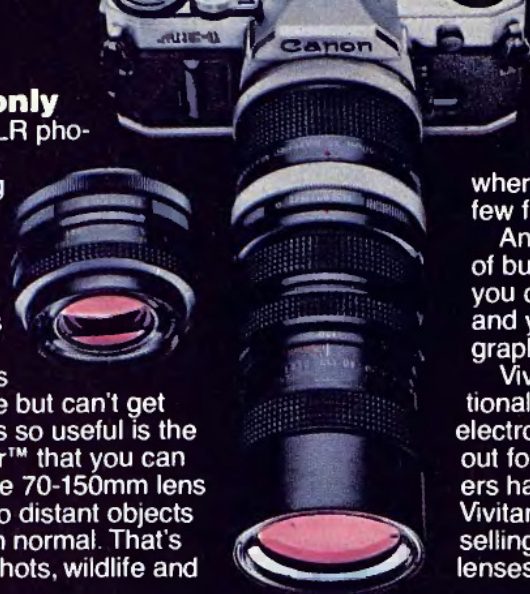
But the kicker is that these folks can hold their own, musically, with the most accomplished New Wave groups from either coast, even though they've been touring out of Athens for less than two years.

Like the Ramones, the B-52's don't sacrifice intelligence in the name of fun. Their own songs, and the few they've selected from elsewhere, are a perfect balance of tongue, cheek, ass and feet. *Planet Claire* and *Rock Lobster*, their best, are great rockers—and singable, as

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well. Some of their other songs manage to be both energetic and impressionistic. In that vein, the B-52's perform a tacky-sounding version of *Downtown*, the old Petula Clark hit, that leads a listener to imagine a different downtown—not bright lights and Broadway but the drug-store, five-and-dime, McDonald's, bar and bus-station strip of Centerville.

After one of their shows, we met up with Kate, Cindy, Ricky, Keith and Fred and asked them to describe the brief history of the B-52's.

PLAYBOY: Why the name B-52's?

KEITH: I don't know; it just popped into my head one day. It could have come from the bomber jackets Ricky and Cindy's dad gave us.

PLAYBOY: How long have you been together?

KATE: We all met up at parties in Athens back around 1971 or '72.

FRED: All of us would go out together to dance and dress up. We were soon exiled from some of these places: We tended to drink everything.

CINDY: We started to play together at other dance parties. They were one-shot deals, though. We hadn't formally gotten together as a group.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you decided to form the B-52's?

FRED: Actually, Keith, Ricky and I had made some basement tapes under the name Bridge Mix.

KATE: I was in a folk-type group called the Sun Donuts. We were still going to school in Athens then.

PLAYBOY: What was going to school in Athens like?

FRED: I wanted to study forestry, but I didn't know you had to take so many science courses. I was never too motivated. Campus life wasn't too exciting. There was one march on the president's house—this was during the Vietnam protests—but it was more like a pleasant walk around the grounds. Once the war was over, everything started. Social life. Before, it was *either* dancing or demonstrating. We were all into dancing.

PLAYBOY: With only occasional gigs, how did you support yourselves?

CINDY: Well, Ricky and I lived with our parents, still do. So does Keith.

FRED: I lived out of a suitcase with Maureen [McLaughlin, the group's former manager].

KATE: I lived on a \$15-a-month tenant farm just outside Athens. I still live there.

CINDY: We all worked odd jobs. I worked in a luncheonette—Kress's Whirli Q. I also worked in a factory, putting tickets on jeans. I also shoveled nuts and bolts in another factory.

KATE: I had a job where I'd look for imperfections in clay pigeons made of pitch.

KEITH: I was a porter in a bus station.

RICKY: I was a ticket agent there. Not for long.

FRED: We all find it hard to work, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Cindy and Kate—where did



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you come up with those hairdos?

CINDY: Well, you know, Athens is a kookie place. It's not like the rest of Georgia. A lot of people in Athens still do up that kind of exotic style.

KATE: We first used wool hats that we'd brush up and puff out. Now I use a wig. I take them to LaVerne of the Salon de Venus in Athens. She does a great job. All it takes is a lot of hair spray. Like creating a cake.

—STANLEY MIESES

REVIEWS

The day of the digital LP has dawned! If you don't believe it, give a listen to London's new *Mahler Fourth Symphony* by Zubin Mehta and the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. It offers amazing clarity of textures, stunning dynamic range and climaxes virtually free from distortion. Digital is the biggest thing to hit since stereo and can be enjoyed on any good conventional playback system.

Frankly, when we saw that *Chicago 13* (Columbia) was being coproduced by Phil Ramone, our hopes were high that this album would be the Windy City's answer to Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes. But no. Chicago has come out with a record that will appeal to only the most diehard of its fans. There is little excitement here. With its sneezing trumpets and honking trombones, sounding like a herd of lethargic bull elephants, it would seem that the legendary lost graveyard is at hand. To sum up a lackluster effort in one word, *Chicago 13* is dumb.

Haydn's breakthrough *Opus 20 Quartets* (Columbia) have been recorded anew by the Juilliard String Quartet. Lyrical and complex, it was modern music in 1772, and it is modern music today. The Juilliard playing is, as usual, superb.

SHORT CUTS

Talking Heads / Fear of Music (Sire): Nothing to get worried about here.

Chic / Risqué (Atlantic): Sultry disco tunes that do nothing offensive; in fact, they do just enough to stay interesting.

Phil Everly / Living Alone (Elektra): A living founder of rock shows that he still has a taste for the soft stuff.

Leroy Jenkins / Space Minds, New Worlds, Survival of America (Tomato): The violinist and his cohorts play chamber jazz that's percussive and pointillistic, episodic and explosive.

Commodores / Midnight Magic and **Billy Preston / Late at Night** (both Motown): Motown's arrangers now favor kaleidoscopically shifting sounds, but they haven't messed with the beat, thank God.

Blind Date (Windsong): Devo goes out with Pink Floyd.

FAST TRACKS



DRESSED FOR SUCCESS: Do clothes make the man? Just ask Cheech & Chong, who took time out from writing a new movie to try on something tasteful for their upcoming Christmas party. You, dear reader, can own this shot: It's a Pro Arts poster. "Don we now our gay apparel. . . ."

NEWSBREAKS: NBC has a couple of first-rate specials coming up in the next few weeks: The *Bee Gees*—with guests *Willie Nelson*, *Glen Campbell* and brother *Andy*—and *Rod Stewart*, guests to be announced. . . . A brand-new season of *Soundstage* begins in November on PBS with 12 shows. . . . Country goes disco: A new album by the *Silver Spurx Orchestra* will feature classics such as *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* and *Happy Trails* to a disco beat. . . . Egyptian president *Anwar Sadat* has hired French film director *Roger Vadim* to produce a huge peace spectacular at the foot of the Pyramids. *Barbra Streisand* has been invited to appear; *Hamilton Jordan* has not. . . . The record biz, like every other, has been hit with declining sales in recent

months, except for Gospel records and religious music in general. The reason? *Billboard* hypothesizes it's the tendency for the populace to turn to religion—and religious music—when times are bad. . . . Singer *Lou Reed* has settled his differences with Arista head *Clive Davis* and is at work on a new album. . . . Marvel has issued a new comic book based on the *Alice Cooper* album *From the Inside*. Although the record chronicles Cooper's battle with booze, that part of the story is missing from the comic. It seems that the comics code authority thinks alcoholism is too controversial for kids. . . . Radio d.j. *Steve Dahl* and his antidisco army *Insane Coho Lips* tore up Chicago's *Comiskey Park* last summer. Now they're going national. His 45, *Do You Think I'm Disco?*, is, as he says, "skyrocketing up the charts," and an album will be ready on *Ovation* any day. Dahl says prorock rallies are catching on all over the country.

RANDOM RUMORS: We hear that *Casablanca Records*, home to *Donna Summer* and *Kiss*, is about to test the country-music waters. . . . *Mickey Mouse* to disco? The cartoon songs are coming out on a disco album—can the Lord's Prayer be far behind? . . . Not many clues about *Dylan's* alleged religious conversion come from the lyrics on his new album—the references to God are nondenominational. . . . *Patti Smith* has yet to decide what action to take against the Burbank, California, city council, which canceled hers and other rock concerts reportedly because performers like *Smith* and *Todd Rundgren* attract a mostly homosexual crowd and Burbank doesn't want "sexual deviates charging around town." *Smith* labeled the city-council action "a dangerous precedent," and the concert promoter is planning a visit to the lawyers. All the shows originally slated for Burbank have been rescheduled in Hollywood.

REELING AND ROCKING: *John Belushi* and *Dan Aykroyd*—who we hear are not returning to *Saturday Night Live* this season—spent the summer hanging out on location in Chicago for *The Blues Brothers* (directed by *Animal House's John Landis*). We hear that *Aretha Franklin* and *Roy Charles* will appear in cameo roles. . . . Here's more info on the upcoming *Paul Simon* movie (he wrote the screenplay): It's about a singer/songwriter left over from the Sixties who is faced with dwindling audiences and record-company moguls bent on compromising his music. It doesn't sound autobiographical, but it does sound melodramatic.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

This is the first monthly column by PLAYBOY's new Travel Editor, Stephen Birnbaum. A highly regarded expert at the delectable task of finding the right places, as well as the best ways to get there, Birnbaum will be contributing major travel articles to the magazine as well. He also makes regular appearances on NBC-TV's "Today" show and on the CBS radio network.

Just to satisfy a gnawing curiosity, I recently called three travel agencies I'd picked at random from the Yellow Pages. With the route maps of three of America's best-known airlines spread out in front of me, I invented a trio of rather complex itineraries, with lots of stops, hopping all around the country and occasionally dipping into Mexico and the Caribbean.

I gave a different itinerary to each agent—each based on the routes flown by just one of the airlines—and each agent dutifully noted all the places at which I wanted to stop, then carefully computed my fare. In every case, the prospective fare quoted for my projected trip was more than \$1000; yet in every case, I had promotional material right in front of me that described a means by which I could have accomplished the full itineraries I had outlined for less than a third of the quoted cost.

The device that the three agents I queried were unaware of—or were not actively offering—is known generically as an unlimited-mileage pass, and it's a means by which any informed, peripatetic traveler can get the maximum possible mileage for the least possible cost. In the United States, Eastern, Delta and even Allegheny (soon to be U.S. Air) offer some form of unlimited-mileage ticket, though there's a very small chance that you've seen it advertised or promoted. But what the travel agents don't (or won't) tell you, and what the airlines themselves seem to promote with less than peak enthusiasm, may be travel's best buy—and best-kept secret.

Of all the airlines that offer this unlimited-mileage ticket, Eastern is by far the most aggressive in promoting its product. As a matter of fact, the Eastern pass is on sale until December 14, 1979, for \$299 (plus tax) per person, versus the \$369 normal per-person price. At least two adults must travel together, and other restrictions require passengers to make at least one stop (in addition to their ultimate outbound destination) before returning to their city of origin. Furthermore, a passenger cannot stop at the same intermediate point more than once during a single itinerary. The unlimited-



For the best buys
in airline mileage,
take a pass.

mileage ticket is good for from seven to 21 days, and the complete itinerary for the trip must be decided upon (and reservations made and tickets paid for) at least seven days before departure.

It's only when you start to really examine all the nuances of traveling under an unlimited-mileage pass that you begin to appreciate its vast possibilities. We sat down with just the Eastern Airlines route map and discovered that a determined traveler could cover more than 17,500 miles in three weeks. And the possible destinations were equally tempting, since Eastern offers passengers its entire route map—excluding only Canada—and that means potential landings at a horde of U.S. cities (from coast to coast), plus Mexico, Guatemala, Bermuda and several choice Caribbean islands.

Delta offers a close approximation of the Eastern unlimited-mileage ticket. Delta, too, is running a sale (at \$299) on its System Excursion Fare until December 14. From December 15, 1979, to December 14, 1980, the fare goes up to \$369 per person, if two adults are traveling together, while a single traveler on an unlimited-mileage trip must ante up \$469 (all prices plus tax). Delta's route map stretches from Reno, Oakland and San Francisco through the Southeastern sector of the U.S. and as far Northeast as Bangor, Maine. While travel to and from Canada and England is excluded from the unlimited-mileage fare, the Bahamas, Bermuda, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands are included.

At least as interesting as the two predominantly domestic airlines noted above are the even less widely known group of foreign airlines that offer unlimited-mileage opportunities within their own countries. In Mexico, for example, both Mexicana Airlines and Aeromexico offer passes ranging from seven to 45 days at prices from \$99 to \$189. This so-called Visit Mexico fare allows six stopovers, with the traveler required to stay at least overnight in each city. There are some restrictions, but in the broadest practical terms, most of Mexico's important tourist destinations are included.

Perhaps my favorite among all the unlimited-mileage programs is the one offered by Air Inter (pronounced in-tair), the prime French domestic air carrier. For someone eager to see a whole lot of France in a relatively short time, this fare is a gift from the gods. Passes are available for seven days (\$135) or 14 days (\$210), and they allow unlimited air travel to 33 cities in France, plus Corsica. In practice, it's possible to combine this fare with a special package that Hilton International Orly offers at Orly Airport outside Paris, to make for some very unusual day-tripping.

One could, for example, board the 10:15 A.M. Air Inter flight to Nice to head off for an afternoon on the Riviera. A long, languid late lunch on the Côte d'Azur is possible before boarding the seven P.M. return flight to Orly. That flight gets in at 8:20, and an early bedtime is advised so you can catch the 7:30 A.M. flight to Bordeaux the next morning, for a day in and around the vineyards of the Médoc. It's hardly the shabbiest way to see France.

Other European passes worth looking into are the Holiday Ticket offered by Finnair, which must be purchased (for \$145 for two weeks) in the U.S. and then exchanged for special tickets in Finland; and the Conozca España (Know Spain) pass that costs \$99 for 45 days of air trekking around Spain. This past summer, Linjeflyg (sorry, no pronunciation help here), the Swedish domestic airline, had a Go As You Please air pass good for passage to ten cities within a 21-day period, and there's a rumor that it will soon be reinstated.

The most practical way to see if any of these passes work for you is to sit down with a route map of each of the noted airlines and use it as a kind of Ouija board in plotting a trip for yourself. The low basic price may permit you to include stops at places you might otherwise have had to pass by, and for the adventurous traveler, there just ain't no better way to get around. —STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

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Question: Who reads the way a Roll-Royce rides, endures for decades and stacks up as one of America's best fiction writers? Answer: John Updike. In his latest short-story collection, *Problems and Other Stories* (Knopf), Updike shows us once again that combination of smooth style and biting wit that makes him a continuous pleasure to read.

As usual, Updike goes for range. With the possible exception of his stories about "that perennial couple the Maples," there is a wide variety of subject matter and approach: A man named Credo reads Saint Augustine as he moves toward an extramarital affair with a woman who is aroused by quotations from the good saint; an engineer named Culp, recently divorced, drives his daughters across the state of Nevada, and the brilliance of the story (originally published in *PLAYBOY*, January 1974) lies in the way the young girls try to mother their father, aware as they are that the divorce has almost ruined him; another man of some 40 years learns one of the saddest of all lessons—that sex is finite, ultimately limited and limiting—when an evening with a prostitute gives him less pleasure than he was anticipating; an archaeologist named Ferguson dreams of his father's death, five years earlier, and out of that dream come memories of a high school reunion, a dying colleague, the immense sadness of our own busy culture. Twenty-two stories in all, each of them precise and illuminating.

• *The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms & the CIA* (Knopf), by Thomas Powers, contains this key sentence: "The President is the sun in the CIA's solar system." Powers argues that all else proceeds from this fact, and he suggests that it is time we stopped viewing our intelligence agencies as if we were creating "a child's history of the world." Good evidence is presented that the CIA does not operate in a vacuum, that it does what it is told to do by the Executive Office in the White House. According to this argument, Richard Helms was a "good soldier," following orders, handling things as best he could and keeping his mouth shut. Powers writes well, researches thoroughly and has excellent sources, including Helms himself. Why, then, does this book seem marred and incomplete?

It might be because it can also be seen as part of a subtle process of *disinformation*, an element in the current pissing contest among the CIA's Messrs. Helms, Colby and Angleton. This latest offering is the Helms entry in a lengthening list of defensive autobiographies and confessions. Each new book published by these former civil servants is dedicated to setting the record straight in the way that



Updike on target.

Short stories from
Updike, Singer, Pritchett;
alibis for Helms.



Helms off the hook.

its true sponsor would want it straight.

Powers does list Helms's more controversial and well-known participations in skulduggery (including the plots against Lumumba and Castro, the Allende affair and the other assorted CIA abuses that read like a list from Dante: domestic surveillance, blackmail, wire tapping, medical experiments, etc.). But he also does two very interesting things that

make him appear to be less than neutral and more in Helms's pocket: One, he repeatedly lets Helms off the hook for any real responsibility in executive decisions ("Helms had his marching orders") and, two, he reveals no new material about Helms or the secrets being guarded. *The Man Who Kept the Secrets* says the man kept secrets. Period. You, dear reader, will not learn anything about Richard Helms that wasn't already generally known—but you will learn what his defense probably would have been if he'd been indicted for serious crimes.

It is not an illogical defense, by the way, and it might be nice if we could all absorb this book's major lesson: that "plausible deniability" on the part of our American Presidents is a charade, and that little is done by the CIA that our leaders don't know about, one way or another.

• Buy this plot, if you can: A major U.S. magazine sends a writer to Thailand to do a definitive article on the heroin industry—and various U.S. Government agencies not only cooperate but hook him up with a superduper, slightly mad American undercover agent who trots our gutsy journalist through an obstacle course of violence and intrigue in fanatical pursuit of the regional drug king. Those are the bare bones of *The Truth About Peter Harley* (Dutton), and the fact that author James Mills (*Report to the Commissioner*, *The Panic in Needle Park*) fleshes out such an implausible premise and turns it into quite a fine yarn is a tribute to his writing ability. Occasionally tedious, often Byzantine, the story nevertheless holds interest and delivers a fresh finale that should delight the fans of Graham Greene or John le Carré.

• All you short-story fans will welcome the publication of two new collections by *PLAYBOY* favorites Isaac Bashevis Singer and V. S. Pritchett. Singer's collection, *Old Love* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is, as the title suggests, a look at the various aspects of middle-aged love. Singer's brand of middle-aged love, however, is definitely not to be confused with a settled, taken-for-granted love, for these stories are filled with illicit affairs, homosexual encounters and bizarre passions. *On the Edge of the Cliff* (Random House), by V. S. Pritchett, contains Sir Victor's patented offbeat characters in some of life's more uncomfortable moments. Confronting a lover's spouse, taking Mother to meet mistress and husband, accidentally meeting a woman from the past are some of the difficult encounters that Pritchett

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resolves with witty yet subtle twists. Many of the stories in these two books have been previously published in several magazines, including *PLAYBOY*, and it's our suggestion that you take another, closer look at the work of these two masters in these superb collections.

• **Tantrum** (Knopf) is a novel in cartoon by Jules Feiffer. It tells the story of a frustrated 42-year-old man who leaves his wife and children . . . to become a two-year-old baby. He discovers that his miraculous metamorphosis isn't even unusual, he's merely "part of a goddamned phenomenon!" Very funny story. Feiffer at his savage best.

• World leaders would have us believe that this is the Year of the Child, but by our reckoning, it is the year, if not the decade, of the weird child. After having been subjected to the blood-thirsty kids in *Carrie*, *The Omen*, *The Exorcist*, *The Shining*, et al., we're surprised anybody can still hire a baby sitter. For historical purposes, you might remember that William Golding first showed us the brutality of children in *Lord of the Flies*—without the metaphysical gimmicks. His latest book seems behind the times. **Darkness Visible** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) starts out like a basic antichrist-in-kindergarten story, side-tracks to a bit of homosexuality in an English boys' school, dissipates into the natural horrors of adolescent sexuality and wraps up with a human sacrifice. You'd think it would be a great read, but it isn't. We expected a more coherent work from Golding. Alas.

• You and your loved one are vacationing in Hong Kong. A sophisticated Eurasian befriends you, wines and dines you in the best restaurants in town. He is witty, charming, cosmopolitan. The next thing you know, he has slipped you knockout drops. You awake in a ditch outside town, drenched in gasoline, to the sound of a striking match. *What will you do? What will you do? You will die.* In the mid-Seventies, Charles Sobhraj and his accomplice, Marie-Andrée Leclerc, murdered at least 12 tourists—leaving them strangled, stabbed, burned or drowned from the beaches of Thailand to the Ganges River. The trail of murder is the topic of Thomas Thompson's latest book, **Serpentine** (Doubleday). Thompson tries to re-create the life of an international hustler, to explain, somehow, the bizarre homicides. The effort is not as successful as Thompson's best-selling *Blood and Money*—but then, you can't expect foreigners to kill as well as Texans. If Karl Malden's American Express commercials haven't made you paranoid about traveling overseas, this book will.

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Hollywood is so hard up for film ideas these days it seems to be going for almost anything that has some sort of built-in following. Examples: In addition to the usual assortment of sequels, prequels, remakes and rip-offs, practically every comic strip, including *Alley Oop*, *Conan*, *Popeye* and *Dick Tracy*, is currently being filmized (word is **Dustin Hoffman** might play the cartoon sleuth); now even TV shows are being made into movies, the latest of which is something called *The Gong Show Movie*, starring and to be directed by **Chuck Barris**. How they plan to sustain a 90-minute feature on this premise is anybody's guess. . . . **Marlon Brando**, originally set to appear in the *Superman* sequel, has reportedly been written out of the script. Instead, **Susannah York's** part will be expanded. The reason we won't be seeing Marlon this time has nothing to do with the fact that he has gained a lot of weight. He's been written out, insiders speculate, so the producers won't have to pay him a percentage. . . . **Olivia Newton-John** will star



Newton-John



Barris

in *Xanadu*, billed as "an original musical fantasy." . . . *Saturday Night Live's* **Jane Curtin** will make the move to the big screen in A.I.P.'s *How to Beat the High Cost of Living*, co-starring **Susan St. James**, **Jessica Lange** and **Richard Benjamin**. The film concerns three women who, for various reasons, are unable to live within their means and rob a shopping center. With Curtin in this role, that leaves **Gilda Radner** as the only *Saturday Nighter* not to make the tube-to-screen transition in a starring role.

CHECKING IN WITH MOSES: Charlton Heston's 52nd movie, *Wind River*, was written by none other than the actor's 24-year-old son, **Fraser**, but, to dispel any implications of nepotism, Heston says, "I got involved after the script was sold to Columbia." Uh-huh. The flick is the story of two diehard trappers (Heston and **Brian Keith**) who refuse to believe that beaver is becoming extinct. For authenticity, Heston had to take a dip in a tank filled with water and instant cocoa stirred to emulate the chocolaty color of the water in a beaver's lodge. Heston's next project is his first occult film, *The Wakening*, co-starring **Susannah York** (again)



Heston

and **Stephanie Zimbalist** and based on a 1903 novel by Bram Stoker. Heston plays an Englishman in this one, which, as he says, "is an interesting acting problem."

ALL EARS: The success of noncommercial radio's afternoon news/features program *All Things Considered* has inspired National Public Radio to put together what its staffers are calling two hours of quality news for the morning wake-up market. As of presstime, NPR had neither title nor host (but is seriously considering two comedians who have worked together). The show will air from six to eight A.M., when radio listening peaks, and they're aiming for the big urban markets.

MENAGE A TROIS: Wrapped and set for April release is United Artists' *A Small Circle of Friends*, the first cinematic look at the turbulent Sixties. All the publicity for the flick has centered on Harvard's throwing the film crew off campus when it staged a Vietnam protest riot; but now I hear that the real thrust of the script is an exploration of three college students—two men, one woman—who live together. Director **Rob Cohen** says the exploration of the theme of sexuality is thorough and that sex was, in the context of the time, "another new toy people were playing with, like drugs, politics and power." First word is that the movie, starring **Brad (Midnight Express) Davis** and **Karen Allen** of *Animal House* fame, is the American equivalent of *Jules and Jim*.

WE ARE FAMILY: Disregarding the fact that Westerns don't appear to be "in" these days, United Artists is going ahead with *Longriders*. The gimmick in this one is that the film stars some of Holly-



Stacy and James Keach

wood's most famous actor brothers in what is called "a unique casting arrangement" by the people who write press releases. Brothers **James** and **Stacy Keach** will play **Jesse** and **Frank James**; **David**, **Keith** and **Robert Carradine** will be **Cole**, **Jim** and **Bobby Younger**; **Randy** and **Dennis Quaid** will star as **Clell** and **Ed Miller**; **Nicholas** and **Christopher Guest** as the **Ford brothers**. Also cast: actors' sons **James Whitmore, Jr.**, and **Harry Carey, Jr.** (One can only surmise that the **Bridges** and **Bottoms** brothers passed on the project.) Incidentally, *Longriders*, a project that began in 1972, was originally a stage musical, complete with 28 songs.

LOONY TUNES: **Andy Kaufman**, whose comic eccentricities have been frequently documented on this page, has a couple of new projects in the works. For starters, he's writing his third novel (he has already written two, *The Hollering Mangoo* and *Gosh*, but neither has yet been published). This one, titled *The Huey Williams Story*, is described by Andy as a fictional biography of a former neighbor



Kaufman

who would stand watering his lawn. That's all he knew about the neighbor, whose name has been changed in the novel. The fact that he watered his lawn has been eliminated from the book, lest "the neighbor recognize himself." You figure it out. Incidentally, Kaufman claims he became an entertainer for only one reason: He fell in love with a girl in the seventh grade and was too shy to approach her. When he becomes a big star, he feels he'll be able to ask her for a date. So if you're a girl and you think you were in seventh grade with Andy Kaufman, don't call me, call him.

THE ELVIS SYNDROME: Well, wouldn't you know it—CBS and ABC are already arguing about who's going to do the first **John Wayne** TV movie. Apparently, CBS plans an "unauthorized" version culled from the new paperback edition of writer **Maurice Zolotow's** book *Shooting Star*, while ABC's will be produced with the full cooperation of the Wayne family, with the Duke's 44-year-old son, **Michael**, serving as producer. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL





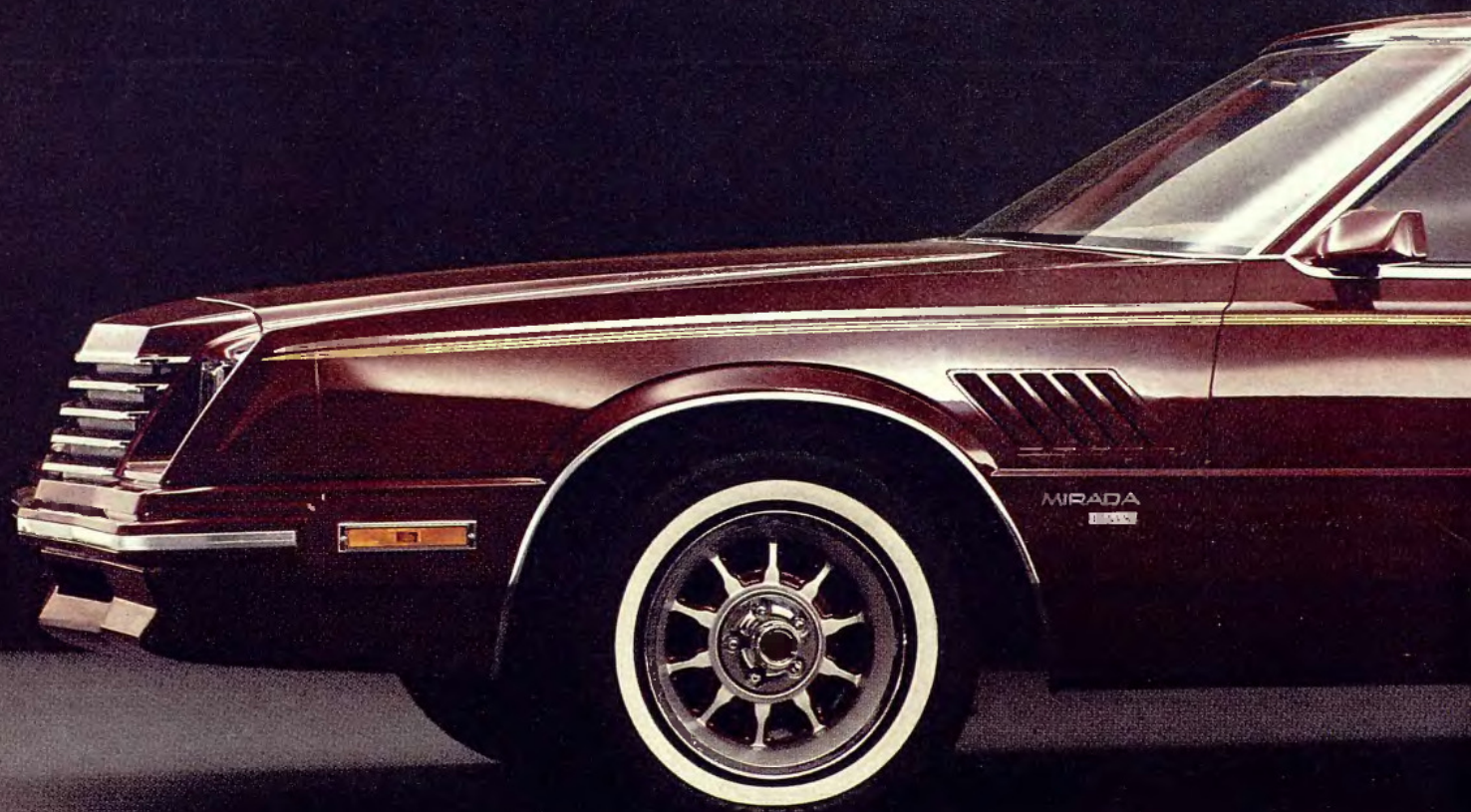
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I live in an exclusive penthouse roof-garden condo, overlooking the great West Valley. My building is also a "clothing optional" building, which means that those who dare may go bare—and usually do! I do my jogging and exercises early in the A.M. completely in the buff. Since there is no one around and the building is secluded, I don't worry. Recently, a young lady moved in below me. A few weeks ago, while exercising, I noticed that she was on the patio, nude, practicing some dancing routines. She was doing some leg lifts and body bends and other things, all the while my manhood was extending to enormous proportions. She just looked up at me and waved a greeting, and kept on with her exercises, as I tried to, also. I decided that I must have a shot at her just to satisfy my ego, if nothing else. She agreed. We dined at a nice spot, had a few drinks, and then I invited her to my penthouse for a night-cap and a little fun. We did the love-making games—touch and lick—had a few more drinks, looked at each other until we felt the time was right. She made herself comfortable on my water bed and motioned for me to mount her. As I was about to make my big entrance, I fizzled. I tried to regain my erection, but nothing happened. Finally, she put on her coat. I kissed her good night and saw her downstairs to her apartment. Next morning, I was doing my exercises—nude, as usual—as was she below me—nude, as usual—with a look up at me and a greeting, as if nothing had happened the night before. What did I do wrong?—L. A., Reseda, California.

Too much exercise and fresh air. Seriously: Your problem is not uncommon. You and your friend may have been trying too hard. You may have had one drink too many. (Overindulgence is a common cause of temporary impotence.) Try again, but don't make your erection the focal point of the evening. If you sit around, waiting to see if you're up to it, chances are you won't be. Let the love games continue. Casual stroking and oral stimulation are fine ways to finish an evening. Or try some calisthenics—since that seems to turn you both on. May we suggest push-ups?

When I go on vacation, I'd like to take along a small cassette recorder with tapes of my favorite albums. It will run on both rechargeable and primary batteries. How economical are the primary batteries compared with the rechargeable kind and what do you think is best for my use?—R. T., Kansas City, Kansas.

That may depend on where you go. You can't plug a recharger into a coco-



nut palm. On the other hand, ordinary flashlight batteries get a little sluggish in the low temperatures of the ski slopes. Your concern for the economics of the situation is a little misplaced. What you want on vacation is reliability and convenience. You have four choices, actually. Carbon-zinc batteries, the ordinary flashlight type, are the cheapest. They are best in intermittent usage, poor in continuous-drain operation. Zinc chloride, also called heavy-duty batteries, are only a little better. So you are left with the rechargeables (nickel cadmium) and the alkalines. Alkalines win hands down for several reasons. They are more convenient for use in less-than-ideal power situations. They last as much as ten times longer than a single recharge. You'd have to use 20 sets a year before they started to cost more than a recharge system. And, finally, you won't have to hum into the ears of nubile native girls while your sound system is recharging.

Please help. I met a girl in New York last summer and she's coming to stay with me for a while around Christmas. This may be serious and I want to make a good impression. Unfortunately, I live in a typical bachelor's pad with minimum comforts. I'd like to stock it with the things a girl would need, but I don't really know what they are. Can you give me a list of essentials and some suggestions for special items?—M. P., Dallas, Texas.

We took an informal survey of the ladies in our office to determine what the essentials were, what nice touches could be added and what items would class you as a prince among men. The list ranges from the basic to the bizarre (that's why

we like working here), so you'll have to supply a little judgment based on your knowledge of her lifestyle. Anyway, here's your check list, and good luck.

The essentials include a robe (kimono type), comb, toothbrush, deodorant, mouthwash, shampoo, hair drier, tissues, face soap, hairbrush, extra towels, clean sheets, alarm clock, breakfast, clothes hangers, baby oil, petroleum jelly, prophylactics and safety pins.

The nice touches are hairpins, rubber bands, T-shirt (small or medium), wide-toothed comb, tweezers, disposable shaver, skin toner, vibrator, needle and thread, bubble bath, cream hair rinse and conditioner, vitamins (B complex, C, A), emery boards, contact-lens solution, shower cap, warm socks, wet-panty-hose drier, iron and board, slippers, cab/bus fare, satin sheets and pillowcases, baby powder and an umbrella.

The items that would make you a prince among men, if not a suspected cross dresser, are cold cream, tampons, electric rollers, perfume (her scent), dusting powder, bikini, contraceptive foam, large natural sponge, fluffy comforter, hand-held mirror, eye-make-up remover, cigarettes (her brand), grass, diet soft drinks, extra panties, 4711 cologne, disposable douche, shower massager, breakfast tray, champagne, eyelash curler, liquor (her brand) and silk PJs.

Go for it.

Since I commute often between Las Vegas and Los Angeles, I do a lot of driving in bright sunlight. Usually, after one of these trips, my eyes are tired, even though I wear sunglasses. Is there a special kind of glass that I can buy to cut down on some of that glare?—M. D., Los Angeles, California.

If you're sure it isn't those late Vegas nights that are causing your eye fatigue, you might try a different kind of sunglasses. Polarized glasses will cut the glare, but you'll have another problem. Invisible light, ultraviolet and infrared, is the true culprit. That's the light that really does damage to your eyes: ultraviolet by inhibiting the growth of certain cells, sometimes resulting in cataracts, and infrared by causing eye fatigue. Shades that don't filter those out are practically worthless. Very dark glasses can reduce the amount of sunlight entering your eyes, but they also dilate your pupils, which may allow even more invisible light to enter. The best glasses are not glass at all but plastic. Dark, not brown, lenses of plastic seem to filter out harmful rays more predictably than glass. You might also check the hood of your car. If it's a color that is reflecting light

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into your eyes, a new car or a new paint job may be in order. It's expensive, but new baby blues would cost even more.

I recently slept with a lady who made me wonder where the whole matter of a woman's right to orgasm is heading. This girl wasn't so much into fucking (though she apparently liked it well enough) as she was into titillation—oral sex, light spanking, vibrators, leathers, ice cubes, etc. With one method and another, I brought her to orgasm in just about every way humanly and mechanically possible. Around dawn, I collapsed on her damp and wrinkled sheets, unable to move so much as an eyelid. Imagine my surprise when I awoke five hours later to what sounded like an electric toothbrush stuck in my ear, and half-opened my eyes to see this chick lying there spread-eagled, still going at herself with vibrators and fingers. I asked her if she'd slept. She said she hadn't, she'd been too busy making herself come. I felt like a mere accessory to her orgasmic overkill. There was something inhuman about her attitude toward sexual excitement, if you can sense what I mean. I've talked with a couple of other guys who've run into chicks like that one, and they agree that although that kind of woman is a gas for the first six hours or so, there's something antierotic about their continuous need for stimulation. What would you do in such a situation?—J. T., Monterey, California.

Well, you can always rent her out while you're taking a nap. Ahem. If it's any solace, Dr. Alexander Lowen, in "Love and Orgasm, a Revolutionary Guide to Sexual Fulfillment," says that there are two basic kinds of lovers: sexual and sensual. He says the sexual person is an emotionally mature person capable of deep feeling and concern for a person of the opposite sex, and that that type of person is oriented toward having a single act of intercourse that is completed by an orgasm of such intensity that usually the person feels no need for further sexual excitement, because the one orgasm was emotionally satisfying. The sensual type, on the other hand, Dr. Lowen describes as a sexually immature individual who is narcissistic and inwardly depressed, or "cold," who uses sex to create some sort of emotional feeling, which he or she lacks. We think Lowen's distinction applies to relationships, not to people. Sex is a perfectly legitimate way to create feelings. In the absence of conversation (don't you people believe in talking on first dates?), it may be the only way. You could change. So could she. If you're uncomfortable in a relationship that lasts longer than six hours, move on. But first send us her address.

Having joined a health club with both a whirlpool and a sauna, I'm torn

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between the joy my body is experiencing and the nagging feeling that I'm doing it some harm. The fact is, despite the good feelings I get, the whirlpool turns me into a prune and the sauna makes me a little woozy. Could it be I'm doing something wrong?—M. A., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Since you don't mention whether or not the health facilities at your club are coed, we have to assume you're experiencing all those good feelings alone. If so, that's one thing you're doing wrong. Aside from that, it appears you're just overdoing a good thing. You have to remember that even though some benefit is gained from both the whirlpool and the sauna, they are unnatural environments and caution should be exercised. Extreme heat will raise your body temperature and can affect your blood pressure. You also lose salt and water through perspiration. All of which is of little consequence unless you have some heart or circulatory problem, or if you overdo it. Saunas generally are heated to about 200 degrees Fahrenheit. That's plenty hot, and you should not extend your stay beyond 20 to 30 minutes. Whirlpools (and hot tubs) usually shouldn't be heated past 105 degrees and your time in them should be regulated by your own comfort. That is, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the tub! A few more visits to the health club will tell you what your particular tolerance is, but until then, don't push it.

What do you think of a woman who keeps a supply of condoms in her bedside table? The other night, I met a girl at a singles bar, went with her to her home, and as we were climbing into the sack, she pulled open a drawer and offered me "protection." I was so taken aback that I almost couldn't get it up. I thought maybe they belonged to her husband and I was in big trouble. She said that she had bought them herself. Have you ever heard of girls' doing this?—S. H., New York, New York.

If the safe fits, wear it. A spokesperson for the Planned Parenthood Federation of America says that it is becoming increasingly common for women to buy condoms. By combining them with a foam, suppository or other type of barrier method, a couple can nearly match the effectiveness of an I.U.D. or the pill without the side effects. They can also prevent the spread of dread social diseases. Your lady is experienced enough to know that many men are still too embarrassed to buy condoms (why do you think there are so many unplanned pregnancies?). Our advice: See the woman again. Only this time, ask her to buy a couple of dozen. Maybe even a gross. You have plans for a big weekend.

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PB12/1

**New
Man**

closet." I would like to join an organization that sticks up for Vietnam vets. Frankly, I am turned off by the American Legion types and wonder if there are any veterans' groups primarily concerned about the problems of us most recent vets.—D. F., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Many of the traditional veterans' organizations claim Vietnam-era members. If you are looking for an organization made up of them almost exclusively, there is one such national organization—the National Association of Concerned Veterans. N.A.C.V. is 12 years old and has been active in fighting for the concerns of Vietnam-era veterans in the areas of Agent Orange exposure, bad discharges, eliminating the barrier to Federal court review of decisions of the Veterans Administration, extension of the GI Bill and the fight to keep a meaningful veterans' preference in hiring. To those ends, N.A.C.V. testifies before Congressional committees and files lawsuits against the Government when necessary. N.A.C.V. is a democratic coalition of veterans' clubs, self-help groups and individual members. Its board meets four times a year, with all members welcome; there is an annual convention and a newsletter. Dues are \$10 a year for an individual and \$50 for an organization. N.A.C.V.'s address is P.O. Box 545, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

A few weeks ago, I contracted a case of genital herpes. Terrific. If that's not problem enough, I don't know for sure who I got it from. I've slept with two women within the past six months. I haven't seen the first girl in a while, so I'm wondering if I should blame her. How long after you sleep with someone do the symptoms show up?—F. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, the incubation period for herpes is from one to 18 days. The average time before an initial outbreak is six days, with almost 90 percent of the cases showing up within ten days of the original contact. So our guess is that your more recent companion is the culprit. However, it is possible to contract the disease without showing symptoms. You may have had it for years. So be a gentleman: Don't blame your partners—warn them. The one who doesn't act surprised is the one who gave it to you.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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If you aren't a member, why not call our toll-free number for an application? We think you'd fit right in. After all, we know one when we see one, too. Minimum \$2,000. Subject to legal restrictions.

THE DINERS CLUB MEMBER. YOU KNOW ONE WHEN YOU SEE ONE.

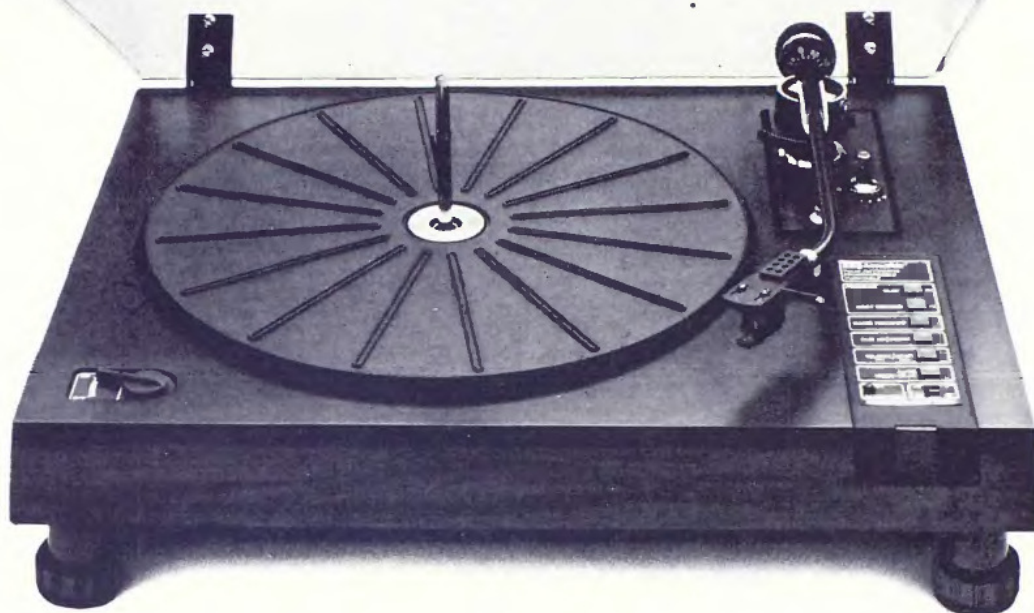
If you want to be one, call 1-800-525-7000

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Introducing Accuglide™. The computerized remote control turntable.

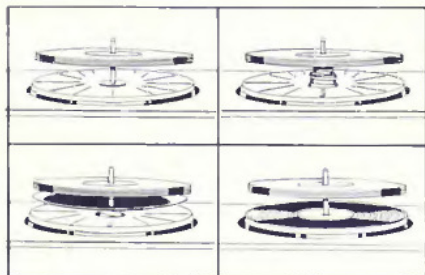
**It provides hours of viewing pleasure.
(You read it right. Viewing pleasure.)**



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In fact, no other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't

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Accuglide's remote control lets you play the "Hallelujah Chorus" from across your living room. Hallelujah!

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In fact, you can even raise and lower the volume from 40 feet away. So you won't be hassled by your neighbors if you want to play a hustle at 11 P.M.

Play it again, Sam, is only one of 27 commands you can give Accuglide.

Simply press the right buttons on the Accuglide turntable or its remote control, and Accuglide's built-in computer stores up to 27 different commands.



So, you can change a record, reject it (you didn't like that one anyway), raise the tone arm (so you can answer the phone), then resume play without missing a beat, repeat it (because now you want to hear it without any interruptions), then raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

Accuglide's tubular "J" shaped tone arm is superbly balanced for exceptional tracking. And comes with a precision ADC magnetic cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the belt-drive Accuglide has the kind of specs you'd expect to find in the finest turntables.

And if you think all this sounds good, how does this sound?

You can have all this viewing and listening pleasure for a song.

BSR Accuglide™ The computerized remote control turntable.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

You may not believe this, but the following, bill H-234, has been introduced into the Louisiana legislature.

The crime of obscenity is the intentional exposure of the genitals, pubic hair, anus, vulva or breasts in any location or place open to the view of the public . . . including such an area in a place such as a . . . hotel, motel, hospital, school or educational facility, or church or other religious facility, or in any other place or location viewable from any place described in this paragraph.

If this bill passes, it will be obscene in Louisiana even to take a leak outside of one's own home! Why the bill's sponsor chose to specifically include hospitals, I just don't know.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

WILD BLUE YONDER

Reading the description by "Santa Monica Private Pilot" (*The Playboy Forum*, September) of responding erotically to a beautiful sunset while leveling off at 2000 feet, I was overwhelmed. I could almost visualize him coming in his cockpit (which in his case is most appropriately named). All that was missing in my enjoyment of his tale was Elton John in the background, singing, "Don't let the sun go down on me. . ."

Cynthia L. Duffy
Westmont, Illinois

BIGGER IS BETTER?

I find it surprising that so many people are outraged at women who say they prefer men with large dicks. After all, no one seems to mind the emphasis American men place on large breasts. I personally am a 38D, so I don't have much trouble with this, but friends and other women I've known who are small-breasted have had to put up with jokes, teasing and sometimes even ridicule.

Shawn Steketee
Detroit, Michigan

I think the attitude against tiny tits deserves equal time with the ongoing discussion of puny pricks. As a small-busted woman, I am—or should I say they are?—frequently rejected in favor of a couple of big ones. Granted, mine aren't much to look at, but what I lack up front I more than make up for in

skill and finesse. Do men want something that just looks good or do they want something that feels good?

"T.L.C."

McKeesport, Pennsylvania

ADVENTURE IN SKIING

You're always open to stories, so here's one that may amuse your readers.

A pretty young lady was skiing at Vail last winter and found herself at the top of the mountain when, suddenly, Mother Nature called. Seeing some trees nearby, she promptly found a private spot and

*"She promptly found
a private spot and got
down in the
traditional position."*

got down in the traditional position. All at once, she began to slide down the mountain. After building a little momentum, she made a desperate attempt to stop and sprang her arm. Not being able to ski down or get her pants completely back on, she was left to the fateful rescue of the ski patrol.

As if that weren't embarrassing enough, the next day, in the resort lobby,

she saw a man with a large cast on his leg. Feeling sorry for him, she asked, "What happened to you?" He replied, "I was skiing yesterday when I saw a half-naked girl skiing down the mountain. Not watching what I was doing, I hit a tree and broke my leg."

If that's not a case of double jeopardy, I don't know what is.

Robert F. Ratliff
Goodland, Kansas

A couple of years ago, one of our editors broke a leg skiing at Vail, but he didn't get much office sympathy, because he didn't have a good story to go along with his cast.

POSTSCRIPT

In an April *Forum Newsfront* item, you report my arrest in Margate City, New Jersey, for swimming at a public beach with a sock covering my genitals. On the surface, that seems like a rather humorous situation. Unfortunately, what resulted from that mess was the loss of my \$18,000-a-year job as a cameraman for ABC-TV News in Philadelphia. I also lost about \$4000 in film and lecture fees in the area. So the \$50 fine was not the only penalty.

My basic philosophy has always been to live and let live. If I had been given a warning, I would have complied—I was not out to cause trouble. In fact, I thought I was sufficiently covered, according to the ordinance.

If the human body is to be considered obscene and offensive, then our society is in a lot more trouble than we are willing to admit. Society has the option of offering a negative, perverted image of the body, relating it to feelings of guilt and shame, or it can offer a positive, natural view, in which the body is related to beauty, health and feelings of happiness and life.

And no human being in a free society has the right to force personal beliefs on another person through the use of governmental coercion and fear of arrest.

Joel S. Fogel
Somers Point, New Jersey

HAPPY LONER, II

The "Happy Loner" who spent five paragraphs discussing her problems with the male sex drive doesn't sound all that happy (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I, too, am single, not even divorced, and I, too, enjoy the choices my singularity affords me.

I am forced to agree with her basic



opinion of married men who are constantly seeking outside action. Most of my friends and business associates are married, yet it's an unexpected pleasure when an employer or friend's husband doesn't ask me to help him conquer his fidelity.

I only wish these men would realize that when they make their moves, they are asking me to compromise my self-esteem, as well as my relationship with their wives.

Julie Daniels
Cupertino, California

NICE TRY

Bounce this one off your Legal Department; maybe it can help us poor "sidewalk searchers" stay out of jail. Let's say Harry Horny is cruising on a Saturday night and he sees this lovely peach standing on a corner, just begging to be picked (she's an undercover cop, of course). Harry pulls up, stops and with trembling finger hits the wrong button and his left rear window comes down. Unflustered and with perfect aplomb, he hits another one and *this* time, the passenger-side glass slides down, revealing a waiting bundle of perfume and promise.

"Hi," says Harry with originality. "Are you an officer of the law or in any way connected with law enforcement?" If she says yes, our hero bids her adieu and peels rubber getting the hell out of there. If she lies and says no and *then* Harry makes an offer, is he still subject to arrest?

In court, it would be his word against hers as to what was actually said. To preclude the possibility that she'd deny his ever having asked the question about her police affiliation, carrying a small, concealed tape recorder (or having a witness along) might save the Harrys of this world.

Well, what do you think? Are we protected from arrest if we ask the big question?

(Name withheld by request)
Norwalk, California

Our Legal Department smiled and shook its head. In a few jurisdictions, police officers must identify themselves if asked, but, generally speaking, misrepresentation (lying through the teeth) by an officer is not a defense against a criminal charge.

NEWSFRONT UPDATE

A year ago, you published a *Forum Newsfront* item about the Leavenworth escapee who rented a limousine, a motel suite and a charter plane all on bullshit and credit before being caught at our airport. But you didn't get the whole story, which goes back a ways. I learned it from a newspaper friend who covered it at the time.

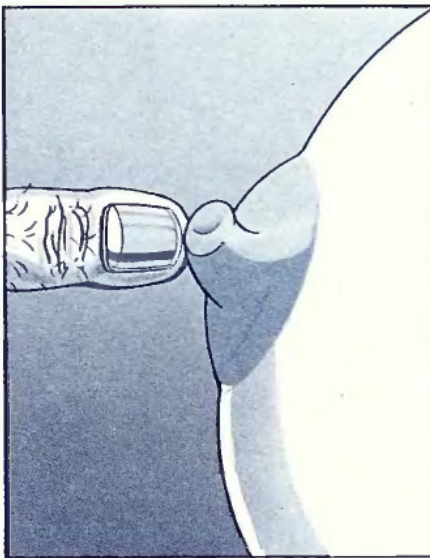
It seems this guy landed in prison in the first place after shopping for a car

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

P.O.'D POLICE

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA—An undercover police officer tried to arrest a nude masseuse for violating the city's ordinance against massaging a member of the opposite sex for money, but his mission aborted when the arrestee demanded to see his badge, which he'd



left in his car. The cop went outside to get his identification and the suspect barred the door, which was then broken down with the help of other officers. The case was eventually thrown out of court, because the policeman himself had suggested the massage, which was ruled to be entrapment.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—A county judge has ruled that police agents may engage in sex to make prostitution arrests. The case arose after two such agents spent some \$2000 during a two-month campaign against local massage parlors. The judge declared that having sex with a suspect did not in itself constitute entrapment and said, "It may violate public morals, but personal beliefs can't be substituted for the law." But then the judge voided the law on a technicality and dismissed charges against 24 women.

A county judge in Phoenix, Arizona, took a somewhat different position and reversed a prostitution conviction after deciding that sheriff's officers had improperly solicited volunteers to have sex at county expense. The judge said, "The cold hard facts show that between 1200 and 3000 of our tax dollars were used to finance sexual acts in massage

parlors throughout Maricopa County by young, untrained male volunteers. . . . In their zeal to combat the evils of prostitution, the government has embraced those very evils that they have so vigorously sought to eradicate." He commented that he could find no legal or moral difference between the authorities who financed the project and the women charged with the crime.

UNBECOMING CONDUCT

SACRAMENTO—A state appeals court has upheld the right of the California Highway Patrol to fire an officer who was at a \$50-a-person sex party when it was raided by police. The officer argued that he should not be fired for private sexual conduct, but the court found that the "activity was commercial in nature and not very private," and that "a law-enforcement agency cannot permit its officers to engage in off-duty conduct which entangles the officer with law-breakers [prostitutes] and gives tacit approval to their activities."

NO RESPECT

MONTPELIER, VERMONT—A 30-year-old woman and a 34-year-old man were fined \$50 each for engaging in oral sex on the steps of a local church. The two pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct. Police said the offense occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon and was reported by at least five irate citizens.

HAZARDS IN THE HOME

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—A preliminary report released by the Kentucky Commission on Women indicates that ten percent of the married women in that state were abused in the past year and that a wife is statistically safer in a tavern than in her own home. The survey, conducted by Louis Harris and Associates and funded by the Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, also discovered that only nine percent of cases of spouse abuse were reported to the police.

SCIENCE CAN BE FUN

SEATTLE—The University of Washington has installed a \$12,000 cocktail lounge serving free drinks to selected students over 21, all in the interests of science. The purpose of the operation (called BARLAB, for Behavioral Alcohol Research Laboratory, complete with typical bar decor) is to permit social scientists to observe, record and study drinking behavior of student volunteers

from various psychology classes. When the bar closes each day, the drinkers are given Breathalyzer tests and escorted home to do any sobering up that may be necessary.

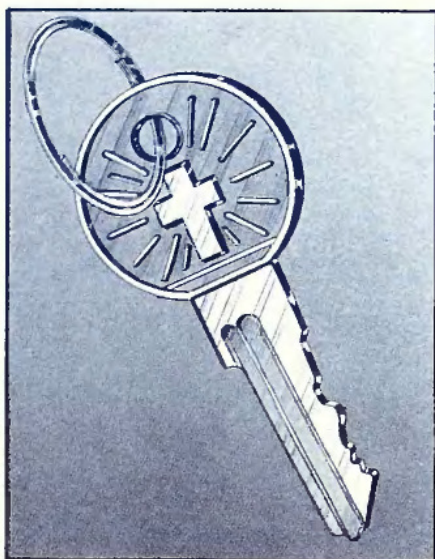
ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

MINNEAPOLIS—Police are looking for a robber-rapist with a bicycle and much determination. Two women reported that the man, armed with a knife, raped both of them and then demanded money they didn't have. When he discovered they did have bank cash cards, he forced one victim to get on the seat of his ten-speed bike and the other to perch on the handle bars while he peddled toward a bank with a 24-hour automatic teller. When he couldn't manage that without the bike's falling over, he forced the women to walk the rest of the way and to withdraw \$25 each.

In Denver, a 56-year-old woman told police that a masked man broke into her home, warned her not to scream, stole a one-dollar bill from her purse and then ordered her to take off her clothes. When she complied, the man looked at her and said, "Oh, well, you're too skinny," and fled.

GOD'S LAW UPHELD

ST. PAUL—A county judge has overruled the Minnesota Department of Human Rights and decided that a Roman Catholic landlady could refuse to rent an apartment to an unmarried couple. The department had found the landlady in violation of a state law prohibiting discrimination on the basis of marital status, but the judge held



that "in the area of religious liberty, an individual is entitled to uphold and protect her convictions." The woman had contended that it would be a "violation of God's law" to rent an apartment that would be used for "fornication."

HOMOSEXUAL ADOPTION

CATSKILL, NEW YORK—After a lengthy investigation, a family-court judge has granted a 36-year-old homosexual minister the right to adopt a 13-year-old boy who had spent most of his life in foster homes and children's shelters. Psychologists and social workers reported to the court that they could find no reason to oppose the action and considered the father-son relationship a good one. The minister, who discovered his homosexuality after an eight-year unsuccessful marriage, said he wanted his son to be heterosexual for two reasons: "One, because it will make it easier for him and, two, because I want grandchildren." Authorities in several states reportedly have been allowing such adoptions by both men and women homosexuals who demonstrate their fitness as parents.

Meanwhile, a judge in Gainesville, Florida, decided that three preschool girls would be better off with their divorced heterosexual father, who has been living with a girlfriend, than with their acknowledged bisexual mother, who had agreed not to live with her girlfriend. In awarding custody, the judge criticized the lifestyles of both parents and complained, "I cannot help but wonder whatever happened to morality as taught in the Bible."

In New Jersey, however, a state appeals court ordered that custody of two girls, 11 and 15, be given to their acknowledged lesbian mother instead of to their father, whom the court found unfit to raise the children because of his personal lifestyle.

KILLER WEED, CONTINUED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Despite the action of more than a dozen states to legalize marijuana for medical use, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has refused to loosen Federal controls on the drug. A decision by former HEW Secretary Joseph A. Califano, Jr., rejected the recommendations of a scientific advisory body and keeps marijuana in the Federal drug law's Schedule I category of substances declared to have high abuse potential and no accepted medical use. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws said it would continue its legal efforts to have pot reclassified and would challenge HEW's decision in court.

Meanwhile, Benjamin Civiletti, before his promotion to U.S. Attorney General, said in an interview that the Government should consider legalizing mild forms of marijuana as a means of combating the country's criminal drug industry. He commented that the increasing public acceptance of the "oc-

casional use of a small quantity of marijuana" has spawned such a demand for the weed that it is now supporting "a hoodlum drug society of enormous proportions and vicious tendencies."

UNHAPPY LANDING

DIMMITT, TEXAS—Three researchers from Texas Tech University who were trapping and electronically tagging pheasants in a lake bottom at night, inadvertently bagged a Cessna 210 airplane loaded with an estimated



\$145,000 worth of marijuana. County officers figure that either the plane's navigational radio became confused by the homing devices being attached to the birds or the pilot mistook the lights of the researchers for a landing signal. The plane plopped down in a marsh and flipped over onto its back. When the three men reached the wreck, the pilot crawled out cursing and reportedly yelled, "What did you set me down here for?" He was later picked up by police on a country road about four miles from the crash site.

GROUP SEX

SALT LAKE CITY—A local bus mechanic with a sense of humor has been convicted of soliciting sex for hire. The 22-year-old transit-authority employee, driving an empty bus from one lot to another, found himself arrested after he stopped to ask a policewoman decoy prostitute for a "group rate." Even though he did not arrange to consummate the deal, prosecutor Sheila McCleve argued that because he agreed to a price of \$50 for a party of 12, the law was broken, the culprit was "caught with his hand in the cookie jar" and it was important for Salt Lake City to see that justice was done, not mercy shown. The defense has petitioned the judge for a new trial.



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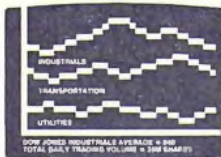
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PERCENT	2.40	2.40	2.40
PERCENT	2.50	2.50	2.50
PERCENT	2.60	2.60	2.60
PERCENT	2.70	2.70	2.70
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that's being used more and more in the classroom. So having an **Apple** computer in the home is like having your own private tutor.

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in a Cadillac showroom while he passed himself off as an advertising executive. Over lunch with one of the salesmen, he offered the daughter of a couple at the next table \$26,000 to be in his next commercial. After the girl's parents accepted, he suggested to the salesman that perhaps the dealership might furnish the couple with a demonstrator model for the filming. With everybody happy, he then asked to borrow the car for the afternoon for himself. Neither he nor the stolen Cadillac showed up again for five days.

And that's not all. After he got to jail, he persuaded his jailer to let him make a phone call to order a limousine for his "lawyer," who supposedly was picking up Senator Barry Goldwater at the airport. Goldwater, he explained, was there to intercede on the theft charges. The jailer, who overheard the conversation, was properly impressed and allowed our genius to put on a business suit and be escorted downstairs for his meeting with the Senator. Then he persuaded the jailer to remain out of sight while he conducted his legal business—and split!

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

RADAR MAN

Re the Florida radar tests as reported in the September *Forum Newsfront*: I have used several types of radar in my work as a traffic officer over the past 12 years. I've used the most elementary and the most advanced sets and have found that while "ghost" readings will appear on all of them, I have yet to see a radar unit "lock in" on a ghost reading or maintain that reading when a vehicle comes into range. It appears that the Florida court has not considered the officers' deductive reasoning or common sense when using radar.

Radar is acceptable to the military and civilian space programs and no questions arise as to its validity or accuracy there. It's not like executing an innocent man in the electric chair. So come on, readers, let's be realistic. You drive the streets. You see what's going on and you have the accident statistics available. What do you want? Safer streets or another feather in someone's cap for tying the hands, once more, of those who have the responsibility of keeping our streets and highways safe?

Remember: One day your children will be walking those very same streets to go to school. What will you want then?

A Traffic Cop
Los Angeles, California

EQUAL RIGHTS

The earnings gap between working men and women is even wider today than it was in 1956, and many men and women don't realize how pervasive sex-biased laws are today—in such areas as prop-

erty, Social Security, family law, to name a few. A study by the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights identified over 800 sections of the U. S. Code containing examples of substantive sex discrimination or sex-biased terminology despite the enactment of equal-opportunity laws.

A report issued by the commission last year is an excellent guide to understanding how the E.R.A. will achieve the guarantee of equal justice for all. "Statement on the Equal Rights Amendment" reviews progress in the 16 states that have already included an Equal Rights Amendment as part of their state constitutions. It also concludes that ratification of the E.R.A. is essential.

An indication of the wide support the E.R.A. is receiving is the Playboy Foundation's help in reprinting the commission's report and in helping a project of the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund that will be exploring even further the effectiveness of equal rights as a constitutional guarantee in states that have acted to make this their law.

National opinion polls show that a clear majority of the American public supports the E.R.A. Now we must educate the handful of legislators who are blocking ratification in the three states still needed before the deadline of June 30, 1982. It is good to have PLAYBOY's support in furthering such education. I hope PLAYBOY readers will take the time to understand the importance of the E.R.A. and work for its ratification. To obtain a copy of "Statement on the Equal Rights Amendment," write to the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund, Suite 1201, 36 West 44th Street, New York, New York 10036.

Jane Trahey, Vice-President
NOW Legal Defense
and Education Fund
New York, New York

MEDICINE AND MORALITY

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Joseph A. Jansen, Jr., bases the Christian prohibition against fornication on what he considers the sound rationale of lack of medical help against venereal diseases at the time. That just isn't so. V.D., especially in its worst form, syphilis, came to the Christian world about 1500 years after Christ, as a gift from the recently discovered New World. The prohibition of extramarital sex, essentially found also in Judaism and Islam, is therefore nothing but a cultural taboo, the acceptance or rejection of which should be left to the individual.

Dr. Hans F. Norbert
Ravena, New York

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

When punishment is revenge for crime, it inspires the punished to seek vengeance in return—in the form of more crime. It's an insidious cycle that I, as a convict, know very well. Whether or not

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our politicians and prison officials recognize it or are prepared to deal with it is problematical, since they seem smugly content to utter bureaucratic platitudes and offer lip service to questions of social, penal and judicial reform. In the meantime, the system sends duly punished but thoroughly embittered men and women out into the streets to make use of what they learned so well in prison. As Garry Wills said in a recent column, "Prisons are the real Frankenstein's machine: We breed monsters from the broken fragments of humanity fed into them. And, as in the story, the monster turns on its maker—every day, on our streets, in our homes. There is a grisly kind of justice in this punishment—only we are, finally, the punished, not the punishers."

We have institutionalized a self-perpetuating cycle of fear, hate and revenge, and until we understand it, we will never learn to stop it. But unless we do, there is no guarantee that its next victim will not be you.

Rudolph Johnson
Angola, Louisiana

DILLINGER'S DONG

I read in your August pages about John Dillinger and his mysterious wang, and I would like to contribute my explanation of the situation. It seems Dillinger owned a variety of weapons, including sawed-off shotguns. On jobs, he tended to tote such a piece stuffed down his trousers, with the barrel trailing one pant leg nearly to the knee. One day, a gang member made a joke about how Dillinger intended to hold up banks with his dong, and John laughed, so the joke spread. Today it's a national monument. I figure if Dillinger had a dork like a stork, why would he waste his time sticking up banks?

Steve Gibbs

Modesto, California

True or not, that's a tolerably good explanation.

OFFICER FRIENDLY UNDER FIRE

I am a detective sergeant working as a narc in the Israeli Police Force and I would like to comment on the letter from the anonymous writer in the November 1978 *Playboy Forum* who expresses his gratitude to the Montana state trooper who chose to overlook his smoking of hashish while driving.

What this writer calls "police discretion" most police forces throughout the world—including the Israeli Police Force—would consider a felony. For example, in defining the PARTIES TO OFFENSES, the Israeli Punishments Law of 1977, in its Section 260(a), clearly states:

Every person . . . who, knowing an offense to have been committed by another person, receives or assists such other person in order to enable

WE DON'T MAKE TAPE DECKS ANYMORE.

Instead we've got a whole new way of looking at tape machines. Because a computer that plays music is not just a deck.

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The Tape Machine Run by Computer—RT-4488

It features a microprocessor with five memories that keep precise track of time and tape when you're recording. Find a preprogrammed number on the tape counter to automatically stop or start there. Or turn the machine on and off to record while you're out.

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These machines have the ease of APLD, the superior listening of metal tapes and the optimal adjustments of Sharpscan. The 2266 also includes microprocessor

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him/her to escape punishment, is said to become an accessory after the fact to the offense.

In your correspondent's case, the consequences of such assistance would, in the U.S.A., be even more serious, in view of the fact that a policeman was his so-called discreet partner to the offense.

In the Israeli police department, such an officer would not last very long after his "discretion" was discovered. A police officer takes the oath and carries out the responsibility to enforce the law without interpreting it in ways that may suit him—and without presuming to act as

policeman, prosecutor, judge and jury.

I am aware that quite a few states in the U.S. are now more lenient toward Cannabis, but, in any case, smoking such a drug while driving a car shows a clear disregard for the safety of others.

Zvi Shalom Tamari
Jerusalem, Israel

You make a point that we ourselves have argued in the past: It's plain bad business to put a cop in a position where he must jeopardize himself by ignoring what is clearly a criminal offense. On the other hand, we find your own hard-nosed position a bit disturbing. The fact is that police officers exercise their own

discretion continually, from the writing (or not writing) of speeding tickets to the charges they choose to file in any criminal case. Another fact is that police quite often act as both judge and jury simply by virtue of making an arrest—the presumption of innocence being more an ideal than a courtroom reality. So let's not be too hard on the Montana state trooper, even if he did stick his neck out. As for driving while stoned, we agree with you completely.

STRIP SEARCHES: THE OTHER SIDE

Why can't PLAYBOY and all the other "experts" understand that strip searches

THE FLYING FINGER — UPHELD

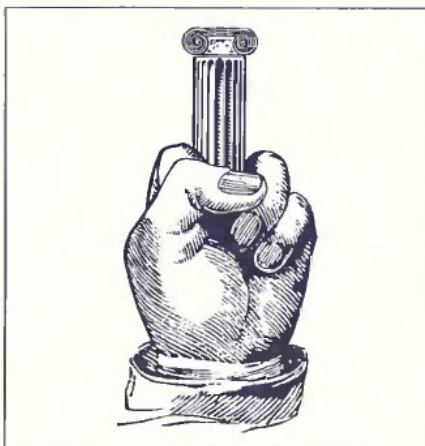
By STEVEN J. J. WEISMAN

Thanks to the Superior Court of Connecticut and a young man whose name will be Anonymous (due to his tender years and traditional legalese), our freedom of speech has once again weathered an attack by those narrow-minded people who would limit our constitutional right to express our thoughts and feelings. In a case titled *State of Connecticut vs. Anonymous*, the court affirmed—if on something of a technicality—the right to "give the finger."

Anonymous—even we do not know his name—should go down in history along with such illustrious heroes as the young Dutch boy who allegedly saved Holland by using his finger to plug a hole in the dike. For free speech—the very first right in our Bill of Rights—is the essence of a free society, and the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. History shows we must all jealously protect our rights or lose them. (Is not voting closely akin to applauding one politician and giving the finger to another?)

Anyway, the facts of this case, as reported by the Superior Court of Connecticut, Appellate Division, are as follows:

"The defendant, a high school student, was being transported from the school to his home in a school bus. When the bus stopped at an intersection, a police cruiser driven by a state trooper pulled up to the rear of the bus. The defendant wiped the condensation off the rear window of the bus and, upon seeing the trooper, waved a school chum over to him and then proceeded to make a gesture toward the trooper in which the middle finger of the defendant's right hand was held in an upright position with the palm of the hand toward the defendant. The trooper waited for the bus driver to turn off the flashing red lights, whereupon the officer turned on his siren, pulled the bus over to the side of the road, boarded the bus and arrested the defendant." The young man was charged with violating Connecticut General Statute Section 53 a (8) (a) (5);



to wit, making an obscene gesture in a public place.

The Constitution appears to be clear on the matter of free speech. The First Amendment states without equivocation that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech, and judicial decisions over the years have established that constitutionally protected speech need not be restricted to oral communication. Symbolic acts closely akin to pure speech also are protected. In 1969, the United States Supreme Court ruled in the case of *Tinker vs. Des Moines Independent Community School District* that the wearing of black arm bands by high school students to protest the Vietnam war was constitutionally protected free speech.

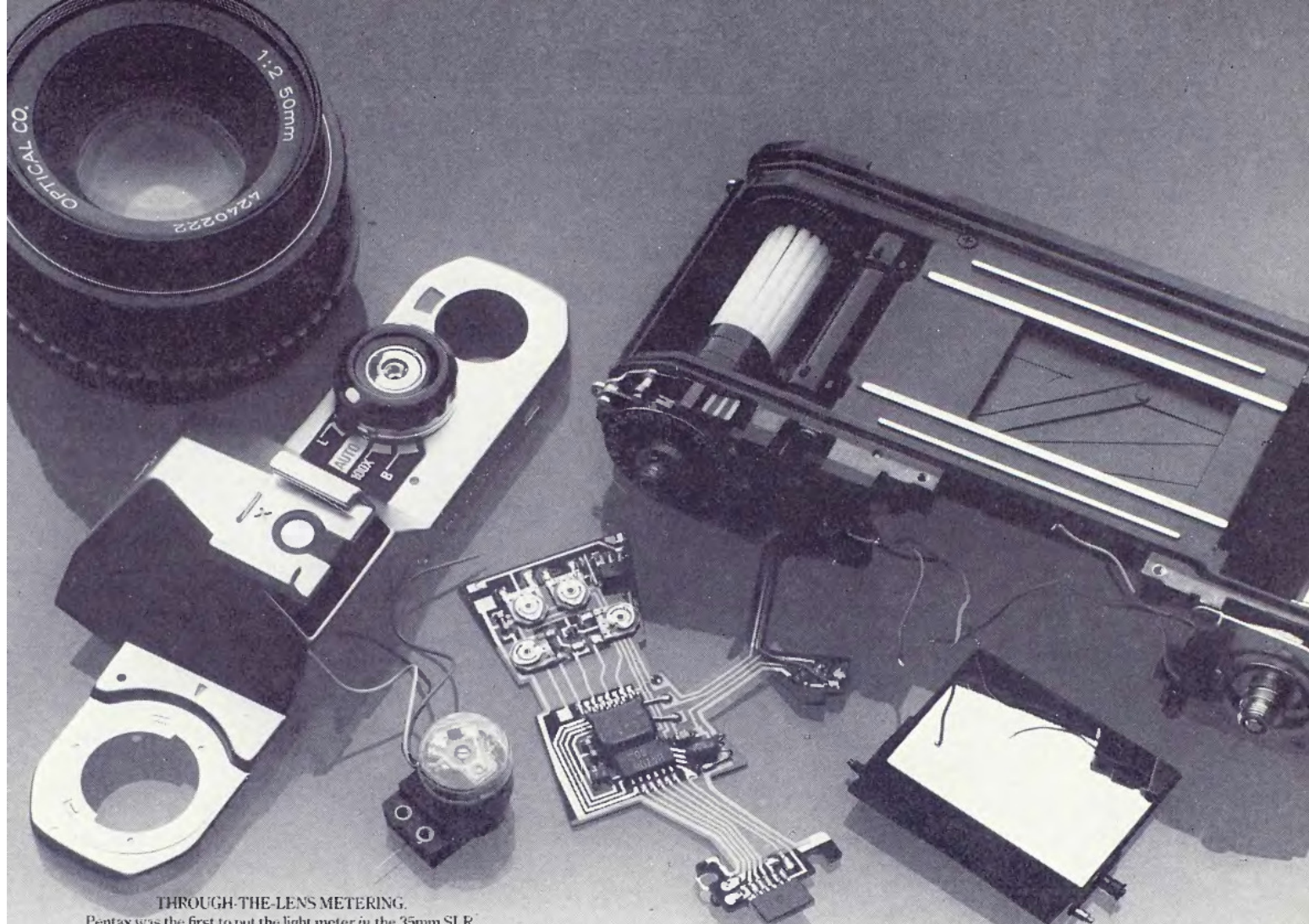
Of course, free speech is not without its limits. An often-quoted example is that the Constitution does not protect the right of a person to scream "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Other kinds of speech that are not protected are libel, slander, words that would incite criminal acts and obscenity. Alas, defining obscenity is no simple matter, as countless court battles will attest; the difference between obscenity and constitutionally protected expression is often ever so slight. The crux of Anonymous' defense was that his symbolic

speech was not obscene.

In an effort to better understand the gesture, the Connecticut court traced the history of "giving the finger." According to the court, Diogenes allegedly insulted Demosthenes by use of the extended middle finger, or *digitus impudicus*. The court then declared that "the gesture under discussion is not offensive nonverbal conduct but offensive expression. Without its opprobrious connotation, extending one's middle finger is a neutral act. . . . It gains its significance only from the idea it expresses." This was a critical distinction to the judges, since for a symbolic act to be protected by the First Amendment, it must have as its primary purpose the expression of an idea. Conduct not essentially linked to communication is not protected by the First Amendment.

The court then turned for guidance to the U. S. Supreme Court decisions in *Cohen vs. California* (1971), in which it said that to qualify as obscene, an expression must be significantly erotic; and in *Miller vs. California* (1973), in which the Court further decided that to be obscene something must appeal to a prurient interest in sex or portray sex in a patently offensive manner. By applying these precedents, the Connecticut court finally concluded that Anonymous was not, by his act of giving the finger, attempting to sexually arouse the police officers, nor was he appealing to their prurient interests. Was the gesture patently offensive? It may have been that to the cops, who (some uncharitable citizens insist) belong to a category of public servant known to have a diminished sense of humor. But even so, to be obscene, the speech must meet all the tests, not just one. The obscenity conviction of Anonymous was unanimously reversed; the right to give the finger was, so to speak, upheld.

Steven Weisman is an Amherst, Massachusetts, attorney and the writer of a syndicated newspaper column, "You and the Law."



THROUGH-THE-LENS METERING.

Pentax was the first to put the light meter in the 35mm SLR camera. An obvious idea, but only Pentax thought of it.

COMPLETE ELECTRONIC EXPOSURE, SLR AUTOMATION.

Pentax was the first to "marry" the through-the-lens light meter with a computer in a 35mm SLR camera, so that what the meter reads automatically controls the exposure. A breakthrough, to say the least, and again Pentax did it first.

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This device allows you to take pictures rapidly and still see through the lens. If Pentax hadn't invented it, who knows, maybe nobody else would have.

Every 35mm SLR camera has a little Pentax in it.

If you took every Pentax innovation out of every 35mm SLR camera on the market, you'd have a pretty hard time trying to take a picture.

And it's very flattering to think that so many camera companies can't live without some of our ideas. But really, it's getting so we can't introduce something one year without seeing a bunch of different versions of it in the stores the next year.

For instance, last year we took our knowledge and experience in 35mm and applied it to the design of the Pentax System 10, the world's first Single Lens Reflex camera with interchangeable lenses that takes 110 cartridge film. Even now, we're starting to see the imitations.

Right now our competitors are probably trying to produce a 35mm SLR camera that's even smaller, lighter and easier to use than the automatic Pentax ME.

Meanwhile, we've already done it ourselves with the new automatic Pentax MV and we are introducing the MV at an even lower price than the ME.

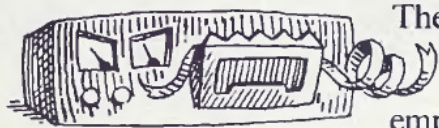
So if you're in the market for a camera, don't buy 1/10 of a Pentax, 1/5 of a Pentax, or even 1/4. Get the whole, complete and genuine article from your Pentax dealer today.

And like Pentax, you'll be way ahead of everyone else.

PENTAX®



Even the most enlightened consumer can get eaten alive in the hi-fi jungle.



There are probably few places where the phrase "caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware—is more applicable than in high fidelity.

The average consumer walks into a hi-fi store only to be confronted by a morass of receivers, turntables and tape decks, running the gamut from the unaffordable to the unpronounceable. And to make matters worse, the salesman seems to speak some bizarre dialect about megahertz and transient response.

At Sony, we sympathize with the plight of the music lover caught in this rather distressing situation. And to this end we offer some reassurance:

Since 1949, Sony has been at the very forefront of high fidelity. (In fact, our name is derived from the Latin word "sonus" for sound.)

And while the technology has changed, one thing hasn't: Since the beginning we've never put our name on anything that wasn't the best.

The V4 receiver: You don't need an engineering degree to understand what makes it superior.

Put as clearly as possible, the V4 was designed for people who are as interested in getting good value as they are good sound.

In terms of power, for example, the V4 offers ample wattage to fill almost any size living room with clean, clear sound. (55 watts per channel at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 hertz, with less than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.)

It has absolutely no audible distortion.

It features the same kind of "direct coupled" circuitry used in the most expensive professional broadcast amplifiers to ensure rich bass.

It's completely encased in metal to reduce interference.

It's capable of running two sets of speakers without straining, and has something called a "phase-locked-loop IC stereo multiplex stage"

that guarantees extraordinary FM reception.

All of which explains why if you pay a few dollars less for one of our competitor's receivers it's prob-

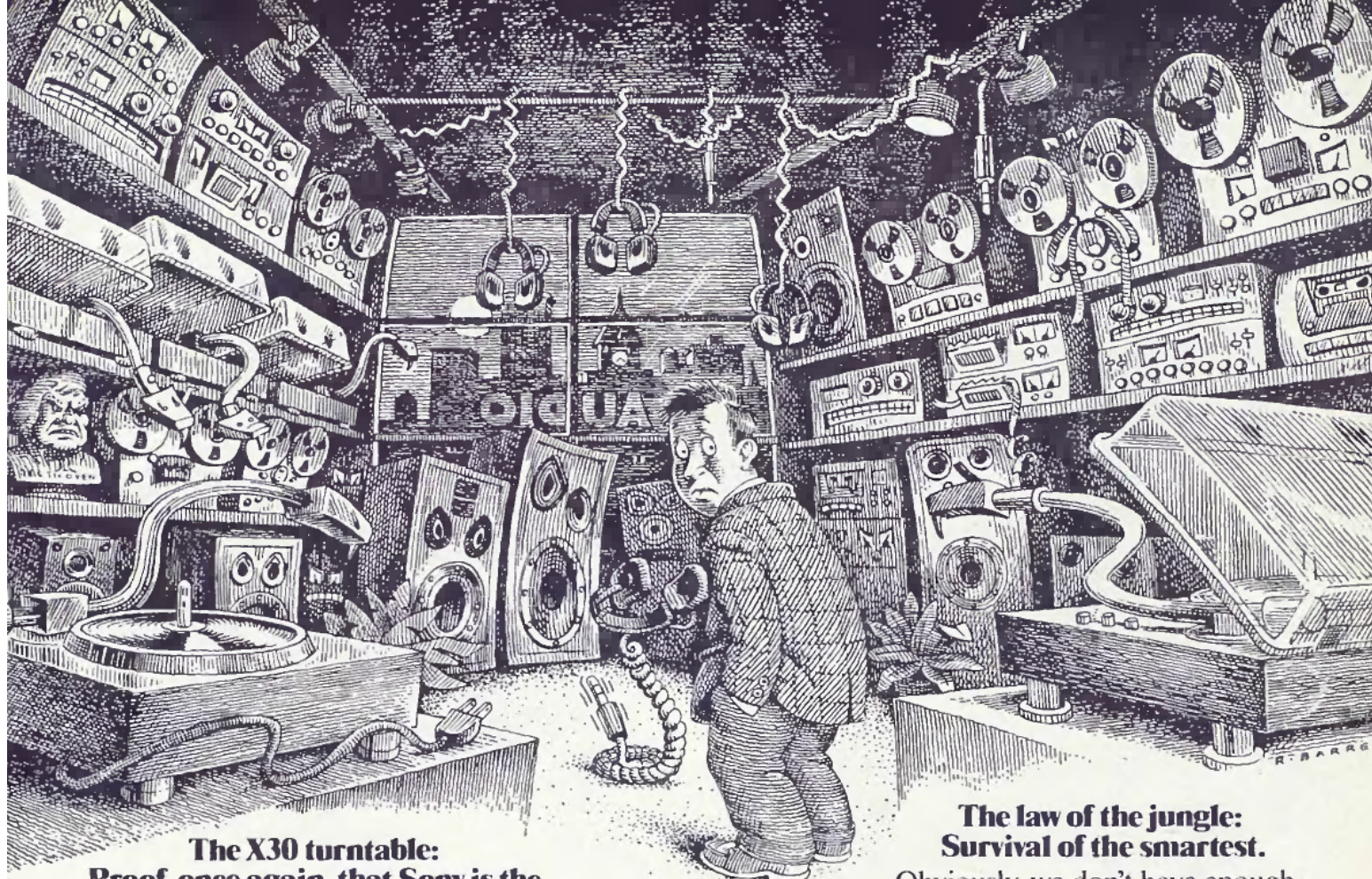
ably because you're getting less receiver.



The new Sony micro components: small in everything but performance.



The V4 Receiver: the latest from the company that founded the era of transistorized high fidelity.



**The X30 turntable:
Proof, once again, that Sony is the
real pioneer in high fidelity.**

Today, virtually all of the world's most expensive turntables feature "quartz lock." An electronic circuit that works like a quartz watch to ensure perfect turntable speed.

Now Sony has improved on this incredibly accurate system in the only way possible: by making it less expensive. But to buy the X30 on its price alone would be selling it short.

Like today's most expensive turntables, the X30 features a direct-drive motor that eliminates pulleys and unreliable belts. But unlike models built by Pioneer and Technics, our direct-drive motor is both brushless *and* slotless—which means it's more accurate.

Instead of using an inexpensive particle-board base like many of our competitors, the X30's base is made of a Sony patented "bulk molding compound" that reduces acoustic feedback.

And we've even made the X30's platter mat slightly concave—so if your records are a bit warped, they won't sound that way.

SSU-2070 speakers: Sony remains one of the only hi-fi companies to produce our own speaker cones, crossover units, and even the cabinets themselves.



The X30 direct-drive turntable: it even compensates for warped records.

**The law of the jungle:
Survival of the smartest.**

Obviously, we don't have enough space here to tell you the whole Sony hi-fi story.

Like the way our new micro components use Sony developed "pulse power supplies" that reduce distortion almost to the point of being unmeasurable.

Or the way our new SSU-2070 speaker system guarantees you'll hear every part of the music with distortion reducing carbon fiber speaker cones. And a computer-designed speaker arrangement that makes sure you hear the music exactly as it was recorded.

The point of all this, however, is that for over three decades Sony has built superior audio equipment. Extraordinary products whose reputation for quality, value and reliability is unsurpassed.

So even if you don't know watts from ohms, at least you'll be able to survive in the hi-fi jungle by knowing Sony.

For more information, or the name of your nearest Sony dealer, write us at Sony, P.O. Box CN-04050, Trenton, N.J. 08650.

SONY AUDIO

We've never put our name on anything that wasn't the best.

are used to protect the lives of the police officers and the citizenry? (*The Playboy Forum*, September.) The criminals of this country have become so adept at hiding weapons and contraband that a strip search is *mandatory*. I have personally seen guns, large knives, chains, straight razors (not to mention the various narcotics) found on prisoners after they have already been routinely patted down once. And that is not to say that most police officers are inept at performing pat-downs. I know that there are cops who abuse that authority, as they abuse *all* their authority. Wyatt Earps and Squirrels are what we call them and, believe me, they don't last long.

J. L. Williamson
Waco, Texas

Of all my duties as a policewoman, the strip search is the most degrading, disgusting job. No, we *do not* enjoy it or take pleasure in making another woman strip and squat. We dislike it as much as, maybe more than, the women we are searching. But we do it because it is our job. Why do we search everyone, even for a minor offense? Believe it or not, it is for their protection as well as ours. One night, the officers brought in an 18-year-old girl for shoplifting. The girl was crying and told me how upset her parents would be if they found out. I felt sorry for her, as this was the first time she had ever been arrested and she was attending the church college in the area. I then searched her but did not perform a *thorough* strip search. Later that night, one of the officers opened her cell window to check on her and noticed she was barely breathing. She was rushed to the hospital by our paramedics. I found out that the girl had overdosed on an extremely dangerous drug. Where had she gotten the drug? She had the pills wrapped inside a tampon inserted inside her vagina. That poor girl almost died because I felt sorry for her and didn't do my job. I understand also how the father who wrote would feel if his 15-year-old daughter were strip-searched. But how would he feel if she were placed in a juvenile room with another girl who also had not been searched and who attacked his daughter with a weapon? The offense someone is arrested for often has little to do with mental stability or violent tendencies.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I read with interest and dismay the letters opposing strip searches in the September *Playboy Forum*. While it is easy enough to understand the humiliation a person might experience when subjected to a search of that type, perversion has no connection with this matter. It's strictly

designed as a method of protection for the officer in charge of booking prisoners.

As a city cop in Baton Rouge, I have never derived any pleasure, sexual or otherwise, from having someone strip in jail. In fact, I find it extremely distasteful and, contrary to popular belief, most of us do not enjoy humiliating the citizenry. It is sometimes necessary, however, to avoid the possibility of having a knife shoved between my ribs while laying out fingerprint cards.

I have been a reader of *PLAYBOY* for many years and have enjoyed it for being a frank and honest magazine. It does irk me, however, to see such comments, often based on ignorance or malice or

COCAINE DEFENSE

The National College of Criminal Defense Lawyers and Public Defenders has completed the first half of a two-volume set of materials to assist attorneys in challenging cocaine laws and representing persons charged with their violation. Volume I of *Cocaine: Legal and Technical Defenses in Cocaine Prosecutions* was compiled and edited by the college's former associate dean Dominic P. Gentile under a grant from the Playboy Foundation and contains nearly 300 pages of motions, briefs, expert testimony, research on the history and chemistry of the drug, jury instructions and other excerpts from significant cocaine cases. The book is available for \$50 from the N.C.C.D.L.P.D., 4800 Calhoun Street, Bates College of Law, University of Houston, Houston, Texas 77004. Volume II should become available sometime in 1980.

both, given publicity and, seemingly, your support.

Fred G. Brooks

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Publishing a letter doesn't mean we support the position it takes and we understand the need to search arrestees for weapons. But why not use a metal detector and, if there's reasonable cause to suspect drugs, a search warrant? Perhaps the real problem (for which the police are not to blame) is the laws that treat minor traffic offenders, especially tourists, like interstate criminals over a \$35 ticket.

SEAT BELTS AND SAFETY

Thought I'd offer a bit of information regarding Mark Kloba's question on the possible advantage of not wearing seat belts (*The Playboy Forum*, June). While I was at Texas A & M University, the same question came up in an industrial-safety class. The instructor, a researcher for the Texas Transportation Institute, commented that cases have been recorded

in which *not* wearing a seat belt saved a life. The survivors were able to escape their wrecked automobiles because they were not hung up in safety equipment. His stand on the issue, however, was that the odds in most accidents still favor a quick trip through the windshield.

Peter Brennan
Houston, Texas

SMITING KING SMUT

I imagine *PLAYBOY*'s aware that some people who call themselves Women Against Pornography are girding their loins for a great antiporn crusade. I've read that they opened an office near Times Square, where they were planning to hold a giant rally in October, and have been conducting tours of the neighborhood to point out its sinful scenic wonders, which I understand are plentiful.

I think their best approach to ridding New York of smut would be to pack it up and redistribute it to the needy in other places, such as Oklahoma City. Thanks to local Bible thumpers and two generations of fanatical district attorneys, you can't lose your soul to porn here, no matter how hard you try. You can still get raped in our little town—robbed and shot, too—but you can't get porn. Not even the nice, romantic kind, much less stuff that “dehumanizes women” or presents “the female body being stripped, bound, raped, tortured, mutilated and murdered.”

Frankly, I think the latter should be labeled violence—not pornography just because the people happen to be engaging in sex.

(Name withheld by request)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

We don't like to defend the depiction of sexual violence that most people deplore, so we won't—and we certainly don't publish it. But we oppose righteous efforts to make it illegal. The question of freedom aside, pornography prohibited becomes contraband supplied only by a criminal element willing to accept the risks, and those same legal risks are what deter legitimate publishers and film makers from raising erotic material out of the proverbial gutter. We're saddened whenever we see feminists joining the same moralists who would be delighted to deny their new allies everything from legal abortion to equal employment opportunities.

“The Playboy Forum” offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





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Now, a special formula reduces engine friction so

well, it actually saves gasoline. As much, in comparable tests, as the leading gas-saving oils.

So change to Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil.

It could save your engine. It will save gas.

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A car stereo system so advanced its design is over everybody's head.

Panasonic applies outer space design to the inner space of your car. The result is the Cockpit by Panasonic, the first overhead console car stereo. It'll make your car look like the inside of a space ship. Sound like the inside of a concert hall.

The Cockpit blasts off with 60 watts of total output power, fueled by a separate low-distortion amplifier that fits under your seat or behind the dash. And to handle all that power, there's a hermetically sealed speaker system available. So the Cockpit will really put your music in orbit.

But what puts the Cockpit stereo worlds ahead of other car stereo systems is what's inside its 1½" deep fuselage.

An FM tuner with station memory and electronic tuning.

An auto-reverse stereo cassette player with Dolby* and CrO₂ tape capability. Plus a preamplifier section that has a special RF amplifier and Double Balance Mixing circuit.

Other instrumentation that makes the Cockpit stereo an impressive instrument is a 10 LED output power indicator, a 16 LED running frequency indicator, as well as Impulse Noise Quieting circuitry that filters out the noise caused by your car's engine.

The Cockpit by Panasonic. It will lift stereo sound in your car to new heights.

For your nearest dealer, call toll-free 800-447-4700. (In Illinois call 800-322-4400).

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Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AL PACINO

a candid—and very rare—conversation with the enigmatic actor and superstar

Al Pacino is pacing in his camper, parked on Waverly Place in Greenwich Village, the location for the day's shooting of his latest, and most controversial, picture, "Cruising." While waiting for director William Friedkin to set up the next shot, he tries to relax by reading aloud all the parts from Bertolt Brecht's "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui" to his hair stylist, secretary and make-up man. Down the street, behind a police barricade, he can hear the faint shouts and the shrill whistles of the gay activists who have gathered to protest the making of this picture, which deals with homosexual murders.

"There they go," Pacino says, interrupting his reading. "Sounds like day crickets." The people in the camper smile, but no one is laughing, especially Pacino, who has found himself in the midst of a controversy he doesn't understand. All his life he has shied away from social movements, political issues, marches, protests. Then, last summer, he did "Richard III" on Broadway—the first "Richard" done on Broadway in 30 years—and many of the critics attacked him so fiercely it seemed vindictive. No sooner did that play complete its run than "Cruising" began. And, once again, the press was provoked. For an

actor who considers himself removed from such furor, and a man who has passionately avoided the press, the spotlight has suddenly been turned strongly his way—and this is the only major interview he has ever granted.

Alfredo James Pacino has traveled a great distance from the South Bronx of his childhood to the Upper East Side of Manhattan, where he lives today. He was born April 25, 1940; his father left his mother when he was two, and he was raised by a protective mother and grandparents.

Nicknamed Sonny, his friends often called him *The Actor*, and, though a prankster throughout his school years, in junior high he was voted most likely to succeed, mainly in recognition of his acting abilities. But what he really wanted to be was a baseball player. When they started teaching Stanislavsky's acting principles (the Method) at the High School of Performing Arts, which he attended, he thought nothing could be more boring. He made it only through his sophomore year before the money ran out and the pressure to get a job surpassed the need to continue his education.

The succession of jobs brought him in contact with all kinds of characters. He

was a messenger, shoe salesman, supermarket checker, shoe shiner, furniture mover, office boy, fresh-fruit polisher, newsboy. But he also sensed that he could be more, so he auditioned for Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio while a teenager. Rejected but undeterred, he enrolled in another actors' studio, Herbert Berghof's, where he met the man who would become his mentor and closest friend, Charlie Laughton. Laughton not only taught acting and directed him in his first public play (William Saroyan's "Hello Out There") but he also wrote poetry and introduced him to poets and writers. Pacino was accepted by the Strasberg studio four years later.

In the mid-Sixties, he and a friend started writing comedy revues, which they performed in coffeehouses in Greenwich Village. He was also acting in plays in warehouses and basements. He appeared in numerous plays, including "Awake and Sing!" and "America, Hurrah." In 1966, he received his first recognition in an off-off-Broadway production of "Why Is A a Crooked Letter." Two years later, he won an Obie for Best Actor in an off-Broadway production of "The Indian Wants the Bronx." The following year, 1969, he was awarded his first Tony—the legitimate theater's Oscar—for his



"Fame is a crazy thing. The world got smaller and the block got bigger. Somebody on the street said to me, 'You're Al Pacino?' I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'Congratulations, you look like you oughta.'"



"If I die, you can write my epitaph: He was just beginning to resolve some of his problems. In about ten or 15 years, he would have been happy. He had made such progress!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"I was at the Oscars once in the third or fourth row with Diane Keaton. I was a little high. I had to pee—bad. I was popping Valium like candy. I was praying, 'Please don't let it be me. Please.'"

Broadway performance in "Does the Tiger Wear a Necktie?"

Like Marlon Brando after his major stage debut in "A Streetcar Named Desire," Pacino was lured by Hollywood. He was offered about a dozen pictures before he and his then manager, Marty Bregman, decided to choose "The Panic in Needle Park" (though he did appear in a bit part in a Patty Duke movie called "Me, Natalie"). "Panic" was a strange and disturbing film about a New York drug addict, and has only now picked up a cult following.

There was something, however, about Pacino that made another newcomer in Hollywood, Francis Ford Coppola, choose him for a film he was about to do on the Mafia. Coppola had big ideas. He wanted not only this relatively unknown actor to play a major role in his film but also another actor not considered bankable at the time: Marlon Brando. The studio balked twice, but Coppola insisted. The result was "The Godfather," a film that reversed the downward trend of Brando's career and that shot Al Pacino into the ranks of stardom.

Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor, Pacino was insulted (he was onscreen longer than Brando, who won—and refused—the Oscar that year) and boycotted the awards ceremony. For his third movie, "Scarecrow," he chose an offbeat part in which he played a freewheeling rover on the road with an ex-con, played by Gene Hackman. An unsuccessful picture, it became Pacino's most upsetting experience with the movie industry.

Still, he responded with another recognized performance in "Serpico," the New York cop who exposed the New York police force for taking bribes and almost lost his life for it. This time he was nominated for an Oscar for Best Actor. His third Oscar nomination came after his strongest performance to date, as Michael Corleone in "Godfather II." This was the movie that proved that Pacino was among the rare breed of actors who would leave their mark in American cinema history.

It was a controlled and troubling performance, which put him in the hospital for exhaustion halfway through the production. But when it was completed, he signed to do another controversial and memorable film, "Dog Day Afternoon," in which he played a bisexual bank robber. For the fourth time, he was nominated for an Oscar.

Hollywood continued to recognize his enormous talent, but he was still an outsider. He refused to move to California, preferring to live in a small, unpretentious apartment in Manhattan; and he refused to consider himself solely a movie actor. Pacino feels his roots are in the theater, and he returns whenever

the pressures of being a movie "star" become too great.

His next movie was "Bobby Deerfield," the story of a superstar race-car driver going through an identity crisis. It was also the story of Pacino and his co-star, Marthe Keller, who became an item when they decided to extend their relationship offscreen as she moved in with him. But the film didn't work for Pacino or for the public. He decided to return to Broadway to do "Richard III."

But before he did, he completed one more picture, "... And Justice for All," directed by Norman Jewison. Just released, it tells the story of an ethical lawyer fighting corruption in the judicial system. Once again, Pacino displays a wide range of acting ability that will almost certainly earn him his fifth Oscar nomination.

While his professional life has turned him into a superstar and a wealthy man (he received over \$1,000,000 for "... And Justice for All"), his private life remains somewhat in turmoil. When he was still in his teens, he lived with a woman for

*"I don't know that I can be
taken seriously yet, because
I haven't accomplished
enough things in my life."*

a number of years. When they broke up, he lived for short periods with other women, until he met Jill Clayburgh. They lived together for five years. When that broke up (she married playwright David Rabe), he had a relationship with Tuesday Weld, and then with Marthe Keller. That, too, ended about a year and a half ago, and Pacino, who will soon turn 40, remains, like so many of the characters he plays, alone. But his attitude toward relationships and what he wants out of life is changing, as Lawrence Grobel (whose last "Playboy Interview" was with Godfather One, Marlon Brando) discovered. His report:

"My first impression of Pacino's lifestyle brought to mind a line from 'Hamlet': 'I could be bound in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space.' His three-room apartment consists of a small kitchen with worn appliances, a bedroom dominated by an unmade bed and a bathroom whose toilet is always running, and a living room that is furnished like a set for a way-off-off-Broadway production of some down-and-out city dweller. I know poor people who live in more luxury than this, I thought. Which made me instantly like this man, whose material needs are obviously slight.

All around the living room were dog-eared paperback copies of Shakespeare's plays and stacks of scripts, including one that Costa-Gavras had recently given him based on André Malraux's 'Man's Fate.'

"For the next two weeks, I saw Pacino every evening and some afternoons, our talks often continuing into the early hours of the morning. For an hour or two, he would sit or lie on the couch, then jump up and go into the kitchen to light a cigarette from the stove, check the time, walk around a bit. One night I smelled something burning and we ran into the kitchen to see a potholder in flames on the stove. Pacino picked up the teakettle and calmly, as if such things happened all the time, put out the fire. On another night, I arrived to find him downstairs in the hall, picking up the pieces of a broken Perrier bottle that he had dropped on his way to the elevator. 'People wouldn't believe I do this, but I do,' he said.

"During our first few meetings, Pacino had trouble completing his thoughts—his mind jumped, his sentences dangled, he spoke in dashes and ellipses. But as we got to know each other, his sentences and thoughts became complete. He was fascinated with the actual process of being interviewed. 'Nobody ever asked me for opinions,' he said.

"We finished the interview on a Saturday and I was scheduled to fly back to L.A. the next evening. Sunday morning, Pacino called, wanting to know when my plane was leaving. When I told him, he said, 'Well, that gives us enough time for one more talk.' I put the batteries back into my tape recorders and grabbed a taxi to his place.

"Finally, it was time to say goodbye. I had 40 hours of talk on tape and close to 2000 pages of transcription to reduce. 'I feel like I have played ball with you,' Pacino said as I left. 'Like we know the same candy store or we remember that time when we opened a hydrant or something. It is a good feeling.' I smiled and nodded. That was exactly how I felt about him. And I think some of that good feeling comes through in the interview. Along with the doubts and hesitations, which he continued to express over the phone after I arrived in Los Angeles. He may never do another interview, but for this one, Al Pacino definitely was talking."

PACINO: Actually, I'd rather you not put the tape on yet—until I get a little bit warmed up here.

PLAYBOY: It's best to just leave it on and forget about it.

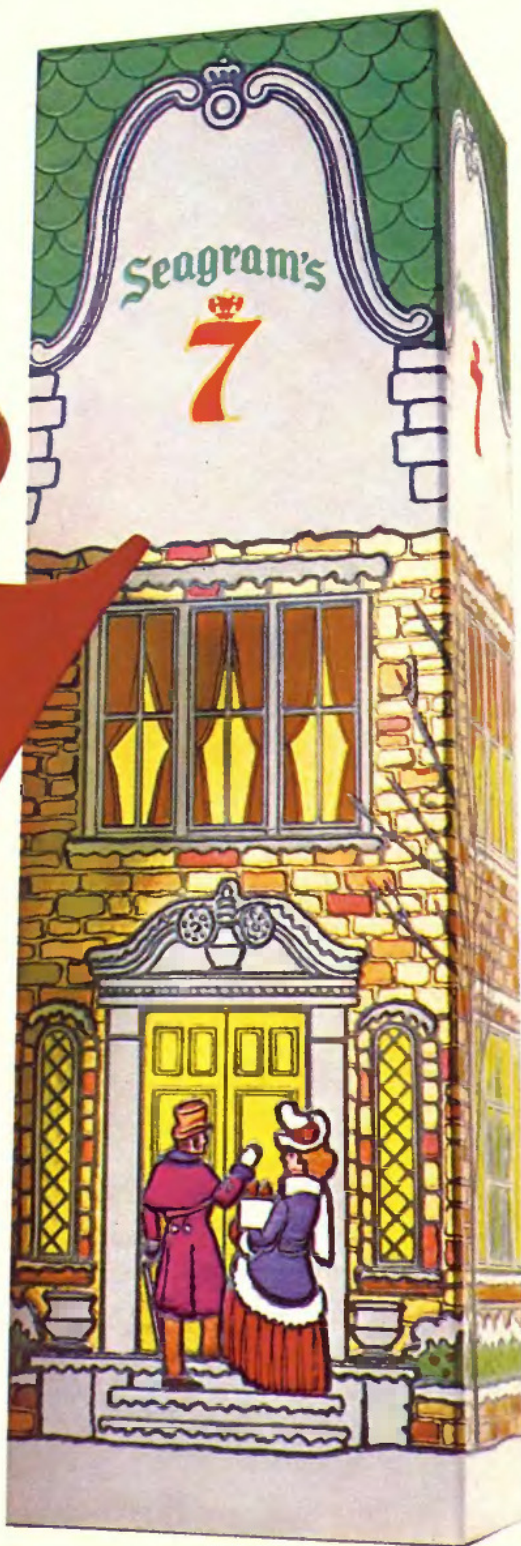
PACINO: Whatever you say. I'm not going to tell you how to do your job. This is so new to me.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel like this is a coming out for you?

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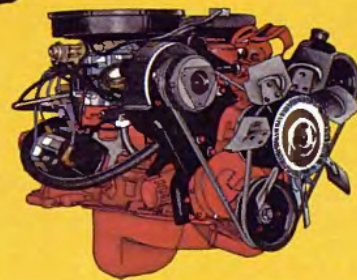
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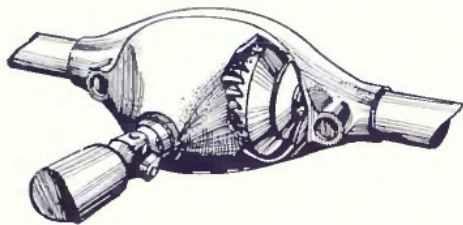
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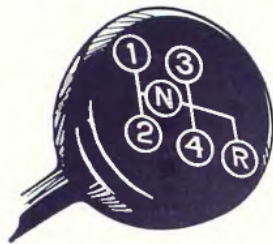
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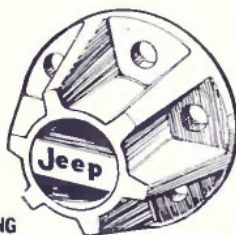
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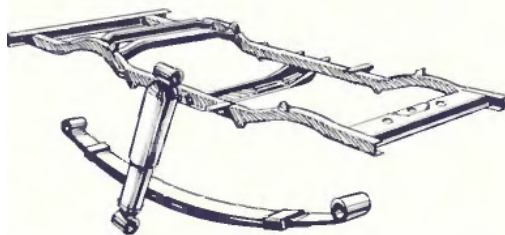
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PACINO: Definitely. It is a huge thing, this interview. There's a certain power in these interviews that I haven't found in profiles—a real power. Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, they can be taken seriously. I don't know that I can be yet, because I haven't accomplished enough things in my life.

PLAYBOY: After a lifetime of avoiding the press, what made you finally decide to talk?

PACINO: I sort of got tired of saying no, because it gets misread. The reason I haven't before was that I just didn't think that I would be able to do it. But after a while, you just start to feel like, why not? So I've been saying yes much more. I'm tired of being too careful, too protective. Actually, look what yes has done to me. I said yes to *Richard III* and to *Cruising*. No wonder I said no for so many years! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Want to change your mind?

PACINO: No, let me try yesses for a while.

PLAYBOY: Do you care how you come off in this?

PACINO: I want to be interesting in an interview just as much as I want to do well in a part.

PLAYBOY: Good. First, though, we're curious: Why do you have Candice Bergen's name on your apartment door and another name on the directory downstairs?

PACINO: For the obvious reasons—to avoid being hassled. She used to live in this apartment, but it doesn't say Candice Bergen, it says C. Bergen. On the directory, I had Goldman for a while, but then a guy named Goldman came in and said, "Stop using my name."

PLAYBOY: We can appreciate your desire to keep a low profile. How many people in this building know you live here?

PACINO: Everybody in the building knows. They are very considerate.

PLAYBOY: From the looks of things in this apartment, it doesn't appear that your star status has gone to your head.

PACINO: My lifestyle changes a lot. I've been here five years, but it's like I'm passing through. On your way to Bombay, you stop here, stay over and then you keep going. This is the kind of place I have. It's always been that way. I look around at places I think I should be living in, then I come back and move the couch or the piano and I'm satisfied. This is a pretty nice place.

PLAYBOY: OK. Let's start on your current film—... *And Justice for All*. How do you feel about it?

PACINO: I sense a certain kind of originality in the way it is done. I have never seen a film like this before.

PLAYBOY: How do you see it?

PACINO: It's a simple picture, really. It's about ethics and people; about a guy who is trying to do his job and his relationship to the law. To say it's about legal systems sounds boring, and that's not what it is. It's funny and poignant.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any feedback from the legal community?

PACINO: Most of the lawyers I've talked to are very pro the picture after having read the screenplay. One big lawyer said, "It's just a farce." Others have really enjoyed it. I enjoyed doing it, it was another world to travel in for a while, the world of our courts.

PLAYBOY: The build-up has it as a lawyer's *M*A*S*H*.

PACINO: It didn't seem to be that farcical. It has certain exaggerations, but it gets real... and yet not real. People who have had dealings with the law, been divorced, might have an interesting reaction to this.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to do this one?

PACINO: Norman [Jewison] came to me with it. I said, "Norman, why don't I get some actors together and read it for you? Then I will see how I feel after I hear it." We read it aloud and after I finished, I said I'd do it. I thought it had a nice structure to it. It's an unusual film because it is so verbal; you really have to pay attention to it.

PLAYBOY: How was Jewison to work with?

PACINO: He was different from anybody I had worked with before. The thing I like most about Norman is you get a sense of his involvement, he's constantly with the movie. He broods about it. Even after it's over, he's with the picture—he cares about it a great, great deal.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the film can be seen as *Serpico Takes On the Courts*?

PACINO: Yeah, though in a way, I saw a similarity to George C. Scott in *The Hospital*, which conveyed the feeling I had when I went into a hospital. The similarity to *Serpico* would be the strongest. Although I find this character, Arthur Kirkland, to be less detached, more involved. I like him because of his involvement and his desire to be a part of the system. He liked his work. Only the system drives him nuts. Which creates an ethical question at the end: Is this right or not?

PLAYBOY: The ending is pretty radical—you sort of watch your character's law career go down the drain in a rather triumphant, perhaps self-indulgent way.

PACINO: Does the audience have a sense of that? I hope they do. That the guy is giving it all up. You are seeing this guy struggle; it's the last time he's going to be up there. What he's trying to do is expose the system.

PLAYBOY: How much research did you do for the part?

PACINO: I researched it a lot. I did a lot of work with lawyers before filming began, so I felt kind of close to the courts. At one point recently, a friend said to me he was having trouble with a contract and I just instinctively said, "Let me see that." You get the feeling that you are able to do these things. It is crazy. I literally took it from him and began to

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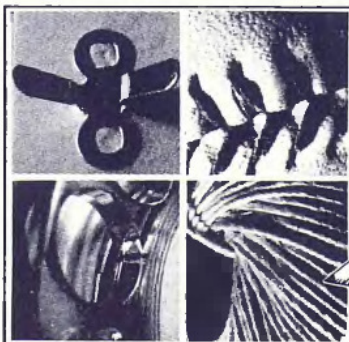
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give him a legal opinion. Can you imagine that?

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also do something like that when you played *Serpico*? Try to arrest a truck driver?

PACINO: Yeah, I tried to. It was a hot summer day and I was in the back of a cab. There was this truck farting all that stuff in my face. I yelled out, "Why are you putting that crap in the street?" He said, "Who are you?" I yelled, "I am a cop and you are under arrest, pull over!" I pulled out my *Serpico* badge. It was a fantasy for a moment. I told him I would put him under citizen's arrest, but then I realized what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Have you gotten carried away like that in any of your other pictures?

PACINO: Let me see. In *The Panic in Needle Park*. I was playing the part of someone dealing dope on a street corner—and there was a guy actually dealing heroin right there. I looked at him, he looked at me and I got real confused.

PLAYBOY: *Panic* was your first film—were you very selective in choosing that?

PACINO: I turned down a lot of films before I made my first one. I knew that it was time for me to get into movies. I didn't know what it would be. When *The Panic in Needle Park* came along, Marty Bregman pushed and helped get it together. Without him, I don't know what I would have done. He is directly responsible for five movies. He was just a great influence on my career.

PLAYBOY: How did Bregman become your manager?

PACINO: He saw me in an off-Broadway show and said that he was willing to back me with anything I wanted to do. I didn't quite know what he was talking about. Then he said that he would sponsor me. I still didn't know what he meant. As it turned out, he acted as a go-between for myself and the business. It was a very important relationship. He acted as an insulator. He got me to work. Encouraged me to do *The Godfather*. *Serpico* was completely his idea. He got me to do *Dog Day*.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a formal contract with him?

PACINO: Yes, I did. And it was expensive, but it was certainly worth it.

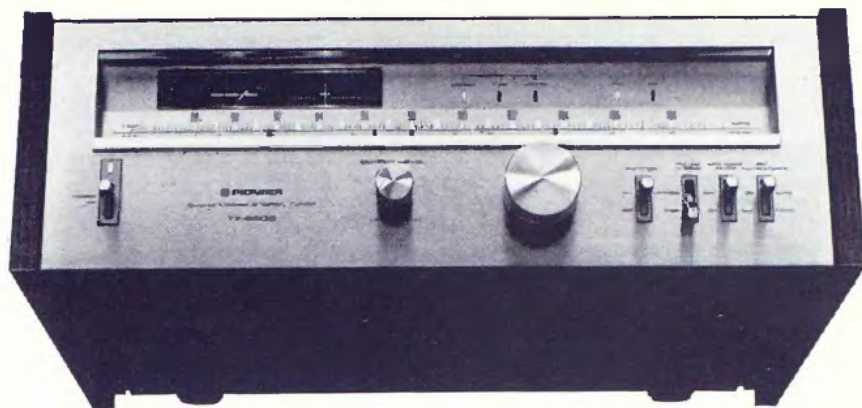
PLAYBOY: You're no longer with him?

PACINO: No. Our relationship changed several years ago, then it just finally dissipated. He became a producer. It wasn't the same anymore.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to *Panic*, what did you think when you first saw yourself larger than life?

PACINO: I was drunk when I saw the first screening, but I was surprised at my bounciness, that I was all over the place. I did say, though, "That's a talented actor, but he needs work. Help. And he needs to work. And learn. But there's talent there." I don't like to go on about myself. I feel sometimes that it's not me

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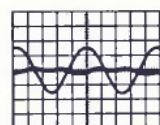
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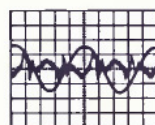
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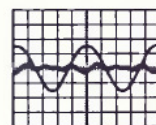
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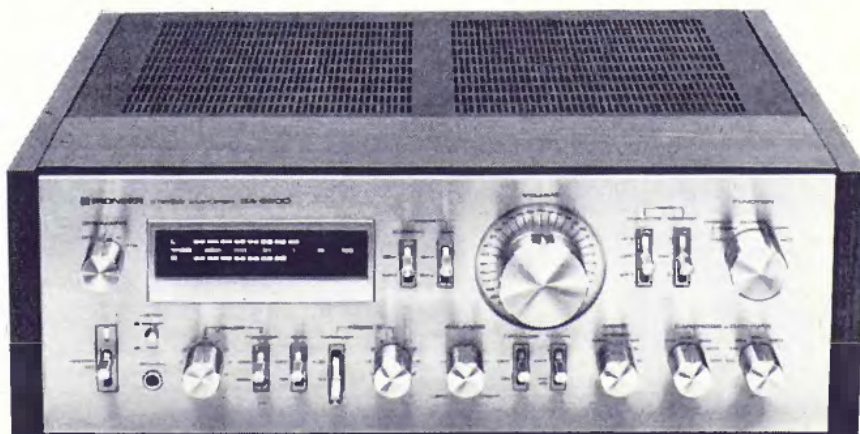
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who has something to offer but, hopefully, my talent.

PLAYBOY: Well, unless your talent talks, you're going to have to go on about yourself.

PACINO: [*Getting up*] Mind if I stand and talk to you? Walk around a bit? I wonder if it's a competition thing, an interview. Does it become a battle or a cat-and-mouse thing? But it's probably impossible to strip my defenses. How could I do that with anybody?

PLAYBOY: Are you feeling very defensive now?

PACINO: I'm in a . . . certain kind of condition now.

PLAYBOY: Strained?

PACINO: Stained.

PLAYBOY: Why don't we talk about it? It must have something to do with the fact that you've been filming *Cruising* in New York City and the set has been picketed and harassed. Gay activists have claimed the story is antihomosexual.

PACINO: I feel I don't know what's going on. I don't understand it. It's the first time in my life I've ever been in this position.

PLAYBOY: You play a cop who tracks down a killer of homosexuals, and some of the protests have been about the fact that the film shows scenes on the sadomasochistic fringes of gay life, rather than the mainstream of homosexual life.

PACINO: That's the point! When I first read the script, I didn't even know those fringes existed. But it's just a fragment of the gay community, the same way the Mafia is a fragment of Italian-American life.

PLAYBOY: What does the film seem to you to be about?

PACINO: It's a film about ambivalence. I thought the script read partly like Pinter, partly like Hitchcock, a whodunit, an adventure story.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, the gay community in New York sees it differently. Pamphlets were distributed calling the film "a rip-off" that uses gay male stereotypes as the backdrop for a story about a murderer of homosexuals.

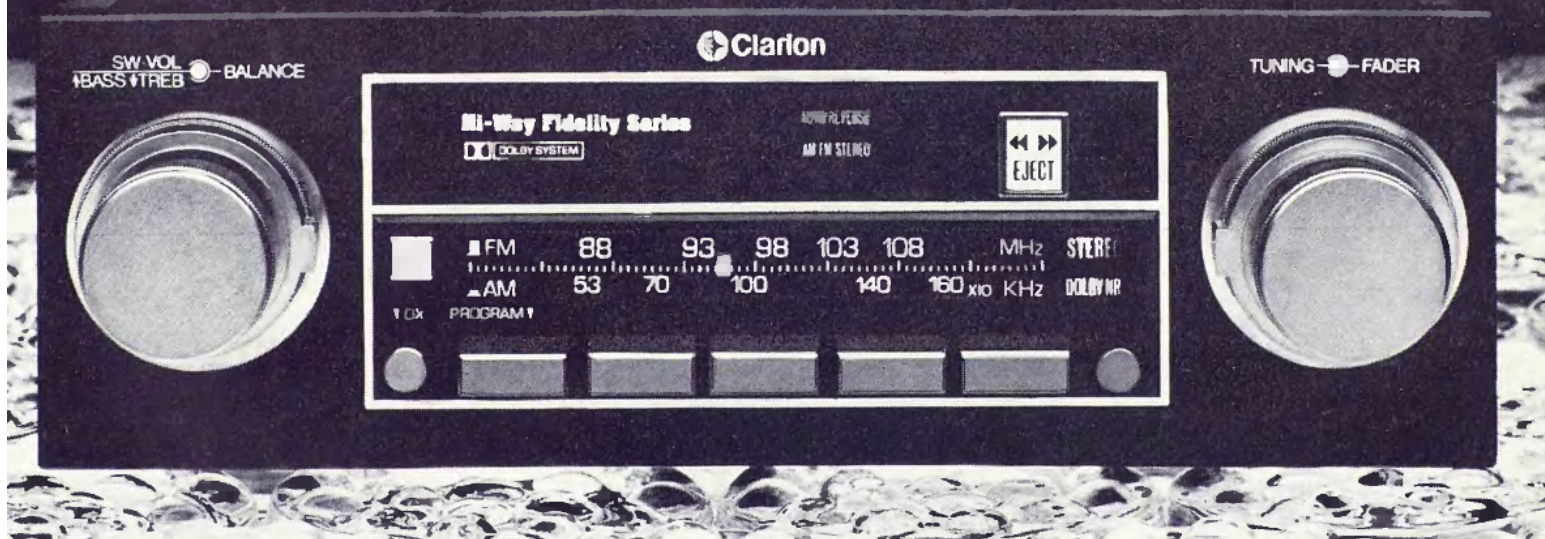
PACINO: How can they say that without seeing the movie?

PLAYBOY: But how do you react to the charges?

PACINO: Well, it makes me feel bad. It's actually hard for me to respond at all. When I read the screenplay, the thought of its being antigay never even came to me. It never dawned on me that it would provoke those kinds of feelings. I'm coming from a straight point of view, and maybe I'm not sensitive enough in that area. But they *are* sensitive to the situation, and I can't argue with that. The only thing I can say is that it isn't a movie yet. It has not been put together as a movie.

PLAYBOY: Do you think those protests will have an effect on the outcome of the film?

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PACINO: If the gay community feels the film shows them in a bad light, then it is good they are protesting, because anything that raises consciousness in this area is all right. But I hope that's not the case. When I saw *The Deer Hunter*, my only reaction to some of the war scenes in Vietnam was: War is tough; I don't want to be there. I was taken by a general wave of feeling and swept up in the horror of war. But I wasn't thinking that the film was racist, as many accused it of being. If I had been preconditioned to think it was racist, I probably would have read that into it, too.

PLAYBOY: Is *Cruising* your most controversial project?

PACINO: There is no second to it. I thought *Dog Day* was going to be, but nobody bothered us on the set. Nothing else even comes close.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel a responsibility for some of the issues the movie raises, since it's an Al Pacino movie?

PACINO: You're turning this into an Al Pacino movie? Al Pacino is an actor in this movie. The way the press focuses attention on something like this is by throwing my name into it. Responsibilities are relative. My responsibility is to a character in a script, to a part I'm playing—not to an issue I'm unqualified to discuss.

PLAYBOY: But aren't we all ultimately responsible for what we do? Isn't what you're saying something of a cop-out?

PACINO: I don't think the film is antigay, but I can only repeat—I'm responsible for giving the best performance I can. I took this role because the character is fascinating, a man who is ambiguous both morally and sexually; he's both an observer and a provocateur. It gave me an opportunity to paint a character impressionistically—a character who is something of a blur. I also took the role because Billy Friedkin is one of the best directors working today.

My communication with the public is as an actor. Although I'd never want to do anything to harm the gay community—or the Italian-American community or the police community or any group I happen to represent onscreen—I can only respond in my capacity as an actor.

PLAYBOY: Since you're halfway through the filming, what's your sense of the movie so far?

PACINO: There's a power to it, a certain theatricality, no doubt about that. I sensed it when I read it and I can feel it while we're shooting it. I hope Billy's energy comes off on the screen. It's extraordinary to be around him. It's like a temple he's creating, and it lifts you. He's a lot like Coppola in that way.

PLAYBOY: How is that?

PACINO: I remember that when I first met in a restaurant with Francis to discuss

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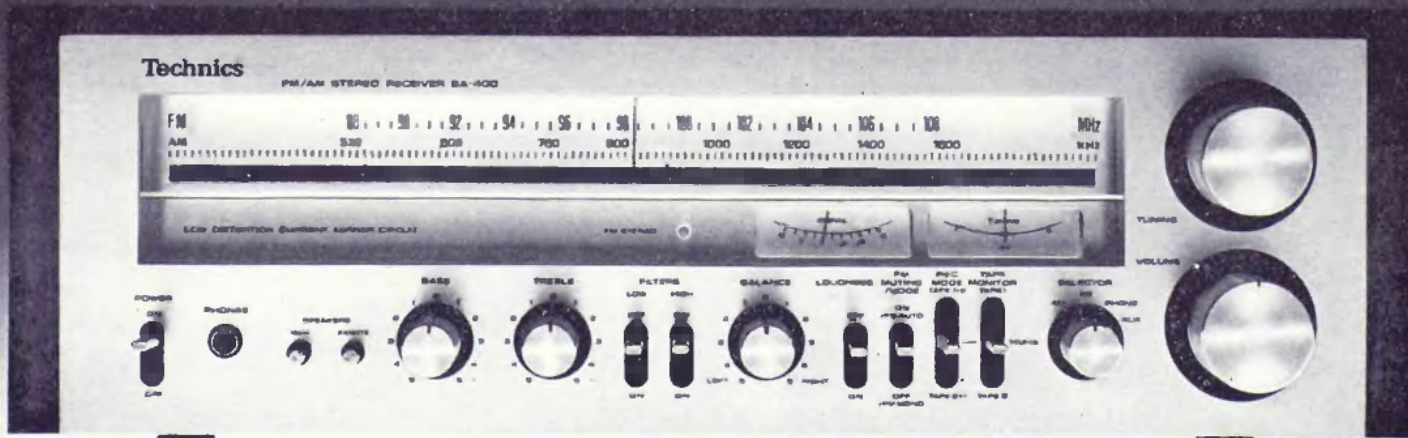
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doing *Godfather II*, I left absolutely filled with his inspiration; he just charged me with electricity. I wasn't going to do *Godfather II*. There's a funny story about how much they were going to pay me for *Godfather II*, before Francis convinced me. It's about how I got that first big salary everybody talks about.

PLAYBOY: How did you get it?

PACINO: They wanted to give me a hundred grand on the second picture, and even I knew that was. . . . They said, "How about a hundred and fifty?" I said, "Well, I don't think so." They said, "How about if Puzo writes the screenplay?" I said sure. Mario wrote a screenplay, I read it and it was OK, but it wasn't. . . . So I said no. They went up to two. I said no. Then they went to two-fifty and three and three-fifty. Then they made a big jump and went to four-fifty. And I said no. Then they called me into the office in New York. There was a bottle of J&B on the table. We began drinking, talking, laughing, and the producer opened his drawer and he pulled out a tin box. I was sitting on the other side and he pushed it over in my direction. He said, "What if I were to tell you that there was \$1,000,000 in cash there?" I said, "It doesn't mean anything—it's an abstraction." It was the damndest thing: I ended up kind of

apologizing to the guy for not taking the million.

PLAYBOY: He was obviously making you an offer as if you were really the Mafia character you played. What made you change your mind?

PACINO: Francis told me about the script. He was so wigged out by the prospect of doing it, he would inspire anybody. The hairs on my head stood up. You can feel that sometimes with a director. I usually say, if you feel that from a director, go with him.

PLAYBOY: Let's finish the story. You didn't get \$1,000,000 for it, you got \$600,000 and ten percent of the picture; is that correct?

PACINO: I think so.

PLAYBOY: You didn't go to \$1,000,000 until *Bobby Deerfield*, right?

PACINO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And what did you get for the first *Godfather*?

PACINO: For the first one, I got \$35,000. About \$15,000 I owed in legal fees.

PLAYBOY: For what?

PACINO: I was involved in a movie called *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight* at MGM. I can't talk too much about it, because I don't know the details. My lawyer is taking care of it, but I was supposed to have said yes and signed for it, and then *The Godfather* came along. Nobody wanted me for *The Godfather*;

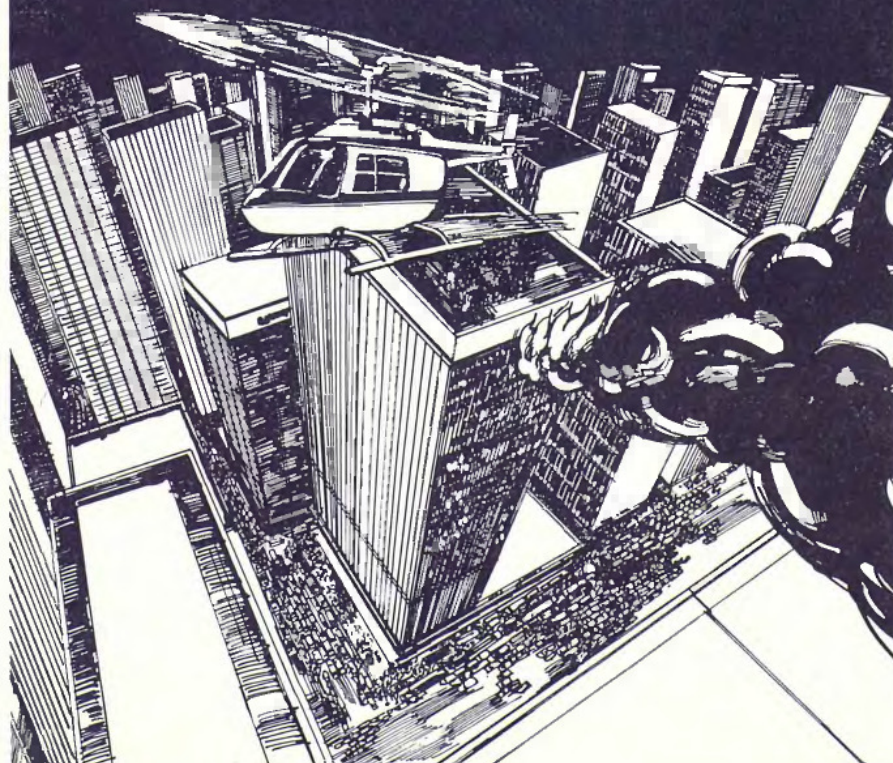
I guess they wanted to cast Jack Nicholson. My agents were telling me to stick with *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. I said, "Well, I don't know, Francis keeps telling me not to go with another picture." It was very nerve-racking. I remember saying to Francis, "I don't want to be around where I'm not wanted, so please, Francis, no more auditions, no more screen tests, I can live without this picture." He said, "No, you must play it."

PLAYBOY: And then, after the picture was made, MGM got its lawyers after you?

PACINO: Naturally. After *Godfather II*, the MGM people remembered their lawsuit against me and said I owed them a picture. It was a real crazy legal battle that was costing me hundreds of thousands of dollars. There were depositions—"What color tie did he wear when he told you that?" This craziness. Reams and reams of paper. I finally said, "There's something really wrong here," so I called the head of MGM and said, "What's going on? This is in the hands of lawyers now, there's no dialog here, what's up?" He and I talked face to face about the situation and we settled the whole thing. The situation was humanized. Sometimes you're fighting corporations and forget that people can talk to each other.

PLAYBOY: How did you settle it?

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PACINO: Amicably. If a project comes along, we'll work out something. Any project that I find encouraging that isn't attached to a studio, I can go to them, which I definitely would. There's no more paying the lawyers. There's a time to stay out of your affairs and a time to get into them. You have to take an interest in what you do.

PLAYBOY: Even when you don't understand what's going on?

PACINO: What happens is you get an inferiority complex, because you don't feel qualified to deal with those situations and you just sort of stand there and look around and nod your head. They say, "Right?" And you say, "Yeah." And you don't know what you're saying. You don't even listen. You pretend to listen. But you've got to learn what's going down—it's like the streets, in a sense.

PLAYBOY: We imagine you didn't stay long with the agents who had told you to forget *The Godfather*.

PACINO: I changed agents. I did it on my own. There was a period where I didn't have an agent and I called William Morris. I said, "Can I speak to the William Morris people? I'm looking for an agent." She said, "Oh? What's your name?" I said, "Al Pacino." She said, "Are you sure?"

PLAYBOY: Getting back to *The Godfather*, Coppola called you self-destructive after your first screen test. Why?

PACINO: Well, he was expecting me to do *more* in a scene. He took the dumbest scene that Michael had, the first wedding scene, which is an exposition scene, and I did it and he wanted me to do more. I don't know what he expected me to do. He tested people with the wrong scene. At first I thought he wanted me for Sonny. At the time, I didn't care if I got the part or not. The less you want things, the more they come to you. If it's meant to be, it will be. Every time I've stuffed or forced something, it hasn't been right.

PLAYBOY: Yet you always knew you'd get the part, didn't you?

PACINO: You just get a sense of things sometimes. You just know it. It's kind of simple to assess something if you allow it to happen. It's when the ego and greed get in the way that it's harder to assess what the situation is. But if you step back and you take a look at it, you can sense what's going to happen. If I hadn't gotten the *Godfather* role, it would have surprised me, frankly.

PLAYBOY: Did Coppola have you in mind before or after he had decided on Brando?

PACINO: He had Brando in his mind first, I'm sure. We were together at a party and Francis said to me, "Who do you think the *Godfather* should be?" I said Brando. Francis is extraordinary in

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PLAYBOY: Did you have Francis in mind when you played Michael?

PACINO: Partly I did Francis, partly I modeled him from several people I know.

PLAYBOY: What about any real Mob figures? Did you ever meet any of the Mafia?

PACINO: Yeah. Privately. Somebody gave me a reference.

PLAYBOY: So you could observe them?

PACINO: Observe them, yes.

PLAYBOY: And they let you?

PACINO: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And what happened?

PACINO: Nothing.

PLAYBOY: Are they all still alive?

PACINO: I can't answer that.

PLAYBOY: Is what we saw on the screen styled after what you observed?

PACINO: Ah, no. It wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet? At a restaurant?

PACINO: Ah . . . in the sky. Space Station 22.

PLAYBOY: Right. What were you trying to capture when you played Michael?

PACINO: In the first *Godfather*, the thing that I was after was to create some kind of enigma, an enigmatic-type person. So you felt that we were looking at that person and didn't quite know him. When you see Michael in some of those scenes looking wrapped up in a kind of trance, as if his mind were completely filled with thoughts, that's what I was doing. I was actually listening to Stravinsky on the set, so I'd have that look. I felt that that was the drama in the character, that that was the only thing that was going to make him dramatic. Otherwise, it could be dull. I never worked on a role quite like that. It was the most difficult part I've ever played.

PLAYBOY: There are numerous stories of actors performing with Brando for the first time. What's your feeling about him?

PACINO: There's no doubt every time I see Brando that I'm looking at a great actor. Whether he's *doing* great acting or not, you're seeing somebody who is in the tradition of a great actor. What he does with it, that's something else, but he's got it all. The talent, the instrument is there, that's why he has endured. I remember when I first saw *On the Waterfront*. I had to see it again, right there. I couldn't move, I couldn't leave the theater. I had never seen the likes of it. I couldn't believe it.

PLAYBOY: What was your first meeting like?

PACINO: Well, Diane Keaton was at that first meeting. We went in and sat at a table and everybody was pretending that he was just another actor, even though we were all nervous. But Diane was open enough to admit how she felt. She sat at the table and Brando said hello to me and to Diane. And Diane said, "Yeah, right, sure," as if she couldn't believe it. She really did it. She said, "I just cannot take that."

PLAYBOY: And afterward?

PACINO: You can't imagine my feelings during the first rehearsal with Brando. It was Jimmy Caan and Bobby Duvall and me, all sitting around, and there's Brando going on about the Indians. Francis is saying to himself, This is the first rehearsal, what's going to happen tomorrow? We have two more weeks of this. And Duvall was making these faces. I had to leave and sit on the bed, because I was laughing and I didn't want to have Brando think we were laughing

"When I first saw 'On the Waterfront,' I had to see it again, right there. I couldn't move, I couldn't leave the theater."

at him. Duvall finally said, "Keep talking. Marlon, none of us want to work, just keep talking." With that, Marlon laughed.

I will never forget Brando the first time I did a scene with Keaton. He came and stood right in front of the camera and watched. During the scene at the table, a leaf fell off the tree onto my shoulder. I took off the leaf and tossed it and later Brando said, "I like what you did with the leaf." Afterward, Diane and I just got drunk. But Brando was wonderful to me. He made me laugh, the things he'd do. I'd be playing a scene, and he'd show up offcamera, straight-faced, with a silly fake bird in his pocket. His support was so powerful, it helped me a great deal. What can you say about someone that gracious? He made it so easy.

PLAYBOY: People have said that artistically, you are Brando's godson.

PACINO: People have said that. I don't feel anywhere near that. It's meaningless, like saying I have green hair.

PLAYBOY: There's a rare quote attributed to you about *Godfather*: "They may have come to see Brando, but they left remembering me." Did you say that?

PACINO: I never said that.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a good time making the *Godfather* films?

PACINO: Actually, except for Francis, I

felt really unwanted on the set. And except for Al Ruddy, who was incredibly helpful and good. And with Francis, although I had personality differences with him, those were his performances, he *made* them. And he knew it. He'd say, "I created you—you're my Frankenstein monster." Another time, he put me in elevator shoes and said, "What's wrong with you? You're walking like Donald Duck!" I said, "Get those lifts out of my shoes and I may move straighter."

PLAYBOY: In fact, you did walk and move differently as Michael, didn't you?

PACINO: I had to move in a different way than I've ever moved before. All *heavy*. Especially in *II*.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite scene in either of the *Godfather* films—a moment you're particularly proud of?

PACINO: I have one moment in *Godfather II*, nobody sees it. Michael and his sad brother Fredo are in Cuba, seeing the Superman show in the night club, and Fredo tells Michael, "Johnny always used to take me here." And you see in that moment that Michael realizes his brother betrayed him. That's my favorite moment, but it's subtle. After the scene, I was taken to the hospital, the next day.

PLAYBOY: From exhaustion?

PACINO: Yeah. We were shooting in the Dominican Republic and I was being treated like a prince or something. Eight bodyguards and all, which was unnecessary. It was very disconcerting. I got physically ill. I was just overworking in that part.

PLAYBOY: How would you rate that part against the others you've played?

PACINO: Of all the parts, I'm most satisfied with *Godfather II*. It was the most important.

PLAYBOY: Is there a *Godfather III* in the future?

PACINO: There was a scene, which was only half shot, where Michael's son comes back to visit him. The kid talks about how he wanted to join the family business. And I tell him that he should give it more time. But they didn't shoot it all, which I found hard to believe.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't they shoot it?

PACINO: We lost the light. Maybe if we hadn't, we'd be hearing about *Godfather III*.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it's a good thing, because you followed that with another remarkable performance in *Dog Day Afternoon*.

PACINO: You know I almost never got to do that film?

PLAYBOY: Why?

PACINO: I quit once. Dustin Hoffman was going to do it. I was the original one, and then Dustin, and then it went back to me.

PLAYBOY: Why did you quit it?

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PACINO: I had just done *Godfather II* and I was tired of films. I just didn't want to make a movie. I found it a hassle. I had done years of stage and I thought I was one of those actors who couldn't adjust to film, because it was too laborious. I guess I was just too tough on myself. I was working in a medium I didn't know and I felt unsure.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to do it?

PACINO: Because Frank Pierson wrote a terrific screenplay. And I had strong feelings for that kind of character. See, there're three reasons I take a screenplay: the director, text and character. If I relate greatly to the director, the text is pretty good and I think I can do something with the character, I might take it. Or if I can relate greatly to the character and the text and director are OK, I'll take it, too. As long as there's one really strong positive in it. That's how I pick things now. Before, all three had to be great.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you felt about the script, the character and the director, Sidney Lumet, of *Dog Day Afternoon*?

PACINO: Yeah. Pierson had structured it quite beautifully, he really made it sing, it was alive. And Sidney Lumet is a genius in staging; he never tells you a word; just by the way he has you move, the scene comes alive. He pointed me in a direction and said, "Go here and go there." It's extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: There's a truly memorable scene in that film where you come out of the bank screaming "Attica! Attica!" Was that an important scene to you?

PACINO: Yeah, I sensed that kind of rush. Lumet helped me with that. He said, "It's *his* day in the sun, with all those people out there." Charging at windmills, somebody once said to me. But there's another moment that, I think, made it the kind of film that got received universally.

PLAYBOY: Which moment?

PACINO: When the delivery boy delivers the pizza and then turns around to the crowd and says, in effect, "I'm a star!" It hit right where we're at—the kind of energy wrapped up in the media and with imagery and fantasy and film. We don't know enough about media yet, we don't know its effect on us. It's new. It's got to do something to us.

PLAYBOY: Did you sense that *Dog Day* was an explosive kind of picture?

PACINO: Yes. My friend Charlie Laughton saw the film and said to me, "Al, do you know what it is like? It is like pulling a pin out of a hand grenade and waiting for it to explode." I remember Lumet saying to me at one point. "It is out of my hands. It has got its own life."

PLAYBOY: Have you felt that with any other picture?

PACINO: With *Serpico*. It had that kind of pace.

PLAYBOY: What drew you to that picture?

PACINO: I read the treatment and thought, Another cop picture. Then Waldo Salt came over with a screenplay that I could relate to and I was there. Then I met Frank Serpico. The moment I shook his hand and looked into his eyes, I understood what that movie could be. I thought there was something there that I could play.

PLAYBOY: Did you prepare for the part by hanging out with him?

PACINO: Yes. I went out with the cops one night, did about five minutes of that and said, "I can't do this stuff." So I would just sort of hang around Frank, long enough to sort of feel like him. One time we were out at my rented beach house in Montauk. We were sitting there looking at the water. And I thought, Well, I might as well be like everybody else and ask a silly question, which was, "Why, Frank? Why did you do it?" He said, "Well, Al, I don't know. I guess I have to say it would be because . . . if I didn't, who would I be when I listened to a piece of music?" I mean, what a way of putting it! That's the kind of guy he was. I enjoyed being with him. There was mischief in his eyes.

PLAYBOY: Frank Serpico is living by himself on a farm in Holland. Is the piece we saw together on one of the TV news-magazine shows the same man you knew?

PACINO: No. That was what was so shocking. He looked as if he didn't belong there. Not natural.

PLAYBOY: He seemed to possess a certain resigned wisdom.

PACINO: Yes. Resigned wisdom—he would laugh at that. He is a funny kind of guy. He was a loner. A man of intelligence. He'll be back on the police force.

PLAYBOY: Pauline Kael, in her review of *Serpico*, wrote that as you grew your beard, she couldn't distinguish you from Dustin Hoffman.

PACINO: Is that after she had the shot glass removed from her throat?

PLAYBOY: Is that really insulting to you?

PACINO: Why did you ask me that question?

PLAYBOY: To piss you off. [Laughter]

PACINO: Really. I'm too good, right. I'm really too nice.

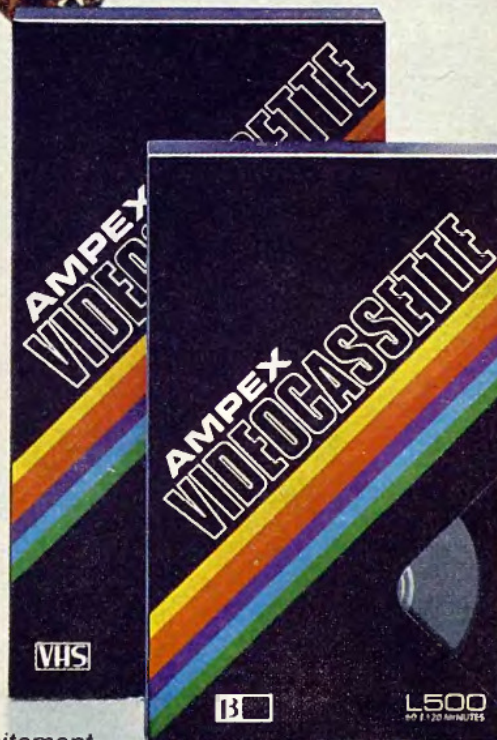
PLAYBOY: We'll find out.

PACINO: We got time. If somebody says something like that, I can't retort to it. It has to do with what was going through her head at the time. It seems beside the point.

PLAYBOY: Kael wrote, "Pacino's poker face and offhand fast throwaways keep the character remote."

PACINO: Are you kidding me or what? Why was she pissed at me. I wonder? Sometimes the things that piss people

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**RÉSUMÉS by
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off. . . . Well, I piss myself off, too, sometimes. When I've seen myself on-screen from time to time, I've said, "Who does he think he is, smirking like that?" Or, "Why doesn't he take a bath?" But that film seemed pretty good to me.

PLAYBOY: What other films seem pretty good to you?

PACINO: *Bang the Drum Slowly* is my all-time-favorite film. I saw that three or four times. I'd like to go see it again. The baseball motif, the quality of the relationship between Moriarty and De Niro, is beautiful. Maybe I relate to it because I wanted to be a baseball player. For some reason, people don't talk about that movie.

PLAYBOY: You and De Niro are friends, aren't you?

PACINO: Yeah, I know Bobby pretty well. He's a friend. He and I have gone through similar things. There was a period in my life when it was very important that I get together with somebody I could identify with.

PLAYBOY: Those must have been strange conversations, since neither of you is very talkative. How did you communicate at first?

PACINO: Sign language.

PLAYBOY: That's probably what the press would have to do to interview him.

PACINO: He's always very quiet, it's an inherent thing. He's really honest about that. I think that the press respects that. They don't push him. He does talk with me, though.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any similarities between you and De Niro professionally?

PACINO: I can only judge by what I see on film. I don't see similarities between me and Bobby. The same thing with Dustin; I don't see it, although I think he's great.

PLAYBOY: What other films besides *Bang the Drum Slowly* do you like?

PACINO: I liked *Viva Zapata*. I liked Gielgud in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. I liked *The Loves of Isadora* with Vanessa Redgrave; she's a great actress. I loved Nick Nolte in *North Dallas Forty*. I like going to see Olivier. And Walter Matthau, I go to see all his movies. When I first saw *8½*, I liked it a lot. I loved *La Strada*. I wasn't crazy about *Amarcord*. I don't like the Bond films.

PLAYBOY: What about *Star Wars*?

PACINO: Didn't see it.

PLAYBOY: *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*?

PACINO: Yeah, I saw that one.

PLAYBOY: Any reactions? If a spaceship landed in front of you [laughter], would you go up in it?

PACINO: Yeah, but not with Richard Dreyfuss. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you saw *Saturday Night Fever* and spotted the

poster of yourself—in your Serpico beard—on the wall of John Travolta's room?

PACINO: I ducked. I was watching the screen and I muttered, "That's not Al Pacino, that's Serpico." Sometimes I talk aloud in a movie theater. Like in *The Goodbye Girl*, with Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason, one of the characters says to the other, "Nobody knew Al Pacino before *The Godfather*," and I yelled up at the screen, "You're full of shit, Marsha. You were in a one-act play with me before *The Godfather*!"

PLAYBOY: That was during a regular screening at a movie theater?

PACINO: Yeah. Sometimes I'll do that.

PLAYBOY: Did people turn and stare at you?

PACINO: No, I think Dreyfuss looked down at me from the screen and said, "Shush, Al." [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What other movies have you liked lately?

PACINO: I liked *Norma Rae*. *A Little Romance*. I like this new girl, Laura Antonelli, in *Till Marriage Do Us Part*. She's a find, a striking actress.

PLAYBOY: What actress do you most admire?

PACINO: Julie Christie is just about my favorite actress in the world. I love her. She's the most poetic of all the actresses.

PLAYBOY: What about so-called bankable actresses, such as Streisand, Fonda, Dunaway? Would you like to act with any of them?

PACINO: They're all exciting actresses, but the fact is, I don't know them very well. And you don't get to know anybody in a movie until after it's over. You work less together in a film than you do onstage. Onstage, you're out there together, but in a film, they shoot her, they shoot me. Unless the project is originated together or you have rehearsal time to develop something. Like, Diane Keaton was talking to me about doing a movie. We'll get together with it, read it a few times and try to develop something. It needs work, so we won't discuss it. I know Diane from working with her before; we're friends. I think we could maybe do a comedy together. You know, the reason she works with Woody is that familiarity; it takes the edge off.

PLAYBOY: How do you think you'd go over in a comedy?

PACINO: You didn't know this, but that's what I did before 1968. I wrote comedy. I directed and acted with revues that I wrote in coffeehouses and like that. I pretty much spent my time doing comedy. But there's a strange thing going on that bothers me, I don't understand it. They're doing surveys, they actually do this at universities, and they ask people what they want to see. They don't want to see me in comedies, they want to see

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me in certain serious roles. So that's what's going to come my way. There are studio heads who say, "No, no, no, you don't want to put him in this, put him in that." It goes back to the old days, when you had your studio saying, "We have to put him only in romantic parts." So where is the opportunity?

Maybe I'm being stubborn, but I refuse to look at myself that way, that I'm a commodity. This is such a commercial medium, and I understand and appreciate that. You can't ignore the amount of money you're given for this thing and say you're going to do some kind of art film. But it's disturbing to me when I hear they're taking polls and want me only in serious stuff. It's strange, since I have not done a comedy yet.

PLAYBOY: There are comic moments in . . . *And Justice for All*.

PACINO: But it isn't the kind of comedy that I want to do. I really want to do the all-out Buster Keaton-type comedy. Slapstick. That's what I did, that's what I wrote; we were clowns. I used to think of myself as a comedian, believe it or not. I've always admired comedians. Their minds, the way in which they see the world is so striking, the way they juxtapose things, the way they can see humor in people. There's a liberation in that.

PLAYBOY: Do you like Mel Brooks and Woody Allen?

PACINO: Mel Brooks will have these flashes in his films; you laugh for *hours* afterward. I wonder how he is, what he's like. The same with Woody; I go to see all of his films. Dick Van Dyke is also one of my favorites.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is the best actor in America?

PACINO: Among the post-Brando actors—I call it post-Brando, it was about ten years after Brando that a lot of actors. . . . There are so many fine actors. . . . I don't know. George C. Scott.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember that scene of Scott's at the end of *The Hustler*, when Paul Newman is walking out of the pool hall and Scott is sitting there and suddenly screams—

PACINO: [*As Scott*] "You owe me money!!!" Very strong movie.

PLAYBOY: What other actors have you admired?

PACINO: Gary Cooper was kind of a phenomenon—his ability to take something and elevate it, give it such dignity. One of the great presences. Charles Laughton was my favorite. Jack Nicholson has that kind of persona; he's also a fine actor. Mitchum's great. Lee Marvin, too. These guys are terrific actors.

PLAYBOY: What about some of the younger actors, such as John Travolta or Richard Gere?



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PACINO: Travolta's a very talented young actor. I never saw Gere's acting. Oh, I saw him in *Days of Heaven*.

PLAYBOY: Some critics say he's a young Al Pacino.

PACINO: Young Al Pacino, huh? [Laughs] You said that, not me. Talk like that, you're never going to get me to bed. [More laughter]

PLAYBOY: Oh, yeah, that's what your character says to the girl in . . . *And Justice for All*. Have you ever compared yourself to anyone? To a Nicholson, De Niro, Brando? In the privacy of your room, do you look into the mirror and think—

PACINO: When I look in the mirror, I think of . . . Gary Cooper. Naturally. [Laughs] No, I don't think I ever did.

PLAYBOY: You and Nicholson were involved in a Best Actor race for the Oscar that many people felt was extremely close—your performance in *Dog Day Afternoon* and his in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Did you think you'd get it?

PACINO: No, I never thought I'd get it.

PLAYBOY: You thought Nicholson would?

PACINO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel he deserved it?

PACINO: Yeah, he did. He'd been out there a while, he's made a lot of different films, he's been great.

PLAYBOY: Would you have turned the role down?

PACINO: Yes, I would have turned that down.

PLAYBOY: Because of *Dog Day*?

PACINO: No, because I thought *Cuckoo's Nest* was a kind of trap. It's one of those built parts; I don't think it has much depth. Commercially, it's very good, but as far as being a really terrific role, I don't think it is.

PLAYBOY: You still don't?

PACINO: Yeah. I just don't see much depth in the role.

PLAYBOY: But you said that you thought Nicholson deserved the Oscar for it.

PACINO: Who said that?

PLAYBOY: You did.

PACINO: When did I say that?

PLAYBOY: A little while ago.

PACINO: I'll bet you \$5000 I didn't say it.

PLAYBOY: Five thousand dollars? You said it. Would you really bet?

PACINO: I'd bet ya \$5000. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: You would?

PACINO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: OK. After you read this, you can send the check care of PLAYBOY. So, if you didn't think he did, do you think you did?

PACINO: [Smiling] You really want to corner me, don't you?

PLAYBOY: You've been sitting on it too long. It's got to come out.

PACINO: You're asking, Do I think I deserved the Academy Award for *Dog Day*

Afternoon? Not any less than he did. For that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you deserved it more than he did?

PACINO: What do you think? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

PLAYBOY: Now we're cooking. Did you think *Cuckoo's Nest* deserved to win for Best Picture?

PACINO: Did it win?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

PACINO: It won? Well, I didn't think so. If you asked me, Did I like *Cuckoo's Nest*? I have to tell you I didn't. Did you?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

PACINO: Finally, we disagree on something. Finally.

PLAYBOY: What the hell.

PACINO: Get out of my house, then. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What about the year before, when you and De Niro were up for *Godfather II*? He got it for—

PACINO: Yeah, for Supporting.

PLAYBOY: And you were up for Best Actor. Do you remember who won?

PACINO: Art Carney.

PLAYBOY: Well, you can understand that. Can't you?

PACINO: You really are a wise-ass, you know. "You can understand that." Talk about putting words in my mouth.

PLAYBOY: You really felt you deserved it for *Godfather II*?

PACINO: I think you've got to really get your act together about "deserving" Oscars. You really are off there.

PLAYBOY: It's not the fact that you didn't get it, you mean, it's the fact that someone else did that could disturb you?

PACINO: Whoever gets it deserves it. Deserves it for what? If you had to get down to the nitty-gritty and say, "If these actors were doctors and I have to have open-heart surgery, which one would I choose?—then we're talking.

PLAYBOY: But you do care about these things?

PACINO: Let me say, honestly, I don't care. I do not give a shit. Honestly.

PLAYBOY: But you did get excited about the Nicholson thing. Enough to forget what you said, anyway. So you care a little bit.

PACINO: Ah ho. You're starting to get to me now. If I don't give a shit whether I win or not, what difference does it make?

PLAYBOY: None at all.

PACINO: What I mean, basically, is if I won the award, that's terrific. I've won awards. And they didn't make me feel bad winning them, I'll tell you that. They made me feel pretty good. But it also did not make me feel bad not



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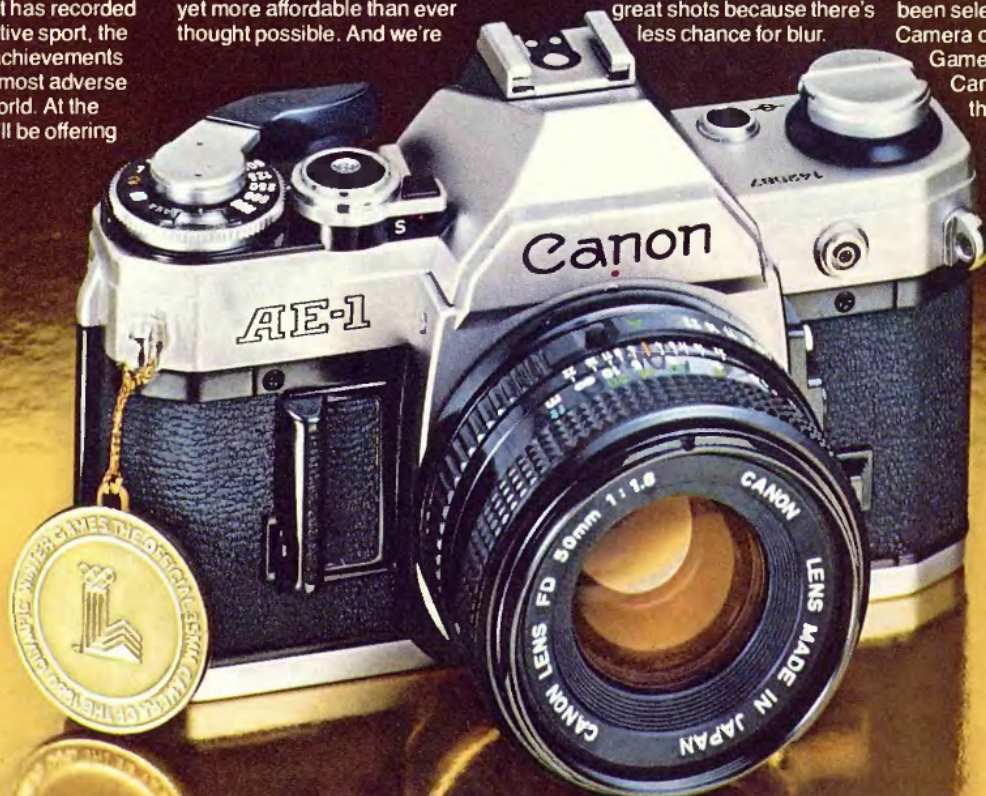
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winning the Academy Award. I will honestly say I felt . . . the same. I didn't feel as though I was cheated or that I deserved something and didn't get it. That's honest. That's true. Now, if you ask me whether Jack Nicholson deserved it or not—if he got it, he deserved it. Fuck 'em.

PLAYBOY: Well, you've been nominated four times and you most probably will be again for . . . *And Justice for All*. Would you do anything to subtly campaign for it, as some actors do?

PACINO: I wouldn't personally, but I can understand somebody campaigning for that. There are certain manipulations that go on, certain favoritisms, partialities. I don't know where, specifically, but I can sense them. I've experienced having lost four years in a row. It's strange. You feel good being nominated, then you get turned into some kind of loser when you don't win it. You've been feeling terrific and suddenly you've got all these people consoling you. Real strange.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gone to the Academy ceremonies?

PACINO: I was at the Oscars once, for *Serpico*. That was the second time I was nominated. I was sitting in the third or fourth row with Diane Keaton. Jeff Bridges was there with his girl. No one expected me to come. I was a little high. Somebody had done something to my hair, blew it or something, and I looked like I had a bird's nest on my head, a real mess. I sat there and tried to look indifferent because I was so nervous. Any time I'm nervous, I try to put on an indifferent or a cold look. At one point, I turned to Jeff Bridges and said, "Hey, looks like there won't be time to get to the Best Actor awards." He gave me a strange look. He said, "Oh, really?" I said, "It's over, the hour is up." He said, "It's three hours long." I thought it was an hour TV show, can you imagine that? And I had to pee—bad. So I popped a Valium. Actually, I was eating Valium like they were candy. Chewed on them. Finally came the Best Actor. Can you imagine the shape I was in? I couldn't have made it to the stage. I was praying, "Please don't let it be me. Please." And I hear . . . "Jack Lemmon." I was just so happy I didn't have to get up, because I never would have made it.

PLAYBOY: Before *Serpico*, you were up for Best Supporting Actor for *The Godfather*. Do you feel you were in the wrong category?

PACINO: Oh, sure. Definitely. That was outrageous. It's things like that that get you a little sour. I decided to pass the ceremonies by. There were certain people around me who wanted to write a letter, who wanted me to announce that I

would not accept the nomination. I would always say, "Let it go. Let it go. Don't make waves." But then, even though I didn't go, I watched it on TV. I felt bad. I didn't care for that kind of contradiction.

PLAYBOY: In the future, will you attend?

PACINO: I feel a little bit guilty if I don't go. It's more than likely that I *would* attend. A couple of awards I've won, I was too caught up at that time and had gone through too many strange periods to even understand what they were about. To be able to finally understand what appreciation is, enjoying the moment. . . . Take it for what it is.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you might ever turn down an award, as Brando and Scott have?

PACINO: I can't foresee that. At one time, I didn't see myself having an interview with **PLAYBOY**, so anything's possible.

PLAYBOY: We've been talking mostly about your film career, but the fact is,

*"You feel good being
nominated for an Oscar,
then you get turned into
some kind of loser when you
don't win it. . . . Real
strange."*

you've put a lot more of your time into the theater. Do you consider yourself more deeply involved with the stage?

PACINO: Yes, I would say I am more concerned with the plays I'm going to do than the movies. I'm more comfortable in a play. In film, there's always a certain sense of control, of holding back. The stage is different; there's more to act. There are more demands put on you, more experiences to go through. It is a different craft when it is on the stage. The play is the source, it is orchestrated with words. In a movie, you are not dealing as much in that. There are machines and wires. When you're acting for a camera, it keeps taking and never giving back. When you perform with a live audience, the audience comes back to you, so that you and the audience are giving to each other, in a sense. It's an extraordinary thing. It's wild turf up there.

The time I was doing *Paulo Hummel* in Boston, I made connection with a pair of eyes in the audience and I thought, This is incredible, these eyes are penetrating me. I went through the whole performance just relating to those eyes, giving the whole thing to

those eyes. I couldn't wait at curtain to see who it was. When curtain call finally came, I looked in the direction of those eyes and it was a seeing-eye dog. [Laughs] Belonged to a blind girl. I couldn't get over it—the compassion and intensity and the understanding in those eyes . . . and it was a dog. What a profession!

PLAYBOY: Is there ever a time when a play is like a film?

PACINO: You know what's close to a film? When you're doing a play and the critics come. One wishes that they would come when you do not know it, then they would be able to see a process. When I know somebody is in the audience, I want to say, see how wonderful I am, look how terrific I'm doing here. And everything goes right out the window. I blow it. It takes away from a certain spontaneity.

PLAYBOY: You tried to prevent that from happening when you refused to have an opening night for your *Richard III* on Broadway earlier this year. But it didn't seem to work, you got clobbered pretty badly by some of the press.

PACINO: I knew that we were going to get hit. It was unavoidable. You figure, well, if you spread it out, it would be easier. All it wound up being was instead of one opening night, four. I thought, Well, gee, this isn't working right, you know?

PLAYBOY: How did you know you were going to get hit?

PACINO: The *Richard I* did was different, it was a departure. We did it in 1973 at the Loeb Theater in Boston, but it wasn't very good. So we moved to a church . . . and the thing took off. Something happened. Three hundred people would come. I came out of the pulpit and put my head out and talked through a microphone. The concept had continuity and consistency. The *Times* came and *Time* magazine and the reviews were encouraging. So I thought of doing it again. But when we took it out of the church and put it into the theater, things changed. Before, it had a concept; now it didn't.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen Olivier's film of *Richard III*?

PACINO: I never saw anyone do it and I didn't *want* to see anyone do it. Although I would imagine seeing him would naturally widen my understanding of it.

PLAYBOY: There aren't many stars of your caliber willing to take the risk of doing Shakespeare on Broadway. Why did you do it?

PACINO: To stop smoking, for what other reason? You can't smoke when you do *Richard III*. Are there reasons for people's doing things? What is a risk? It's a risk *not* to take risks. Otherwise, you can go stale, repeat yourself. I don't feel like a person who takes risks. Yet there's something within me that



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must provoke controversy, because I find it wherever I go.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Richard Dreyfuss' comic interpretation of *Richard III* in *The Goodbye Girl*?

PACINO: [Sardonic smile]

PLAYBOY: Richard Eder, in *The New York Times*, wrote, "The stage bristles with cross purposes, crossed purposes, dim purposes and Mr. Pacino's purposes."

PACINO: Yeah, I imagine it must have been true, what he said. It's what it was. It had flaws. It wasn't great, but it wasn't bad, either. There was something going on and the people were coming. The main thing was that people felt the connection with Shakespeare. I've always felt somewhere within me some connection to the Elizabethan temperament. It excites me, it serves me.

PLAYBOY: But do poor reviews also discourage you from doing it again?

PACINO: You know, there were some good notices. But there's too much going on to really dwell on that. Kitty Winn once told her grandmother how affected she was by the criticism of *The Panic in Needle Park*. Her grandmother said, "Well, that's awful, you should quit." Of course, she didn't, but that's your alternative. Or you can lament about it. The thing is in doing it, that's what it's about. Not in the results of it. The one I love is what Wallenda said. You know, the [trapeze

artists] Flying Wallendas? The accident they had? He was up there and they said, "How can you go up again after that tragedy?" And he said, "Life's on the wire, the rest is just waiting." That's where life is for me. That's where it happens. And it does.

In a lot of ways, the controversy over *Richard* has only made me feel like I want to do it again. It has encouraged me. I don't mean that as a backlash. The critics certainly weren't encouraging. I guess one of the great pleasures in my life was just going through this *Richard III* sequence. It opened the door again to say, well, I'm doing things. I survived this, you know, having worn through it, having watched and learned. I'm glad I did it. It was very valuable to me.

PLAYBOY: Would you be more specific about what you learned from the *Richard* experience?

PACINO: Something challenging—where you get hit hard, when it's not smooth—often illuminates what other people think and alters your own perspective. And that kind of metamorphosis is a positive, cathartic experience. After 70 performances of *Richard*, something started to happen. A scene that I thought I would never get or understand, I began to understand. I knew that there was a lot I had to learn. That's why I can't wait to get back on the stage. See, repetition is a big thing with me. That's

technique, repeating. Someone once said, "Repetition keeps me green." I like that saying. Also, doing a play like *Richard III* is being involved with worlds, with where we're from. Four hundred years ago, people were saying and going through those exact same things. You feel that connection, you get that sense of universality, of being a part of things.

PLAYBOY: As an actor, though, can you really make those connections? Or do you feel like an outsider, an interpreter?

PACINO: Actors are always outsiders. It's necessary to be able to interpret—and that gets distorted when you become famous. Our roots were always outside—we're wayward vagabonds, minstrels, outcasts. And that may explain why so many of us want to be accepted in the mainstream of life. And when we are—here's the contradiction—we sometimes lose our outsider's edge.

PLAYBOY: One would think that you'd be more hardened to criticism than sensitive to it after spending all your life in the theater.

PACINO: It used to worry me what people said about me. I'm learning not to worry as much. Sometimes you feel critics are wrong all the time, but I don't take objection to it, because that's the way it goes. They can be wrong, they can be right. They can be cruel, they can be kind. For instance, Walter Kerr, who is now the top reviewer for *The New York*

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Times. I dislike what he believes. There is no doubt about his knowledge, but he hurt me. Two things he said hurt me. It was the only time in my career that I felt that I would confront him on a couple of things he said.

PLAYBOY: What were they?

PACINO: What he said about *Pavlo Hummel*. There was something in what he said that profoundly scared me. He said that a character like that was unimportant, that nobody would be interested in a person like that, nobody cares, why do a play like that? Pavlo Hummel is about as unimportant as Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*.

PLAYBOY: What was Kerr's criticism of *Richard*?

PACINO: He said I didn't belong in Shakespeare. But Shakespeare is one of the reasons I've stayed an actor. Sometimes I spend full days doing Shakespeare by myself, just for the joy of reading it, saying those words. . . . I do Shakespeare when I am feeling a certain way. Sometimes I will sit here for a day and a night, acting out parts. I can go for ten hours straight. Maybe it goes back to the way I worked things out in my subconscious when I was very small, when I went home and acted all the parts in the movies I'd seen. People are always asking me to do Shakespeare—at home, at colleges, on film locations, in restaurants. It's like playing a piece of music, getting all the notes. It's great therapy.

PLAYBOY: Is that what acting is for you?

PACINO: More than that; I have a need to do it. My favorite line in *Richard III* is, "Nay, for a need." *For the need!* The need is everything. That is what it is about. Appetite and need.

[*Here, Pacino takes a cookie from a bag on the floor and dips it into his Perrier water.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you know what you just did?

PACINO: [*Looks down, laughs*] Now I'm dipping my cookies in water. Next thing you know, I'll be sitting on the window sill.

PLAYBOY: There's a box of cookies on top of your refrigerator, the majority of which are half eaten. Is it that you don't expect many visitors or you don't care if you offer them half-eaten cookies?

PACINO: Half a cookie? I have to see that to believe it.

PLAYBOY: You mean you don't know you do it?

[*Pacino gets up, goes into the kitchen, discovers the box of half-eaten cookies.*]

PLAYBOY: OK, tough question: What's your favorite cookie?

PACINO: My favorite cookie? Lavagetto. Cookie Lavagetto played third base for Brooklyn in 1940. I once knew a bartender I used to call Cookie. "Hey, Cookie, let me have a couple of beers."

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite food?

PACINO: Now you're sounding like Bar-

bara Walters. Spaghetti and meatballs. There is no second to that.

PLAYBOY: Not even the head of lettuce and celery sticks that you've been eating for dinner as we've been talking?

PACINO: [*Laughs*] I'm usually stuffing things down my mouth. I can get something in the kitchen and on the way to the living room it's gone. [*Takes a box of blueberries from the refrigerator.*] Now I'm going to start eating blueberries.

PLAYBOY: As you do, let's talk about your childhood.

PACINO: I come from the South Bronx—a true descendant of the melting pot. I grew up in a really mixed neighborhood; it was a very integrated life. There were certain tensions that usually had to do with one's income situation. Being an only child, I had difficulty with competition. I wasn't allowed out until I went to school at about six; that's when I started to integrate with other kids. I was very shy. It wasn't very pleasant going to school at that age and having the feeling that you might get beat up any day. I think a lot of kids suffer from that kind of tension. I didn't know how to protect myself very well, because I had never learned it. I learned to wrestle, I learned defensive fighting at a young age, because when somebody hit me, I would throw up and fall down. Once, I was doing a tightrope walk on a very thin rail up about five feet. I slipped and fell and the rail hit me right in the crotch. My friends laughed. I got up, walked about 20 feet, fell down. Got up, walked 30 feet and fell. Then I crawled up against the building and some of the big guys came and carried me to my aunt's house. My mother and grandmother came over and there were these three ladies looking at my private parts. I was lying prostrate on my back and they were all looking and playing with me! I must have been nine.

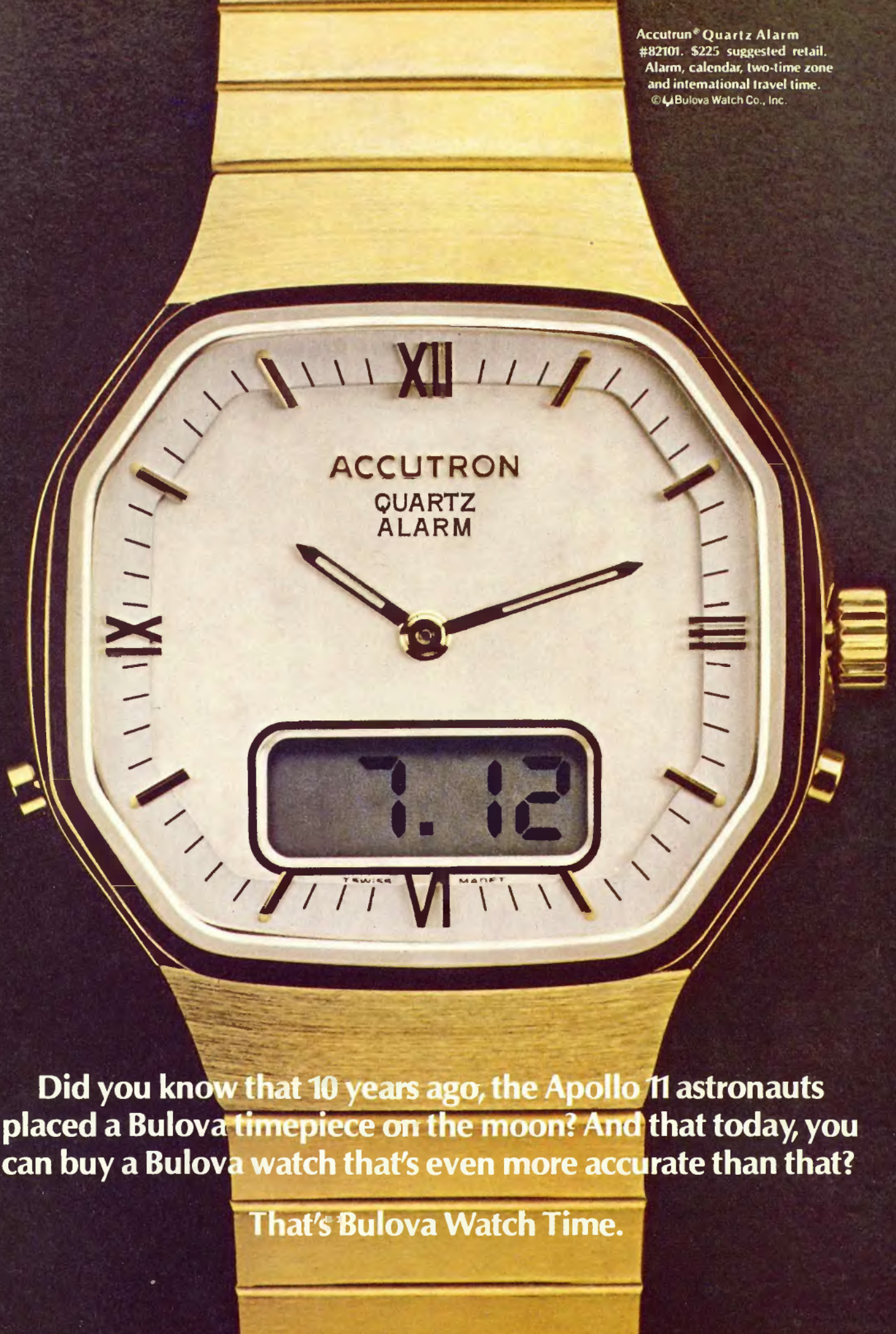
Then one time I was playing guns in the lots and there was this barbed-wire fence. I caught my lip on the barbed wire. My friend was shooting, "Gotcha, gotcha, you're not falling, I gotcha." I was screaming and he said, "Yeah, but you're dead! You're dead!" This guy finally runs up and tells my mother that I'm hanging from my lip. She fainted dead away.

PLAYBOY: You were raised by your grandparents and your mother because your father left the family while you were still a baby. Was it tough?

PACINO: My mother kept a curfew when I had to be upstairs. I needed that, it gave me a sense of right and wrong, a sense of security. She used to take me to the movies at a very young age; that's how I started acting. My grandfather raised me. He never raised a hand to me. He didn't talk much. He wasn't demonstrative. He didn't display his feelings much in terms



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of affection. But he was there. I found myself touching him a lot. It was just great to kiss him sometimes. I guess he knew I was an actor, because I used to love to hear him tell me stories about what it was like in New York in East Harlem in the early 1900s. I would bring him out more than anybody else did. I don't think anybody else was interested. He would just string these yarns for hours on the roof. I would spend nights up there, him talking to me. It's almost like a grandfather and grandson on a fishing boat, but we were in the South Bronx, up on a roof.

PLAYBOY: What were his stories about?

PACINO: His immigration here, how his mother came first, what it was like. His mother died when he was four. He quit school and went to work at nine on a coal truck. Every time he'd come home from work, I'd be playing in the lot and I'd wait for him to come by. I would ask him for a nickel. He would always *kvetch* about it, but he'd bend down deep, way down, like he was going into his shoe. And he would come up with this nickel. How *did* he finger the nickel?

PLAYBOY: Would you say he provided a role model for you?

PACINO: I imagine he did, yes. My grandfather was a provider. Work, any kind of work, was the joy of his life. So I grew up having a certain relationship to work.

It was something that I always wanted.

PLAYBOY: In . . . *And Justice for All*, there's a touching scene in which you visit your grandfather, played by Lee Strasberg, and you say to him, "You cared for me, you loved me, but your son was a shit." Is that getting pretty close to your background?

PACINO: That was the screenplay. No, I didn't have those feelings when I played the character. There are people whose sense of reality is very strong, who have a sense of honesty. Lee Strasberg is like that, my grandfather was like that. These are the kinds of men I've had close relationships with.

PLAYBOY: What about that line, though? Was your father, in real life, a shit?

PACINO: No, no. My relationship with my father wasn't a close one, but he saw me throughout my life. He would come and see me and visit. When I was younger, I stayed with him for a while. Sometimes four or five years would go by before I saw him, but he always tried to communicate with me. [Puts hand into empty box.] I think I ate the whole box of blueberries.

PLAYBOY: What was school like for you? Weren't you once put in an emotionally disturbed class?

PACINO: I was, for a couple of days.

PLAYBOY: What for?

PACINO: Pranks. I carried on a lot. I was

in a library class, sitting in the back, pushing the books until the book end would fall and make a noise. I did it once too often and they threw me out. They put me in what they called the ungraded class, but I wasn't there long.

PLAYBOY: What did you imagine you'd grow up to be?

PACINO: I wanted to be a baseball player, naturally, but I wasn't good enough. I didn't know what I was going to do with my life. I just had a kind of energy, I was a fairly happy kid, although I had problems in school. In the eighth grade, the drama teacher wrote my mother a letter saying she should encourage me. I used to recite *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. And I would read the Bible in the auditorium. That was the first time I heard of Marlon Brando. I was in a play and they said, "Hey, Marlon Brando—this guy acts like Marlon Brando." Isn't that weird? I was about 12. I guess it was because I was supposed to get sick on-stage and I really did get sick every time we did this play. Actually, the person I related to was James Dean. I grew up with the Dean thing. *Rebel Without a Cause* had a very powerful effect on me.

PLAYBOY: What encouraged you to attend the High School of Performing Arts?

PACINO: I went to Performing Arts because that was the only school that would

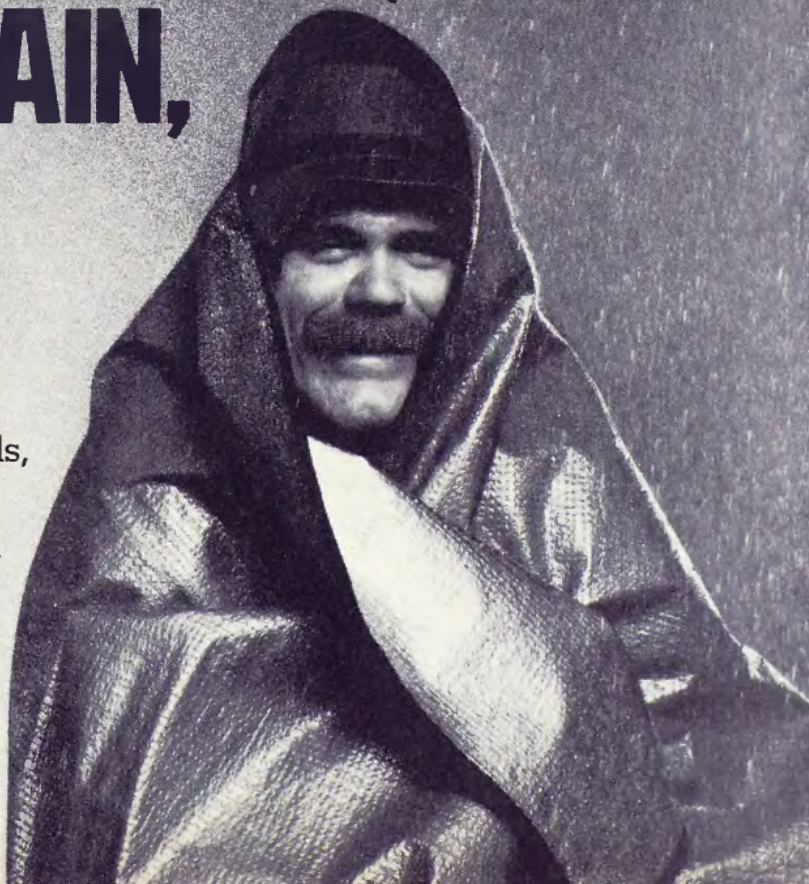
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accept me. My scholastic level was not very high.

PLAYBOY: But you also acted.

PACINO: I was never very happy with performing; it didn't turn me on much. If I made a catch at third base, I'd do a double somersault and sprawl out on the ground. I was acting—overacting. Instead of O.D'ing, I O.A.'d. They taught Stanislavsky at Performing Arts. That whole thing about the Method and serious acting, having to feel it, I thought it was crazy. What was going on? Where was the fun? So I was kind of bored with it. Once, I was in class and had to act out what it was like when I was in my room alone. Since I never had a room to myself, I had to make it up.

PLAYBOY: How many slept in your room?

PACINO: At one point, there were nine of us living in three rooms. I lived with aunts and uncles and their children. It was back and forth, it changed. There was some tendency for people to get volatile in those situations. Once, after I'd improvised something at school, this drama teacher, who was into Stanislavsky, told me, "You have the fire of the great Sicilian actors!" She called my mother, who said that acting was for rich people, that I should get a job. Well, I left high school after two years to support myself, but I remembered how "natural" the teacher had said I acted. And I went around all the time trying to be natural. I didn't know the difference between being natural and being real. What do I know from Stanislavsky? He's Russian, I'm from the Bronx.

PLAYBOY: As a kid, what did you learn about sex? We haven't brought that up yet.

PACINO: [Laughs] I was wondering when you'd turn that corner. I love work because it keeps sex in perspective. Otherwise, it can become a preoccupation.

PLAYBOY: You mean that's why you work so much?

PACINO: Yes.

PLAYBOY: So you can afford it?

PACINO: So I can afford it. [Groans] You said that.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first sexual experience?

PACINO: My first sexual experience... I had an encounter with a girl when I was nine. She took off her blouse and she actually had breasts. Maybe she was older. Maybe I was older. I put my hands on them and she giggled. She was standing in front of a mattress spring and I pushed her. She bounced off the spring and we repeated that three or four times. I thought that I had been laid. I went right out and bought a pack of prophylactics. You used to carry them around in your wallet. You didn't know what they did, but...

PLAYBOY: You mean you didn't have a friend who knew all about those things?

PACINO: That would be Cliffy, my closest

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friend. He looked like a cross between Richard Burton and Marlon Brando. He was a Jewish guy who wanted to turn Catholic. One of the toughest guys I ever knew. He had something we didn't see, like he knew something secret. He was wild. He was ahead sexually, too. He read Dostoevsky at 14 and told me how terrific it was. One thing he did, I will never forget, he tried to feel up my mother once. I saw that. He was about 14. I thought that was *really* odd.

PLAYBOY: What did your mother do?

PACINO: She kind of discouraged him and laughed. She seemed to understand it. Maybe she was flattered. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Do you still see him today?

PACINO: He was on junk and finally died, I heard, at 30. My other best friend died of drugs at 19. My two closest friends.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever shoot up?

PACINO: No, I never did. That is when we started separating. They were going into other worlds. I would say my mother kept me alive. I didn't go for the needle at all. I never cared for drugs, because I saw what they did to most people. I thought that was the end of the road. I liked booze every once in a while. I was doing that when I was about 13—the way most young guys do. You would get the guy on the street to buy you a bottle because he was older. Drinking and smoking grass were a part of my life as far back as I can remember. I thought everybody drank. I started smoking cigarettes around nine. I chewed tobacco when I was ten. I smoked a pipe at 11. But it was Cliff who was always doing something original, something I had never seen.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

PACINO: Such as hijacking an entire public bus filled with passengers. Or stealing a garbage truck and pulling up in front of my house with it. He actually got me into trouble once when he kicked in a store window to get me some shoes. A cop caught him at it and there was this embarrassing scene in front of a crowd. My grandmother got me out of it.

There was always something going on in that neighborhood. One time I remember going down to where the buses used to be to get some transfers, which we used to use as play money. I was about ten, and this strange kid came up to me with a funny look on his face. He said, "Sonny," which was my nickname, "some strange guy just came up and peed in my mouth." I thought, That was a weird thing to do. "You'd better go up and tell your mother," I said. Things like that would happen every day.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you might have ended up as your friend Cliff.

PACINO: I once had this job working for the owner of a fruit farm. My friends were outside playing and I was separating the green from the red tomatoes. The

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owner came to me and he actually drew a countryside on a board. He diagramed the trees and the paths. He said, "There are two paths in life: the right one and the wrong one. You are on the wrong one." I thought it had something to do with the tomatoes. But it had to do with my friends outside. He said, "Stay with them and you will wind up like them. Jobless and free."

PLAYBOY: Your mother died when she was 43. How old were you?

PACINO: I was 22. My mother's death was traumatic to my whole family. She had certain problems with her blood. She was in the hospital with some kind of anemia and she was suffering so much. It wasn't expected. My grandfather died a year later. I think it was part of the reason why. He was a very strong man. Never sick a day in his life. It makes one a little more fragile when it happens. These are tough things to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Were you alone at the time?

PACINO: I was living with someone when my grandfather died. I used to deliver *Show Business* newspaper to newsstands once a week, on Thursdays. That was my job at the time. I was on the route, on Broadway and 48th Street, and I passed out. I had trouble seeing. The doctor looked at me, took my pulse, said my heart was all right and said I should go to the outpatient clinic at Bellevue.

PLAYBOY: After those deaths, did you become closer to your father?

PACINO: No; as a matter of fact, I didn't talk to my father until years later. You know, Brando said something good in the *Playboy Interview* about guilt.

PLAYBOY: He said guilt is a useless emotion.

PACINO: Useless. It is. And when you finally come to terms with that, it gets a little easier. I think I'm beginning to. Because it took a long time before I realized I had it.

PLAYBOY: [After a long pause] What are you thinking?

PACINO: I was thinking about forgiveness and guilt. Forgiving oneself. We forgive others.

PLAYBOY: You've had to deal with death at an early age. Do you fear it?

PACINO: Not consciously. I don't go around thinking about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you'll die young?

PACINO: At one point in one's life, you get a sense of your own mortality. You view death in a certain way. From that point on, you look at your fellow man with a new understanding. I have some feelings for it now. They say it happens in your mid-30s. Sometimes I have a fantasy of my corpse being carried around in a box, people mourning me. Saying, "We shouldn't have treated him so badly."

cently. I said to the doctor, "Well, it has to get better, right?" He said no. And I realized there's an age where everything doesn't automatically get better. . . . We talk like this, I'll smoke cigarette after cigarette.

PLAYBOY: We can change the subject.

PACINO: If I die, you can write my epitaph: He was just beginning to resolve some of his problems. In about ten or 15 years, he would have been happy. He had made *such* progress!

PLAYBOY: Do you ever go back to your old neighborhood in the Bronx?

PACINO: How can you go back there? It's not there anymore. The neighborhood is gone. It's over. That world is over.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the odd jobs you used to do?

PACINO: I was a mail boy, a janitor, a shoe salesman, I worked in a fruit store, a drugstore, a supermarket, I used to move furniture—that's the hardest work I ever had. The first thing you look at when you're a moving man is the books. Everybody has books, thousands of them. They put them in boxes. It is very deceptive;

*"Sometimes I have a fantasy
of people mourning me.
Saying, 'We shouldn't have
treated him so badly.'"*

they have 5000 paperbacks in boxes. I'm the guy who would go to a moving job in a taxi. They'd say, "Al's a little late," and I'd come flying out of a taxi to lug pianos up the stairs for three dollars an hour.

I was also an usher. People would always ask me, "What time does the show start?" "What is the last show that went on?" They ask you all *kinds* of questions: "Is it good?" Finally, I figured, These people will listen to anything I say—you're the usher, right? The Rise of the House of Usher. So I bet another usher that I could get them to line up across the street. Then I told the people that because of the crowds, the line was forming across the street, in front of Bloomingdale's.

PLAYBOY: And nobody protested?

PACINO: No, they lined right up.

PLAYBOY: So you won the bet. Did you get paid?

PACINO: I got fired. Another time, I got fired in mid-stride—another of my famous usher stories. I was an usher at another moviehouse and I suddenly saw myself in a three-sided mirror. I had never seen my profile. I was about 24 at the time. I couldn't believe it. Who was this strange-looking person? I had never

seen the back of my clothes or the back of my head. So I couldn't stop staring at myself. This manager saw me doing it. He didn't like me from the word go. He just didn't like ushers, I think. He said, "Pacino, what are you looking at?" I mumbled something and he warned me not to do it again. But I did the same thing a little later as he was coming down the stairs and he caught me at it and said, "You're fired!" He never stopped, never broke stride, just kept going downstairs. I felt this rush of happiness. I should have been very unhappy, but I wasn't. I went down to the locker room and I began giggling. A couple of my friends asked, "What happened?" I said I had just been fired. "Why?" I said, "Looking at myself too much."

PLAYBOY: What job did you hold the longest?

PACINO: The longest stretch was with *Commentary* magazine. I did office work for a couple of years. I delivered things. I enjoyed working there.

PLAYBOY: Were you acting then, too?

PACINO: I was going to acting school. The Herbert Berghof Studio. That's when I got to meet Charlie Laughton. I was about 18. He was teaching an acting class. I thought there was something about him. I just felt connected to him. Charlie introduced me to writers, to the stuff that surrounds acting. We became family—Charlie's wife and daughter. Charlie and I just sort of stuck. A great actor himself, but he never pursued it. In acting class, he talked to me like I was a person, not a student. He was responsible for educating me, in a sense.

PLAYBOY: Was he a father figure?

PACINO: I imagine he was. It went from father figure to brother to friend. I wouldn't have made it here without Charlie. Among many other things, he put me straight about my drinking. He said, "You're drinking. Look at it and recognize it." I didn't know it and I didn't know that other people knew. It was a powerful moment in my life. Now I find that when I'm around people who do drugs or drink to excess, I become uncomfortable. I'm very sensitive to it and I pick it up.

PLAYBOY: Was it Laughton who first recognized your star potential?

PACINO: Absolutely—and it's an incredible story. I was a 19-year-old kid living in a tenement in the Bronx. Charlie was coming by as I came down the stairs of my tenement, and he just nailed me: "You're going to be a star." There, in the middle of the Bronx. Weird. And you've got to understand, he doesn't talk that way, I don't talk that way. Neither of us ever mentioned it since then.

PLAYBOY: Before enrolling at Berghof, didn't you try to get into Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio?

PACINO: Yeah, I auditioned, got through

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the preliminaries and was rejected. Four years later, I auditioned again and was accepted. They even lent me \$50 to pay my rent, from the James Dean Memorial Fund. Dustin and I got in the same year. I kept hearing there was this actor, Dustin Hoffman, he's terrific.

PLAYBOY: We heard through the grapevine that you've established a fund at the Actors Studio like the one you borrowed from. True?

PACINO: Yeah; I don't talk about it.

PLAYBOY: How important was the Actors Studio for you?

PACINO: The Actors Studio meant so much to me in my life. Lee Strasberg hasn't been given the credit he deserves. Brando doesn't give Lee any credit—and the Actors Studio has had such a bad name, which is not representative of what it really did for me. Next to Charlie, it sort of launched me. It really did. That was a remarkable turning point in my life. It was directly responsible for getting me to quit all those jobs and just stay acting. It instilled confidence and gave me a place to work out, to connect with people. I could do anything—Shakespeare, O'Neill—it was a constantly active place where actors were coming in. It was a major part of my life. I'll be grateful to the Actors Studio forever. I'd like to marry that place.

PLAYBOY: Your first stage appearance was in William Saroyan's *Hello Out There*. Is it true you started to cry because the audience laughed at you?

PACINO: The audience laughed at my first line. It was a really funny line and they *should* have laughed, but I had never been in front of an audience doing that play and I didn't know it was funny. I realized I didn't know the part well.

PLAYBOY: Backtracking a bit, what was it in your childhood that really decided you on acting?

PACINO: One of the things that made me want to be an actor more than ever was seeing a Chekhov play, *The Sea Gull*, when I was 14 in the Bronx. This traveling troupe came and performed the play in a huge moviehouse. There were about 15 people in the audience. It was a stunning experience.

Another time, later in my life, I was sitting in a restaurant across the street from The New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theater. The actors were sitting around a table, with a red-and-white checkered tablecloth and an umbrella, the sun was coming in from the shade—it looked like a Renoir painting. There were seven or eight of them, talking. I said to my friend, "You see them? I can't get my eyes off that group." It was as though they had existed hundreds of years and you could see their roots, their background, how much like a family they were, how that was something I always

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wanted . . . I was drawn to them. Maybe that is what I want . . . I don't know.

PLAYBOY: So we can credit Chekhov with igniting you?

PACINO: Chekhov was as important to me as anybody as a writer. Brecht, as well as Shakespeare, has really helped me in my life. Also Henry Miller, Balzac and Dostoevsky. They got me through my 20s, gave me such a *raison d'être*. The relationships that we have with writers are quite a thing; they're different from the ones we have with actors or musicians or composers or politicians. Everything for me is the writer; without him, I don't exist. So he is first. The actor gets all the fame and glory, but I don't know about *endurance*.

PLAYBOY: What are your three favorite plays?

PACINO: Forgetting Shakespeare, *The Ice-man Cometh*, *The Sea Gull*, *The Master Builder*. O'Neill, Chekhov and Ibsen.

PLAYBOY: Back to your life. For a while, you supported yourself as a building superintendent, right?

PACINO: I was about 26. My friend told me about this job with a rent-free apartment and \$14 a week. So I went down and got a boiler's permit and came back and I was a super. It was my first real place that was not a rooming house or sharing with a girl—I had lived with a girl before that. Now I had my own little home. I had no money, hardly anything to eat, but I had a roof over my head. I was a super for 11 months. I drank, actually, but I hung in there and came out of it. It was a very fruitful time and, at the same time, it was the lowest time in my life. I used to hang an 8 x 10 glossy of me on the door.

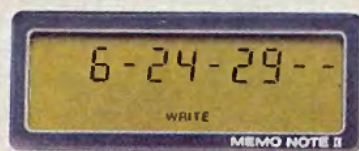
PLAYBOY: Did it help you meet women?

PACINO: Well, this girl moved into the building. I couldn't believe someone that beautiful existed. I thought I should meet her, but I couldn't wait for something; I wasn't working and sex was not in the right perspective. So I thought I would blow her lights out, then that would get her to come downstairs for a fuse and she would—

PLAYBOY: Blow your lights?

PACINO: You said that. Why did you have to say that? You spoiled everything. [Laughs] So I went down to the basement and I had to find the fuse box. I had been the super for six months and I didn't know where the fuse box was. I turned the fuse I thought was her apartment's, ran through the building and out into the yard, to see if I'd gotten it right. By the time I got to her apartment, I was exhausted. She came to the door and I blew it. I was just too overanxious. I went up to her apartment and I said, "I can fix your lights and do you want to see the Village?" She was fresh from out of town, she didn't know what I was

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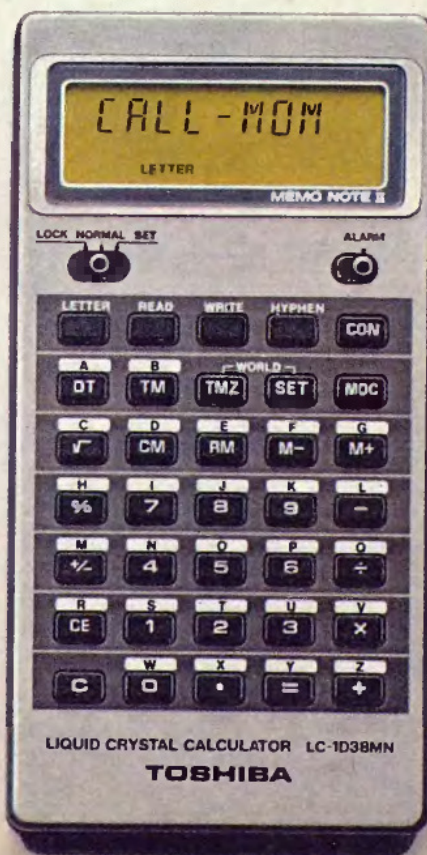
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talking about. I came on a little too strong and I said, I'm blowing this. I know I'm blowing it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been afraid of women?

PACINO: Yes, I have been.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

PACINO: You can depend on them for certain things, but you cannot invest anybody with that much power; it's not fair to yourself or to the person. It's hard to know that, because you *did* invest it in your mother. Momma doesn't leave you.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is relationships break up. You've had a number of relationships; who's the one who usually leaves?

PACINO: It's been mutual. I guess I probably have an intense fear of being left.

PLAYBOY: What do you look for in a woman?

PACINO: I like women who can cook. [Grins] That's first. Love is very important, but you've got to have a friend first—you want to finally come to a point where you say that the woman you're with is also your friend. There's some connection with trust. That takes time. Love goes through different stages. But it endures. Love endures. Shakespeare said, "Even to the edge of doom. If this be error and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved." You know, it bears it out even to the edge of doom. "Love's not Time's fool." Romantic love can be a lot of crap, though, let me tell you. And it can hurt you.

PLAYBOY: How often have you been in love?

PACINO: I've been in love twice. The first time, because of my career, I wouldn't have any of it. The second time, I found some other reason. I knew the first time that it was promising, but there were a lot of things happening with my life and I could not deal with it at that time.

PLAYBOY: Were those times with Jill Clayburgh and Marthe Keller?

PACINO: I won't tell you who they were. Sorry about it.

PLAYBOY: You were with Jill for five years, weren't you?

PACINO: I was, yeah. I don't like to talk about things like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you still see her?

PACINO: I will see Jill occasionally. She's a friend. She's married to David Rabe, who's a brilliant playwright.

PLAYBOY: When did they meet?

PACINO: He fell in love with Jill when I was with her.

PLAYBOY: Did Jill know that then?

PACINO: I don't know. She didn't tell me. I guess she didn't know.

PLAYBOY: Do you see David as well?

PACINO: Even professionally, I don't see him.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Jill in *An Unmarried Woman*?

PACINO: She was excellent, wonderful.

She came out. She became one of us, in a sense.

PLAYBOY: At the time you were with her, in your early 30s, you felt too wrapped up in your own career?

PACINO: I wasn't very aware of things at 32. At 32, I was like . . . swimming. Trying to get out of a barrel. I remember one time with Jill, I was in the bathtub, I had been on a three-day. . . . And she came into the bathroom and sat down and said, "I suddenly feel lonely. But you are drunk." I was pickled. It was as though there was a fog on my glasses. The windshield wipers weren't working.

PLAYBOY: What's the longest you've ever lived with one woman?

PACINO: Five years.

PLAYBOY: That was a long time ago. Have you juggled a lot of women around?

PACINO: Yes. Well . . . if you go with three or four different women, you don't necessarily juggle *them*. They could be juggling you, going with three or four different guys. There was a time in my life when being dishonest with women was the natural way to be. I finally said, "Hey, I have to stop this silliness." . . . I never talk like this—to men or to women. I just don't. I never had occasion to.

PLAYBOY: We thought we were being gentle with you about this.

PACINO: I think so, you have been very gentle. If you want to open up with me on that, come on, I'm ready.

PLAYBOY: OK. Sally Kirkland said that women find you fantastically sexy. You're obviously aware of that, aren't you?

PACINO: [Smiles]

PLAYBOY: You can't verbally record a smile.

PACINO: Yes you can. You just did.

PLAYBOY: And Jill Clayburgh is very complimentary about you; she said you projected power because of your lack of egocentricity.

PACINO: Keep 'em coming!

PLAYBOY: No reaction, eh? Then let's talk about the women's movement for a moment.

PACINO: [Sings] "The girl that I marry. . ."

PLAYBOY: Would you consider yourself a feminist?

PACINO: [Continues singing]

PLAYBOY: All right, have you changed your attitudes toward women since you were a kid?

PACINO: Naturally, just by experiencing life. I used to say I wanted to genuflect to a woman, put her up on a pedestal higher and higher, way up beyond my grasp. . . . Then I'd find another one. But as an actor, I haven't felt that way. Women have always had equal importance onstage, and working with them must have altered my sensibilities. I've never felt sensitive to the whole issue, because being *macho* has never been a problem with me. But, objectively, sure,

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I can sympathize with the aims of the movement.

PLAYBOY: Does breaking up with women affect you differently each time?

PACINO: Let's save that for some other time.

PLAYBOY: Five minutes ago, you said you'd go with us on these questions. Now you say save them.

PACINO: That question doesn't make sense to me. You mean, is there a pattern in breaking up?

PLAYBOY: How has it affected you emotionally each time? Have you been devastated once, glad the next time, free, sad, neutral? There are different ways to feel.

PACINO: Yes, that's true, yes.

PLAYBOY: You're letting our question be your answer.

PACINO: Because I know someone who has all the answers when I see him.

PLAYBOY: Now you're playing cat-and-mouse. How long were you with Tuesday Weld?

PACINO: Close to a year, I guess.

PLAYBOY: She was a taboo subject to talk about then; is she still?

PACINO: I imagine that I wouldn't really talk about any of the women I've been with. I just *couldn't* do it.

PLAYBOY: Just doing our job, running down the stories we've heard. What about Carol Kane; were you ever with her?

PACINO: I was never with Carol Kane. She's a friend of mine.

PLAYBOY: And Liza Minnelli?

PACINO: Just an acquaintance. I happened to be at her birthday party and she sang a simple song, like *My Funny Valentine*. It was a transcending experience.

PLAYBOY: How might it affect your acting to be in a film or a play with a former lover?

PACINO: Well, there needs to be a hiatus, a 20-year hiatus, I think I can handle it. [Laughs] Yeah, it can be fine. You can be friends with them.

PLAYBOY: Have you remained friends with all your lovers?

PACINO: Yes, yes, I have.

PLAYBOY: Since you often live with women you're seeing, how has the Lee Marvin case affected you? Would you ever have a contract?

PACINO: No, I would not. The women I've known, frankly, I would never expect that from any of them.

PLAYBOY: But what if, after six months, she said, "You've ruined part of my life, I helped you make \$2,000,000 that year, I want half."

PACINO: I'd say [screams, imitating George C. Scott], "You owe me money!"

PLAYBOY: Shouldn't you give it some thought?

PACINO: I will. But it's a little premature.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever experience guilt when a relationship is over?



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PACINO: No. I am not aware of it. When I think back on some relationships that I really withdrew from, I feel there are certain things I had to resolve that still haven't been resolved. In order to take a relationship further, in order to be fair to the relationship, you have to feel like a complete person toward her. It was like half of me was here, but the other half was. . .

PLAYBOY: In the Bahamas?

PACINO: Yeah. Unexplored turf. There were problems stopping me. There were relationships in my life that I didn't pursue, because I consciously knew that they wouldn't last. I remember in 1970 sitting with a woman friend . . . I was half in the bag. I said, my professional life is going to go fine, that's clear, but the personal stuff—that relationship wasn't going to last. In a particular point in a relationship, I understood that there was something in myself that was lacking, that was not there.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a sense that it was closing in on you? That you needed more space?

PACINO: That is simple, but I guess that would be it. That is the key phrase, the feeling it is closing in on me. And it has to do with you. The woman isn't closing in on you. It is crazy. What does that mean? Why would she want to close in on you? Why?

PLAYBOY: That comes when a relationship is getting deeper.

PACINO: That's right. You don't feel in control. You think, if you let go, you will fall off. You know, we talk about this . . . this hurt . . . and we're not quite able to take it any further. When you write, you are able to do it, and when I act, I am able to do it, to go to those parts in our unconscious that are unleashed. But when we sit here and talk about these subjects, it's like you can see it exhausting itself.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought of having children?

PACINO: I haven't had a wife! . . . Yes, I wanted to have a child once. You forget the realities around you, you love the person so much you want to. . . For that moment, you say yes. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it didn't happen. I knew it wasn't the time for it. I'm glad. Now I can. I could have, 15 years ago. A couple of times, I regretted it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a strong desire to be a father?

PACINO: Yeah. I will wait until it gets stronger. But there is something about it that wasn't before, that really seems to be there. I figure I'll get the dog first. Then the kid.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you're ready to get married.

PACINO: It would mean something to me to have some kind of focus, something that is solid and there all the time. Some-

thing you can count on and that is regular.

PLAYBOY: So a family structure is beginning to make more sense to you?

PACINO: Yeah, it is. One understands its relationship to life. Too much of the time, there is a pretended commitment. That is where we get in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Well, there is certainly no shortage of women who would be interested in testing your commitment. You are aware that you're one of the more publicly desirable men in the world, aren't you?

PACINO: What did you do, consult a poll?

PLAYBOY: People say there's a magnetism you get across on the screen that has turned you into a sex symbol. Does that make real-life romance harder for you?

PACINO: I think that is fucking crazy. What are you asking me?

*"I was in a swimming pool
and this girl was giving me
the eye. But there was
something different. She
didn't know who I was!"*

PLAYBOY: About the nature of being considered a sex symbol and what it does to you.

PACINO: I don't have that sense. I just sense that they are looking at me because I am someone they know. I am famous. I don't go any further with it.

PLAYBOY: You don't run into situations in which a woman will come up to you and give you her number?

PACINO: Oh, yeah, yeah, sure.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever follow up?

PACINO: No, I do not.

PLAYBOY: Never?

PACINO: I do not.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep the numbers?

PACINO: [Laughs] I was in a swimming pool a couple of years ago and this girl was giving me the eye. I was with some friends and I thought, Well, she recognized me and that was it. But there was something different about this girl. She didn't know who I was! I didn't talk to her or come on to her in any way. I just sat there, but it was a great experience, one that I hadn't had for years. It was delightful. I didn't pursue it in any way, but it was very exciting. It made me feel alive.

PLAYBOY: How did you know she didn't know who you were?

PACINO: She met me afterward and started talking to me. Either she was the greatest actress that ever lived—that has happened before, a woman pretends she doesn't know me—but this was genuine.

And it was very moving.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you respond to her?

PACINO: I did. I gave her a picture of me. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Oh, great. Did you sign it?

PACINO: I did. I signed it Robert Redford.

PLAYBOY: Has that ever happened in reverse? That you've met somebody famous you used to like from afar?

PACINO: When I was a young man, there was a certain celebrity I had a crush on. Some years back, I was at a party and this girl actually approached me and tried to seduce me. I didn't want her to. I couldn't tell her, "A good part of my young adult life I've had these fantasies with you, and now here you are." She probably would have said, "Let's get married," or something.

PLAYBOY: The picture that deals with reality and fantasy more than any of your others is *Bobby Deerfield*. You and the character you play are both celebrities obsessed by your professions, not easily communicative, and you don't readily relate to outsiders. Would you agree with Marthe Keller that, of all your roles, *Deerfield* is the one closest to you?

PACINO: It was probably closest to me at the time.

PLAYBOY: Did that scare you at all?

PACINO: Sometimes characters you play help you work things out in real life. It was a move away from anything I had done before. I'm very grateful to Sydney Pollack for having wanted me to do it. Coming at that time in my life, it was very important for me personally. It certainly wasn't a career triumph.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that you and Pollack didn't get along very well.

PACINO: We didn't. It's because we're different. Sydney had a genuine idea for the movie, it meant something to him. We had different views, and in a movie like that, you need to be together on it. It was a very delicate subject. On that film, it was necessary to be in sync with each other and we were just a mess. Maybe we would have been better off had I listened to him more; it would have been consistent. I didn't quite understand his point of view. There are aspects in the picture that are really good, but it was one that missed for me.

PLAYBOY: What were you after in *Deerfield*?

PACINO: I was after the other side of narcissism. That something that happens to a superstar who is left and is idolized, a kind of loneliness I was after, narcissistic detachment, depression. That's what it was about—about breaking that depression, that self-absorption; opening like a flower. In my own life, I have not gone into or resolved many things; many things I've avoided. That is what *Bobby Deerfield* is about. About avoiding—knowing when to duck, when to move,

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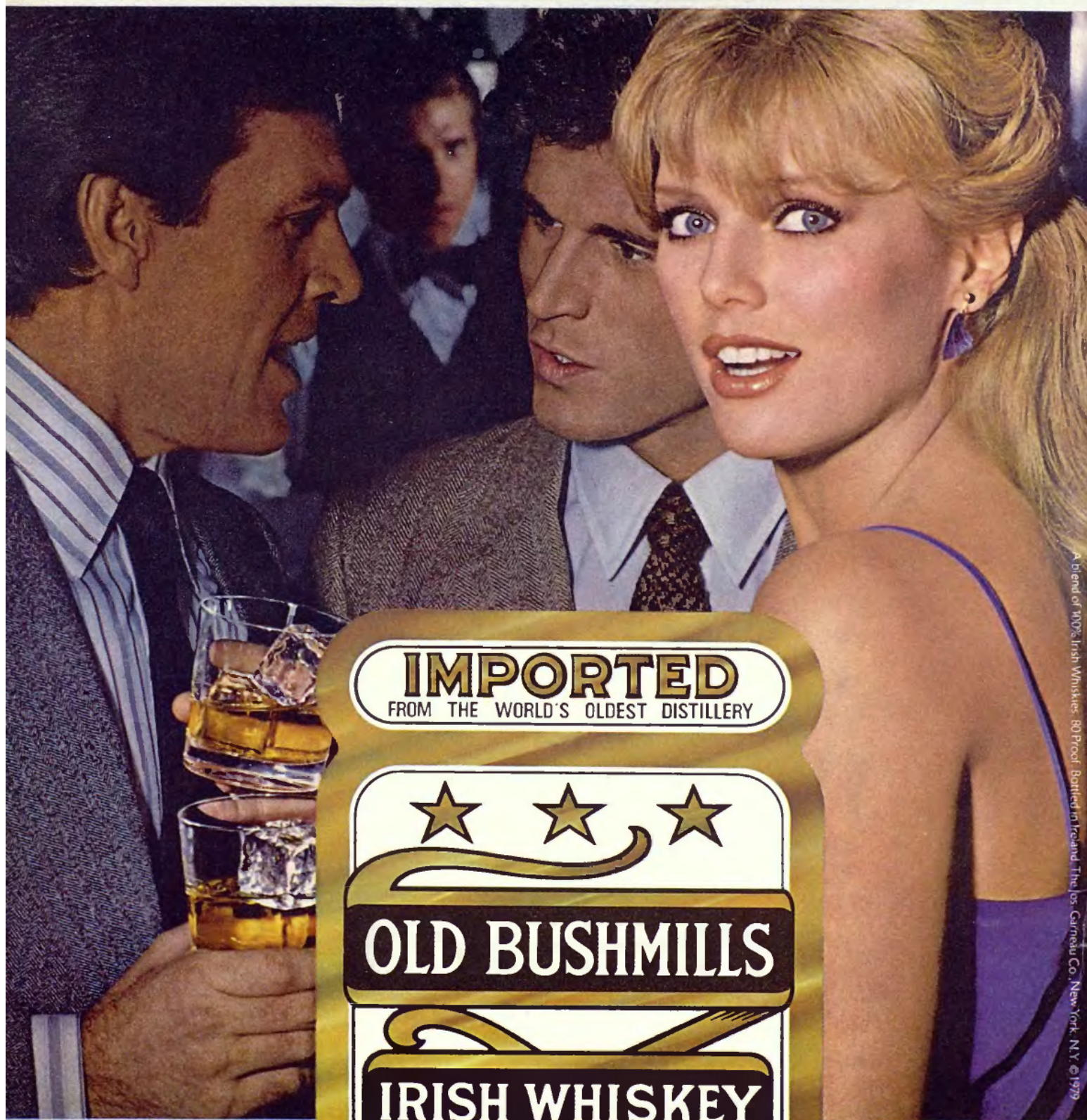
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when to hide, when to go in, when to roll with the punches. That is what I call my way of survival. That whole idea of when to duck and when to hide and when to move and when to come down. I've had a lot of selfish incidents in my life. One day I just turned around and said, I am a selfish bastard and I don't have to be.

PLAYBOY: Marthe Keller perhaps sensed that. She said that there was something about that part in you that scared her.

PACINO: That's complicated.

PLAYBOY: Were you living together?

PACINO: Yeah, we were.

PLAYBOY: When did you break up?

PACINO: About a year ago.

PLAYBOY: Is that relationship over?

PACINO: I don't want to talk about it. I can't talk about that experience. Why are you asking me?

PLAYBOY: Because there was a lot of publicity about it before and after you made the film.

PACINO: There was a lot of publicity about that. It's hard to have a relationship with someone who does what you do. I've managed to move away from all that stuff—you never saw anything quoting me.

PLAYBOY: People magazine did put the two of you on its cover.

PACINO: I didn't pose for that. There's damage being done by that, the relationships become crazed by it. Could we not talk about that? I really have to say I cannot talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever miss just being a face in the crowd?

PACINO: There's a wonderful thing about anonymity that I really don't have, to be just pounding the streets like everybody else. It's a really important thing to be able to go into the streets. I miss it, and at the same time. . . .

PLAYBOY: You're willing to pay the price?

PACINO: Yeah; it's a crazy thing. When I first became famous, it was as though, to paraphrase Pasternak, the lights were pointing in my face and I couldn't see outward. People treat you differently. So you learn to see only a certain side of people. And one loses touch with the way people really are with each other. So when people don't treat you in an ordinary way, it can be damaging to your sense of perspective as an actor and a person.

PLAYBOY: How did your sense of perspective about the world around you change?

PACINO: The world is a different place for me, that's all there is to it. The world got smaller and the block got bigger. Somebody said to me once, on the street, "You're Al Pacino?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Well, congratulations, you look like you oughta." [Laughs] An-

other time, I was with Charlie in a delicatessen. I was standing outside. A girl said to him, "Is that Al Pacino?" He said yes. She said no. He said, "It is." She said, "Al?" I turned around and said, "Yes?" She said, "Oh, my." Charlie said, "Somebody's gotta be him." I love that.

PLAYBOY: Do people get nervous around you?

PACINO: They go strange, that's what I call it. I see very normal, sometimes highly intelligent, together people who present such an aura of power and sensibility. Then you walk in front of them and it all goes. They recognize you, they get silly. Only for a moment. It passes and they're back to themselves again. But it's a funny kind of thing.

The whole thing of being a star . . . like, you're up there and you're a star, then a superstar. What it implies is that you're out of it, you're up there and you're away. That can be sad. One time, this guy said to me on the radio, "How do you feel being a superstar?" I said, "This is my last interview." That was

"One time, this guy said to me on the radio, 'How do you feel being a superstar?' I said, 'This is my last interview.'"

the answer to that.

PLAYBOY: Still, it's your name that brings people to the theaters.

PACINO: I remember one thing that upset Toscanini very much about Caruso. He was having difficulty with a Beethoven thing. Caruso pointed out the window and said, "See those lines? They're here to see me, not Beethoven." You know, I've seen a lot of actors so crazy about fame they worry about it before they become famous. They enjoy going through the preliminaries: What will we do? Will we have to move out of the neighborhood? They love it. That kind of thing can turn me off.

PLAYBOY: That's a good idea for a TV sitcom: people preparing for fame.

PACINO: Yeah, it is sort of like looking at your casket.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever consider doing television?

PACINO: Sure. I don't get TV scripts. If I do stage, I would do TV.

PLAYBOY: That's surprising. Most of the major stars—Hoffman, De Niro, Streisand, up to now yourself—don't do TV.

PACINO: George C. Scott does TV specials.

Olivier does television and movies. It depends on the property. If they were to do a TV version of a play I did, and if I felt it would translate, I would do it. They wanted to do *Paulo Hummel* on television, but I thought that the experience of the stage production wouldn't translate to TV. Same thing with *Richard III*. But I'm going to do that again, so maybe the next time it'll be filmed for TV.

PLAYBOY: Why not do *Hamlet*?

PACINO: Nobody asked me to.

PLAYBOY: If somebody asked you, would you do it?

PACINO: Yes, of course.

PLAYBOY: Don't you like to instigate these things?

PACINO: I really don't. There is never a part that I want to do. An actor basically likes to be asked to do something, no matter what position he's in. It feels more natural. Sitting and waiting is more gratifying.

PLAYBOY: For things to fall into place?

PACINO: Yeah. The fruit falls off the tree. You don't shake it off before it's ready to fall.

PLAYBOY: Then there are always the missed opportunities, the fruit that rots on the ground.

PACINO: I can't believe I'm having this conversation!

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation of being a workaholic. Do you like working most of the time?

PACINO: Most things I don't want to do.

PLAYBOY: Really? What percentage of the scenes you do would you say you don't look forward to doing?

PACINO: Ninety percent of the time.

PLAYBOY: Let's get that straight. Are you saying that 90 percent of the scenes you do you don't want to do?

PACINO: That's right.

PLAYBOY: You obviously reject a lot of scripts that eventually become films. Are there any pictures that you've turned down that you later thought were really good?

PACINO: Yes. I've turned down a lot of them. If I told you the parts I turned down, you would laugh. They were really biggies. I can name three right now that were Academy Award nominees. Probably more.

PLAYBOY: What films were they?

PACINO: I can't tell you. It's not fair to the persons who played the parts.

PLAYBOY: That's ridiculous. Everybody knows that scripts go to certain people like yourself first.

PACINO: I know when you're after something, your legs start shaking. Maybe I'm just too nice to be interviewed, that's all it comes to.

PLAYBOY: Can't you just do it as a game—

(continued on page 352)

Raquel

a dazzling photographic tribute to america's premier sex symbol—done exclusively for playboy

THE GODDESS

THE ARGUMENT that I am proposing is simply this: Icons do not submit themselves to paraphrase. Poetry loses in translation; no mere words can do justice to an athlete's best performance.

So how should we attempt to turn into language the photographs that you are undoubtedly looking at? Certainly not by trying to ring some changes on the press agents' worn-out themes of sex symbols, images, superstars, etc.

Clearly, the reason millions of us have spent millions of dollars and millions of hours in large, dark rooms, fixed to our seats, following the adventures of Hedy, Rita, Harlow, Bardot, Marilyn, Sophia and, yes, Raquel, has only a little to do with our brains.

Where does that leave us? Let's consider another lady with only one name, perhaps the most famous of them all. In case you've forgotten the story, it's from the *Iliad*, and Homer told it better than I will—but bear with me.

Helen was kidnaped by Paris from her husband, Menelaus, and carried off to Troy. The Greeks pursued and, in a violent, bloody ten-year war, butchered everyone in sight. One day, near the end of the slaughter, Helen (who is nowhere in that great poem *physically* described) was walking on one of the battlements of the walled city. Several extremely old men of Troy were standing below. They looked up, squinting against the sun, at the woman whose existence was the cause of the destruction of their city. One of the old men, perhaps with the keenest vision, turned to the others and, with a shrug, said quietly, "Well—I guess it was worth it."

—BUCK HENRY



THE STAR

There is no pinpointing exactly what it is about her, but you are sure that whoever it is that hammers together girls decided, "This one gets to pick up all the marbles" and stamped her face 40 percent extra.

—BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN, "The Definitive Chickie," *Esquire*, October 1965

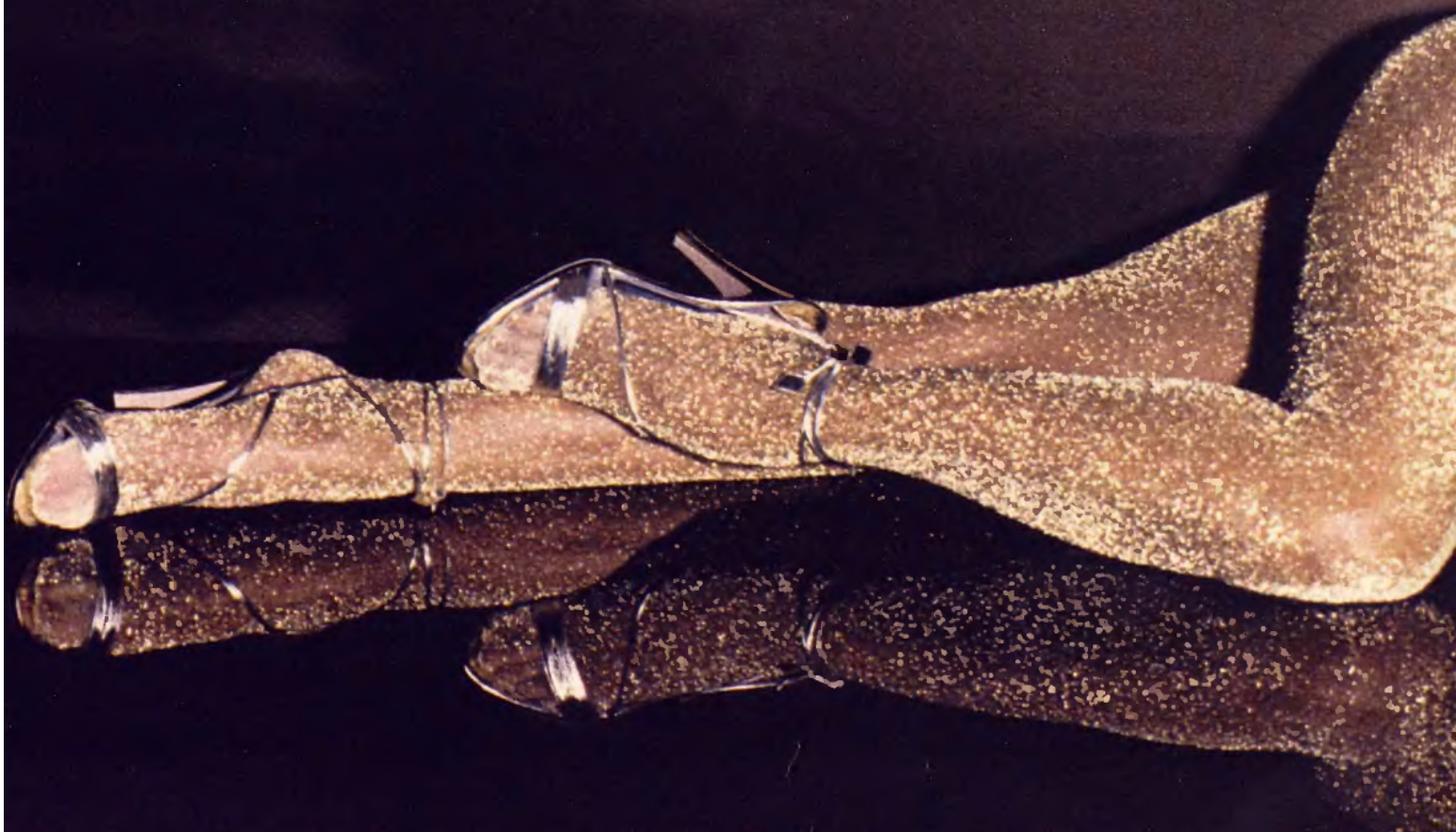
IN 1967, she strode across the screen wearing a doeskin bikini in *One Million Years B.C.* The human race (at least its male segment) was saved. We—men—no longer floundered aimlessly in a sea of unfocused hormonal urges.

Raquel was a *cause célèbre*, a cure for the blahs, something to shoot for, a reason for being. Not bad for an actress who had spoken only three or four words in an entire movie. *One Million Years B.C.* was a cinematic event simply because she was in it. A few moderately successful films—unmemorable except for her presence—a couple of thousand magazine covers and a starlet named Raquel was crowned (by *Time*) our "number-one sex symbol."

But, with all due respect to *Esquire*, chickie is not an act that lasts. Nature makes its periodic withdrawals from the account, and that is supposed to be that. Chickie is a sprint, and sex goddess is a marathon. So consider—Raquel has been with us, the foremost object of our desires, for over a decade. That is no sprint. The media, believing that they alone define reality, are comfortable with their stereotypes, and so continue to try to force Raquel into a mold then, now and forevermore. (text continued on page 160)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM
ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KENT





For these **PLAYBOY** photos, Raquel worked with topflight New York photographer Chris Von Wongenheim. His women are sensuous, self-reliant and sure. They carry guns or are accompanied by Doberman pinschers. His photos show the dangerous side of beauty. He explains his exciting shooting: "I wanted to go beyond the Raquel that everyone knows, to show her as the woman she is, instead of just a symbol."





Raquel as she will appear in her dramatic television debut, a three-hour film called *The Legend of Walks Far Woman*.

She has fooled them. The moves have been clear since the difficult action role she took in *Kansas City Bomber*. After that, she went to comedy, and won a Golden Globe best-actress award for her part in *The Three Musketeers*. She learned French to star opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo in *L'Animal* (as of this writing, a hit in Europe but still unreleased in the U. S.) and created and starred in a spectacular night-club act that not only wowed Vegas but made a successful transatlantic crossing to Paris.

Leave aside the matters of the flesh (how does she manage to look so damned good?) for a second and think about this purely in terms of style. The line has to be drawn from that girl standing there in the prehistoric bikini in *One Million*

Years B.C. to the woman gleaming out of these pages. It seems inevitable now, just as the best way to draw a line through a maze is backward: We may not know where we're going, but we usually know where we've been.

What it all adds up to is that PLAYBOY wanted to celebrate Raquel in a manner befitting the person who has been called "the world's most beautiful woman," so we proposed to Raquel that she select the photographer or photographers with whom she'd most like to collaborate. She chose American expatriate Tony Kent and the legendary fashion photographer Chris Von Wangenheim, with whom she spent several days shooting in Mexico and New York. The results: You see them here.

Most recently, Raquel was shooting a film in Billings, Montana. For the past couple of years, she turned down film roles that relied on chickie clichés, until she came across an idea that she liked—about an Indian woman liberated before her time. She pushed until it got made—a three-hour, made-for-TV movie called *The Legend of Walks Far Woman* (which will air this spring).

Billings is the largest city in Montana, but that isn't saying a whole lot. With 61,000 people, it's the size of the Chicago suburb of Oak Park, or two thirds as big as Santa Monica, California. If you're sitting there in some big city or endless slurb, dreaming the dream of a romantic small town, 61,000 probably sounds terrific, especially since the few license plates you've seen from Montana proclaim it to be BIG SKY country. Small town, big sky, what could be bad? Except that Billings is ringed with smelting and refining operations that spew into that big sky the odor of hydrogen sulphide (rotten eggs to you and me; the smell of money, pardner, to the chamber of commerce).

The point is that Billings is not some wonderful vacation paradise, and Raquel was stuck there for eight weeks with her cast and crew, while everyone in town bubbled over the fact that she was there. When we arrived at the car-rental desk at the airport, the girl looked up and said, "Raquel's here. You gonna see her?" It may have been her standard line for anyone who didn't look like a cowboy.

We went to the Northern Hotel and made our way to the door of the Governor's Suite, where a rent-a-guard was stationed. The hall outside Raquel's door had become a camping ground for fans: kids wanting autographs, as well as members of minor-league ball clubs playing in Billings, but wanting—nearly as much as a trip to the majors—to get a glimpse of her.

Raquel's secretary, a man named Sterling Clark, answered

JOHN ENGSTEAD







Tony Kent, an American expatriate photographer who currently resides in Paris, shot these pictures of Raquel on a beach in Mexico. As you can see here, the transcontinental chemistry worked. "Most of the first period of working in front of a camera is experimentation," she told us afterward. "It takes a while for the photographer to get used to your face. And finally, there gets to be a groove."

our knock. The Governor's Suite, huh? Not too, uh, *big*, or splendid, by big-city standards.

Suddenly, Raquel walked in. Five-six, *those legs* in well-worn Levis, a French-cut T-shirt, no bra, *that body*. Her hair had been darkened for the role of an Indian, and it accentuated her high cheekbones. In a way, we realized, the past echoed, for Raquel Tejada had made her theatrical debut in summer stock as an Indian maiden.

She looked terrific, period. Sex goddesses, like sports stars, are supposed to fade at exactly that moment when the rest of us are hitting our peak. But some of the greats—Cobb, Williams, Aaron, Brock—were not diminished by age, and neither is Raquel.

She wanted to talk about the movie she was doing, because, as it turned out, she believed that the reality of a "manly-hearted" Indian woman of the late 19th Century had a great deal of applicability to the life of a star almost 100 years later. It was not an easy picture to get made, because in this age of the endless Hollywood negotiation, a deal involving Indians is one that doesn't make the moguls jump for joy.

"I am not trying to present myself as the Joan of Arc of the Indian movement," Raquel said, "but I do have a great sense of identity with this character. This movie breaks the

myth of the stoic Indian woman, the woman who always walked three paces behind her man. And it shatters the notion that Indians' lives weren't rich and full of drama. We don't *have* to be self-conscious about them, self-conscious and hypocritically pious, just because they're Indians. Most people have the misconception that Indians never smile or laugh. We're so guilt-ridden about them that we see them only as stereotypes, and we put them in the limbo we reserve for symbols."

A couple of weeks earlier, Raquel had been consigned by a magazine to the limbo reserved for symbols when *Time* alleged she wasn't doing her own stunts. The writers at *Time* had forgotten that Raquel broke her wrist roller-skating in *Kansas City Bomber*; in *Walks Far*, one stunt landed her in the hospital, and she had to be restrained (by trembling insurance men) from riding a bucking horse in the water.

That item had been unpleasant. Moreover, there were the difficulties of being on an incredibly tight shooting schedule, with all the assorted agonies any large group has when it is far from home on location.

So no matter the psychic rewards of doing a part that looked to be the kind of tour (text concluded on page 166)



Von Wangenheim on Raquel: "It is very difficult to photograph personalities.
An actress has a presence onscreen that does not translate to stills.
It's like playing a Bach concerto on a banjo. But Raquel is
believable. She is a gutsy woman. She is still a mystery."



de force that might cause the likes of *Time* to take a real look at Raquel; she was paying the price of having been the prime mover in the project, of having exercised power.

"This business is more difficult on women than on men," she said, sipping at Evian water. "The women who have succeeded—Jane Fonda, Barbra Streisand, for example—have had to have an incredible edge to accomplish what they've accomplished. And while I admire that, at the same time, I sometimes resent having to have that sharp an edge. I wish there were a way to get what you need as an artist without sometimes having to appear strident. But if they, or I, or any woman, has been strident, it's because we've had to be.

"Being forced to show strength is debilitating. What's important is collaboration between artists, so that the burden of pushing something forward can be shared. Of course, there's a reluctance on some people's part to collaborate if you're a woman, especially if you're a sex symbol. Then you may have to step back to position number two and let someone else be the figurehead."

Much earlier in her career, it was easier, in a way, to be controlled than to control: "If you're at the focal point of things, you take all the heat, and for a woman, that's not been a natural position, because a woman's natural position has been one of nurturing. So you have to choose—to take the heat, or to search out someone to take the heat for you. But then *they* tell you what to do."

Now *nobody* tells Raquel what to do. When we tried to float the subject of sex, she turned it into the Hindenburg when she said, calmly, "I think people talk *too much* about sexuality. I think we all know what it's about, and it's different for every person. I know that articulating it is an important thing for a magazine like *PLAYBOY*, but it's not so important for me."

Well. But these photos are not exactly asexual, even if they seem more European than American. They are sultry, not static. "I'm not the fluffy cheerleader type—I'm a grown woman," she said.

"I'm what my yoga master calls 'over-energized,' so I have to do physical stuff. It's very cathartic for me. Back when I did *100 Rifles*, I was sandwiched between Burt Reynolds and Jim Brown, and they could do *all* those stunts, falls and tuck and rolls, and I wanted to get out there and do them, too.

"It's as attractive for a woman to do physical things as for a man, but I have to admit that I never do anything sporting until I'm in front of a camera. I do yoga, but I don't jog or play tennis or swim, none of it.

"I used to run when I was in Paris a couple of years ago. The problem with

running is finding a nice place to do it. In Paris, there was a park with lots of leaves on the ground, and I could start out walking, watching them, and then begin to run. It was beautiful, and there were no car fumes. In L.A., everyone is out there in their jogging suits looking serious. What a drag!"

The conversation drifted from fitness to junk food (Billings is loaded with franchise restaurants). "The decline of American civilization can be traced to the invention of Pop Rocks. Food that makes noise! Doesn't taste! Just explodes in your mouth and makes noise! The first time I saw that on television, I said, 'Hold on, guys. That's it!'

"I think," Raquel said, "that if I weren't in show business and someone gave me the choice, I'd like to live in a small village in some place like Cyprus. Those villages are the kinds of places where you know everyone, and so you can go to the market and talk to your friends and buy fresh vegetables and go home and cook real food.

"Sometimes I wonder if the women's movement hasn't been very much the outgrowth of technology. We've got TV dinners we can pop in the oven. We've been liberated from the kitchen. But if the ethic is that two people have to work instead of one to earn more money, is that so liberating?"

That seemed to us to be the "serious" Raquel talking.

"I think," she said, "that there's a misconception about me wanting to be taken 'seriously.' That word is also a label, and when you use it, it implies that I'm not. Maybe the problem is that I'm hard to pigeonhole, and that's what people like to do. It's easier for them to say, 'Oh! She's just the poster girl from *One Million B.C.*' than to have to deal with the fact that I'm an eclectic person.

"Most of the stuff that's written about me tries to do one of two things: either reinforce the stereotype or try to break the mold, because the writer thinks that's what he *should* do. So he talks about how terrible it is to be victimized and bear the crucifix of being a sex symbol. And it's all so predictable. What is 'serious'? What is 'sexy'? Don't they meet somewhere? I don't know anyone who laughs *during* orgasm. Do you? Have you? Sex is serious. On the other hand, I'm not saying that *foreplay* is serious."

And she turned back to comedy, for she has always admired Katharine Hepburn, and after her own success in *The Three Musketeers*, she's planning to do another comedy this year. When she was reminded that Hepburn had Tracy to play against, she thought about the available male talent and laughingly wondered if Jack Nicholson weren't someone "who could cut me down to size."

As if to illustrate the pigeonhole

Hollywood tries to stuff her in, Raquel recalled that whenever she's asked to present an Academy Award, "they call me ahead of time and tell me not to dress in anything too revealing. I told Howard Koch [producer of the Oscar telecasts] that if I'm ever *nominated*, I'll be there to collect in the nude.

"I said to one guy during one of those calls, 'You have to stop treating certain actresses as if they were stepchildren in the industry. In fact, you could even go so far as to honor one of them. You could give Dietrich or Rita Hayworth a special award for her contribution to film. Maybe they didn't do *The Grapes of Wrath*, but they certainly made a contribution to film history and culture that hasn't been repeated by anyone else.' And he said, 'That's a pretty self-serving remark,' and I said, 'Aha! You *noticed*!'"

The afternoon was gone. One of the conventions of journalism is that you don't physically attack your subject, even if it is Richard Nixon. But when we had told people that we were going to see Raquel, we were treated to so many *nudge-wink-leers* that we felt like a bad joke at a men's-club smoker. Everyone seemed to believe that we were going to tear off her clothes. (How can you be that close to a sex goddess and not tear off her clothes?) However, Sterling Clark—slender but clearly trained in the martial arts—had never left the room. Quivering like a Doberman under restraint (or was that only our imagination?), he had contented himself with cashews and Perrier rather than going for the throat of the visitor.

"Write good," she said.

"Walk far," we said. We shook hands and went out, past the guard, who followed us down the hall and around the corner and waited until we got into the elevator. The big-city paranoid reporter—used to the shoot-first, explain-later L.A. cops—didn't comprehend what the guy was up to until later. Of course! All he wanted was a few words of gossip about Raquel that he could take home to his family.

•
Anyone who has spent time in Hollywood understands its imperfect mesh of fantasy and earnestness. The fantasy is the beauty of the body, and that is separate, in Hollywood terms, from the use of the mind. Hollywood treats its beauties one way, its actresses another. Sex sells tickets; acting is art.

Raquel has sworn to bring these two elements together, and only a fool would look at the progression of her work, and at her sensuous power in our photos, and bet against her. If you're crazy, and you've got some cash to throw away, we'll cover it.

—LAWRENCE S. DIETZ



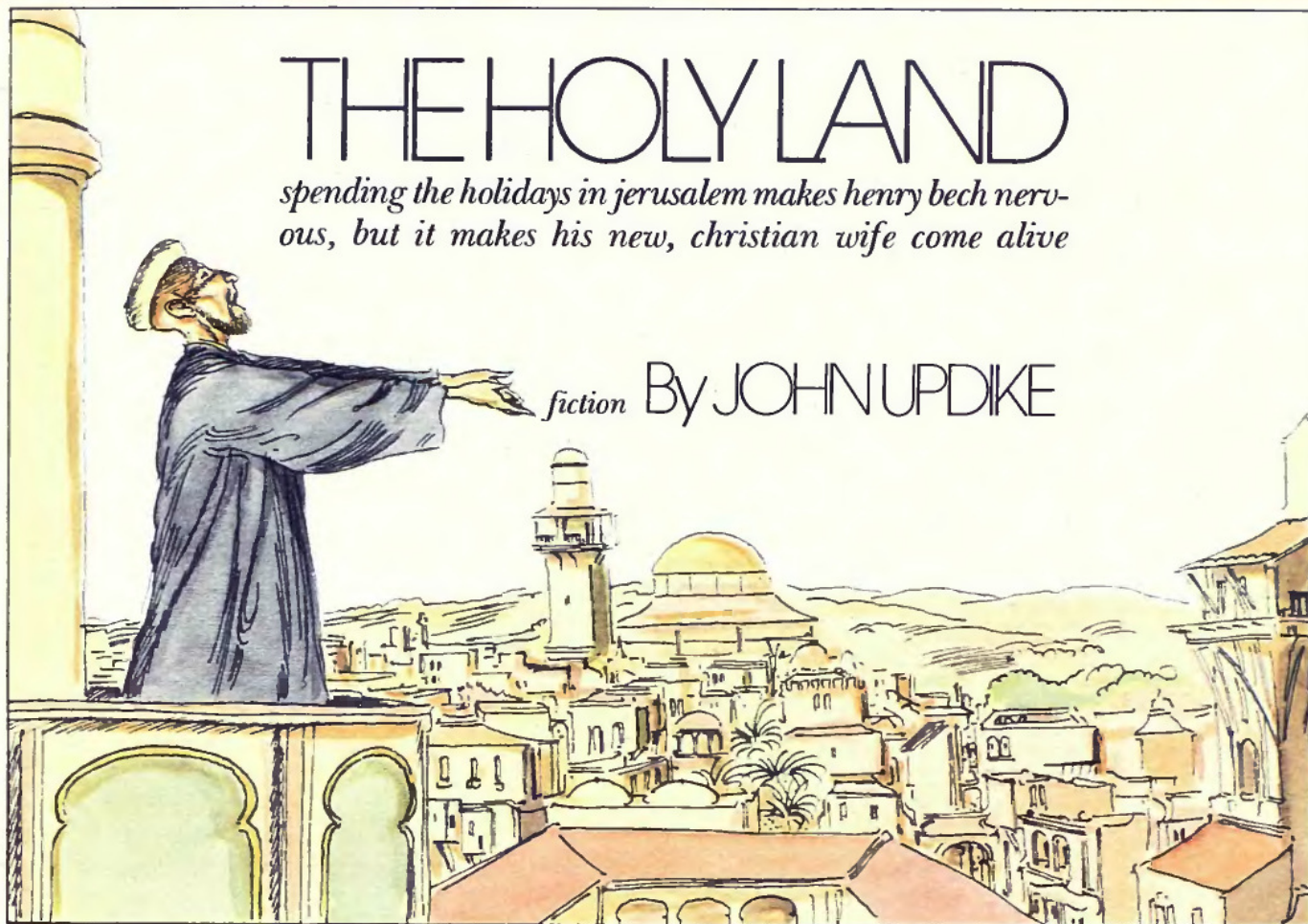


*"Waal—somebody robbed the overland stage and I aim to
have a look in that bag!"*

THE HOLY LAND

spending the holidays in jerusalem makes henry bech nervous, but it makes his new, christian wife come alive

fiction By JOHN UPDIKE



NEVER should have married a Christian, Bech thought, fighting his way up the Via Dolorosa. His bride of some few months, Beatrice Latchett (formerly Cook) Bech, and the Jesuit archaeologist that our Jewish-American author's hosts at the Mishkenot Sha'ananim had provided as guide to the Christian holy sites—a courtly Virgil to Bech's disbelieving Dante—kept getting ahead of him, their two heads, one blonde and one bald, piously murmuring together as Bech fell behind in the dusty jostle of nuns and Arab boys, of obese Protestant pilgrims made bulkier still by airline tote bags and of bored gaunt merchants with three-day beards standing before their souvenir shops. Their dark accusing sorrow plucked at Bech. His artist's eye, always, was drawn to the irrelevant: the overlay of commercialism upon this ancient sacred way fascinated him—Kodachrome where Christ stumbled, bottled Fanta where He thirsted. Scarves, caftans, olivewood knickknacks begged to be bought. Since his childhood in Brooklyn, Bech had worried that merchants would starve; the business streets of Williamsburg had been lined with disregarded narrow shops, a Kafka world of hunger artists, waiting unwatched in their cages. This was worse.

Père Gibergue had confirmed what



Bea already knew from her guidebooks: The route Jesus took from Pilate's verdict to Golgotha was highly problematical, and in any case, all the streets of First Century Jerusalem were buried under 12 feet of rubble and subsequent paving. So they and their fellow pilgrims were in effect treading on air. The priest, wearing flared slacks and a short-sleeved shirt, stopped to let Bech catch up, and pointed out to him overhead a half arch dating, it seemed certain, from the time of Herod. The other half of the arch was buried, lost, behind a gray façade painted with a polyglot array of which Bech could read the word GIFTS. Bea's face, beside the tanned face of the archaeologist, looked radiantly pale. She was lightly sweating. Her guidebook was clutched to her blouse like a missal. "Isn't it all wonderful?" she asked her husband.

Bech said, "I never realized what a big shot Herod was. I thought he was just something on the back of a Christmas card."

Père Gibergue, in his nearly flawless English, pronounced solemnly, "He was a crazy man, but a great builder." There was something unhappy about the priest's nostrils, Bech thought; otherwise, his vocation fit him like a smooth silk glove.

"There were several Herods," Bea

interposed. "Herod the Great was the slaughter-of-the-innocents man. His son, Herod Antipas, was ruling when Jesus was crucified."

"Wherever we dig now, we find Herod," Père Gibergue said, and Bech thought, Science has seduced this man. In his archaeological passion, he has made a hero of a godless tyrant. Jerusalem struck Bech as the physical embodiment of conflicted loyalties. At first, deplaning with Bea and being driven at night from the airport to the Holy City through occupied territory, he had been struck by the darkness of the land, the lack of lights, an intended wartime dark such as he had not seen since his GI days, in the tense country nightscapes of England and Normandy. Their driver, the son of American Zionists who had emigrated in the Thirties, spoke of the convoys that had been forced along this highway in the '67 war, and pointed out some hilly places where the Jordanian fire had been especially deadly. Wrecked tanks and trucks, unseeable in the dark, had been left as monuments. Bech remembered, as their car sped vulnerably between the black shoulders of land, the sensation (which for him had been centered in the face, the mouth more than the eyes—had he been more afraid of losing his teeth than his sight?) of being open to bullets, which there was no dodging. Then, as the car entered realms of light, the suburbs of Jerusalem,



he was reminded of Southern California, where he had once gone on a fruitless flirtation with some movie producers, who had been unable to wrap around his old novel *Travel Light* a package the banks would buy. Here were the same low houses and palm fronds, the same impression of staged lighting, exclusively frontal, as if the backs of these buildings dissolved into unpainted slats and rotting canvas, into weeds and warm air—that stagnant, balmy, expectant air of Hollywood when the sun goes down.

The Mishkenot—the official city guest-house, where this promising 55-year-old writer and his plump Protestant wife were to stay for three weeks—seemed solidly built of the same stuff of cinematic illusion: Jerusalem limestone, artfully pitted by the mason's chisel, echoing like the plasterboard corridors of a Cecil B. De Mille temple to the ritual noises of weary guests unpacking. A curved staircase of mock-Biblical masonry led up to an alcove where a desk, a map, a wastebasket and a sofa awaited



his meditations. Bech danced up and down this stair with an enchantment born in cavernous movie palaces; he was Bojangles, he was Astaire, he was George Sanders, wearing an absurd headdress and a sneer, exulting in the captivity and impending torture of a white-limbed maiden who, though so frightened, all her bangles tinkle, will not forswear her God.

Bea was enraptured simply at being on Israel's soil. She kept calling it "the Holy Land." In the morning, she woke him to share what she saw: through leaded windows, the Mount of Olives, tawny and cypress-strewn, and the silver bulbs of a Russian church gleaming in the Garden of Gethsemane. "I never thought I'd be here, *ever*," she told him, and as she turned, her face seemed still to brim with reflected morning light. Bech kissed her and over her shoulder read a multilingual warning not to leave valuables on the window sill.

"Why didn't you ask Rodney to bring you," he asked, "if it meant so much?"

"Oh, Rodney. His idea of a spiritual adventure was to go backpacking in Maine."

Bech had married this woman in a civil service in Lower Manhattan one April afternoon of unseasonable chill and spitting snow. She was the younger, gentler sister of a mistress he had known for years and with whom he had always fought. He and Bea rarely fought, and at his age this appeared possibly a mode of love. He had married her to escape his famous former self. He had given up his apartment at 99th and Riverside—an address consecrated by 20 years of *Who's Whos*—to live with Bea in Ossining, with her twin girls and only son. These truths raced through his mind, marvelously strange, as he contemplated the radiant stranger that the world called his wife. "Why didn't you tell me," he asked her now, "you took this crap so much to heart?"

"Crap? You knew I went to church."

"The Episcopal church. I thought it was a social thing. Rodney wanted the kids brought up in the upper middle class."

"He thought that would happen anyway. Just by their being his children."

"Lord, I don't know if I can hack this: be an adequate stepfather to the kids of a snob and a Christian fanatic."

"Henry, this is your Holy Land, too. You should be thrilled to be here."

"It makes me nervous. It reminds me of 'Samson and Delilah.'"

"You *are* thrilled. I can tell." Her blue eyes, normally as pale as the sky when the milkiest wisps of strato-cirrus declare a storm coming tomorrow, looked up at him with a new, faintly forced luster. The Holy Land glow. Bech found

it distrustworthy, yet, by some twist, in some rarely illumined depth of himself, flattering. While he was decoding the expression of her eyes, her mouth was forming words he now heard, on instant replay, as "Do you want to make love?"

"Because we're in the Holy Land?"

"I'm so excited," Bea confessed. She blushed, waiting. Another hunger artist.

"This is blasphemous," Bech protested. "Anyway, we're being picked up to sight-see in twenty minutes. What about breakfast instead?" He kissed her again, feeling estranged. He was too old to be on honeymoon.

Their quarters in the Mishkenot included a kitchen. Bea called from within it, "There's two sets of silver. One says Dairy and the other says Meat."

"Use one or the other," Bech called back. "Don't mingle them."

"What'll happen if I do?"

"I don't know. Nobody's ever done it, in six thousand years. Try it. Maybe it'll trip the trigger and bring the Messiah."

"Now who's being blasphemous? Anyway, the Messiah *did* come."

"We can't all read His calling card."

Her only answer was the clash of silver.

I'm too old to be married, Bech thought, though he smiled to himself as he thought it. He went to the window and looked at the view that had sexually stimulated his wife. Beyond the near, New Testament hills—the color of unglazed Mexican pottery—were lavender desert mountains, long folds in God's lap.

"Is there anything I should know about eggs and butter?" Bea called.

"Keep them away from bacon."

"There isn't any bacon. There isn't any meat in the fridge at all."

"They didn't trust you. They knew you'd try to do something unkosher." His Christian wife was 13 years younger than he. Her belly bore silver stretch marks on it from carrying twins. She made gentle yipping noises when she fucked. Bech wondered if he had ever really been a sexy man, or was it just an idea that went with bachelorhood? He had been a satisfactory sprinter, he reflected, but nobody up to now had challenged his distance capacity. At his age, he should jog.

The first sight they were taken to, by a Jewish archaeologist in rimless glasses, was the Wailing Wall. It was a Saturday. Congregations were gathered in the sun of the limestone plaza the Israelis had created by bulldozing away dozens of Arab homes. People were chanting, dancing; photographs were forbidden. Men in side locks were leaning their heads against the wall in prayer, the

broad-brimmed hats of the Hasidim tipped askew. The archaeologist told Bech and Bea that not for a millennium could the wall be seen from where they stood, and pointed out where the massive, characteristically edged Herodian stones gave way to the smaller stones of Saladin and the Mamelukes. Bea urged Bech to walk up to the wall. The broad sun-struck area in front of it had been designated a synagogue, with separate male and female sections, so they could not pass in through the fence together. "I won't go where you can't go," he said.

Bech's grandfather had come to the United States from the ghetto of Amsterdam in 1880; Bech's father had been an atheist socialist, and in Bech socialist piety had dwindled to a stubborn wisp of artistic conscience. So there was little in his background to answer to the unearthly ardor of Bea's urging. "I want you to, Henry. Please."

He said, "I don't have a hat. You have to have a hat."

"They have paper *yarmulke* there. In that basket," the guide offered, pointing. He was a short, bored bearded man, whose attitude expressed no wish, himself, to approach the wall. He stood on the raw blinding limestone of the plaza as if glued there by his shadow.

"Let's skip it," Bech said. "I get the idea from here."

"No, Henry," Bea said. "You must go up and touch it. You must. For me. Think. We may never be here again."

In her plea he found most touching the pronoun "we." Ever since his honorable discharge from the Armed Forces, he had been an I. He picked a black paper hat from the basket and found it unwilling to adhere to his head; his hair was too woolly, too fashionably full-bodied. Graying had made it frizzier. A little breeze seemed to be blowing across the face of the wall and twice threatened to lift his *yarmulke* away. Amid the stares of congregated Hasidic youth (were their side curls, he wondered, meant to be menacing, like lions' manes?), he held the cap to the back of his skull with his hand and approached, step by cautious step, all that remained of the Temple.

It was a Presence. The great rectangular Herodian stones, each given a shallow border, like a calling card, by the ancient masons, were riddled with Time. Into the cracks of erosion, tightly folded prayers had been stuffed—the more he looked, the more there were. Bech supposed paper lasted forever in this Californian climate. The space around him, the very air, felt like a Presence. Numbly he reached out, and as he touched the surprisingly warm sacred surface, an American voice whined into his ears

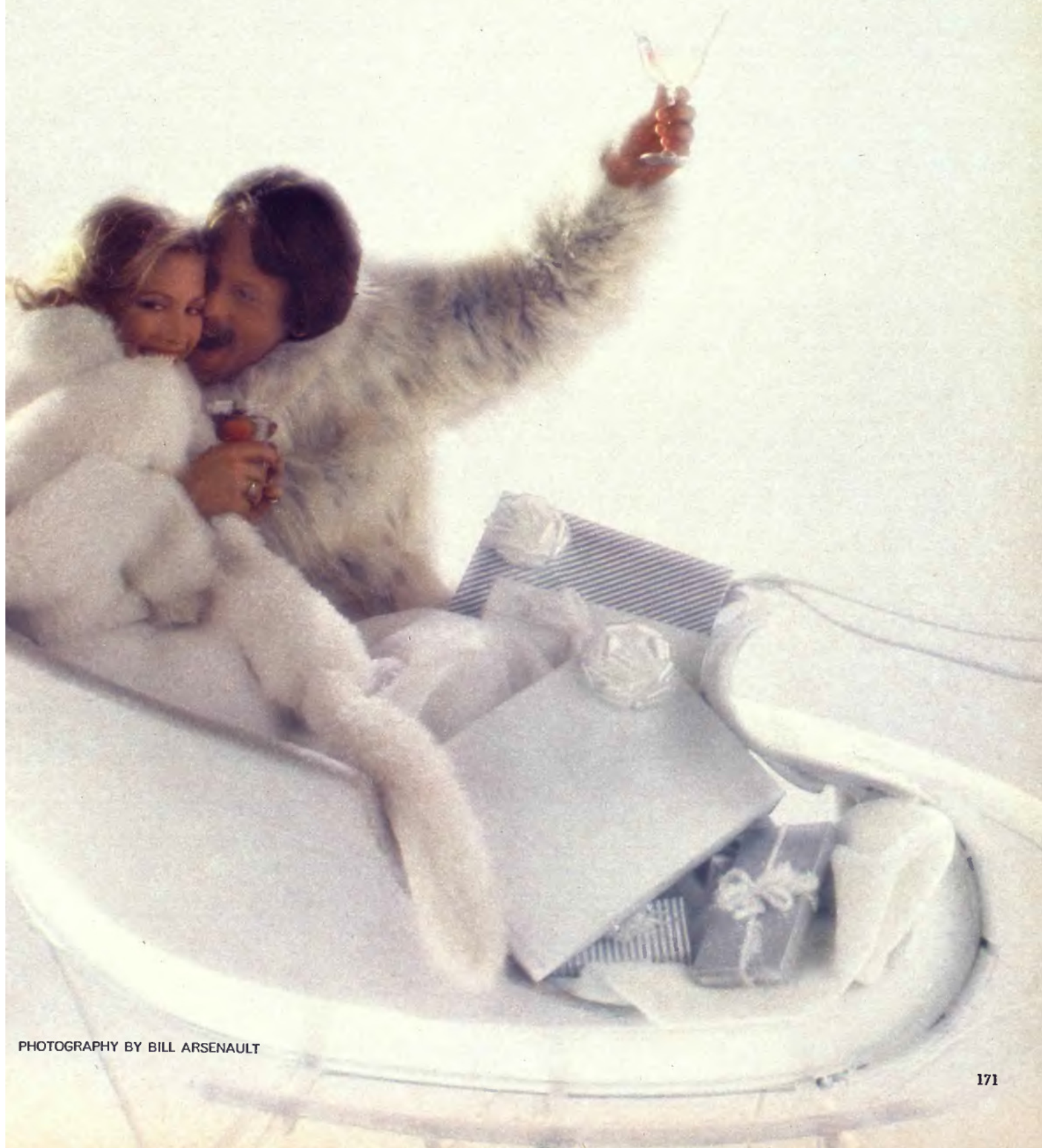
(continued on page 172)

DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

*yes, virginia, you can have a
traditional yule by celebrating the holidays
with light-colored liquors and liqueurs*

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

IRVING BERLIN had the right idea—there's nothing like a white Christmas. A blanket of fresh, white snow blots out the year's accumulated grime and complements the hopeful holiday mood. Well, you *can* have yourself a white Christmas, even if the weatherman fails to cooperate. No, this isn't a sly promo for winter tours of the arctic; this is about pouring elegant white potions at your holiday gala. If the idea intrigues you (continued on page 348)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

THE HOLY LAND

(continued from page 170)

"Their guide led them up a slanted road, past an adolescent soldier with a gun, to the top of the wall."

from a small circle of Hasidim seated on chairs nearby. "Who is this God?" the voice was asking loudly. "If He's so good, why does He permit all the pain in the world? Look at Cambodia, man. . . ." The speaker and his audience were undergoing the obligatory exercise of religious debate. The Jewish tongue, divinely appointed to be active. Bech closed his ears and backed away rapidly. The breeze made another grab at his paper *yarmulke*. He dropped the flimsy thing into the basket and Bea was waiting on the other side of the fence.

She was beaming, proud; he had been attracted to that in her which so purely encouraged him. Amid many in this last, stalled decade of his who had wished to reshape, to activate him forcefully, she had implied that his perfection lay nowhere but in a deepening of the qualities he already possessed. Since he was Jewish, the more Jewish he became in her Christian care, the better.

"Wasn't it wonderful?" she asked.

"It was something," was all he would grant her. Strange diseases, he thought, demand strange remedies: he, her. As they linked arms, after the separation imposed by a sexist orthodoxy, he apprehended her with refreshed clarity, by this bright, dry light of Israel, as thickening in the middle, middle-aged, limited in every dimension, her flesh softening and her brain possessed by a bizarre creed, yet profoundly pleasing to him, as a presence asking for his loyalty as unquestioningly, as helplessly, as she gave him hers.

Their guide led them up a slanted road, past an adolescent soldier with a machine gun, to the top of the wall. On their left, the faithful continued to circle and pray; on their right, a great falling off disclosed the ugly results of archaeology, a rubble of foundations. "The City of David," their guide said proudly, "just where the Bible said it would be. Everything," he said, and his gesture seemed to include all of the Holy City, "just as it was written. We read first, then we dig." At the Gate of the Moors, their guide yielded to a courtly Arab professor—yellow face, brown suit, Oxford accent—who led them in stockinged feet through the two mosques built on the vast platform that before 70 A.D. had supported the Temple. Strict Jewish believers never came here, for fear of accidentally treading upon the site of the Holy of Holies. Within the Aqsa Mosque, Bech and Bea were informed

of recent violence: King Abdullah of Jordan had been assassinated near the entrance in 1951, before the eyes of his grandson the present King Hussein; and in 1969, a crazed Australian had attempted to set the end nearest Mecca afire, with considerable success. Crazy-ness, down through history, has performed impressively, Bech thought. They were led past a scintillating fountain, up a few marble stairs, to the Dome of the Rock. Inside an octagon of Persian tile, beneath a dizzyingly lavish and symmetrical upward abyss, a spine of rock, the tip of Mount Moriah, showed where Abraham had attempted to sacrifice Isaac and, instead, founded three religions. Here also, the professor murmured amid the jostle of the faithful and the touring, Cain and Abel had made their fatally contrasting offerings, and Mohammed had ascended to heaven on his remarkable horse Burak, whose hoofprints the pious claim to recognize, along with the fingerprints of an angel who restrained the Rock from going to heaven also. For reasons known best to themselves, the Crusaders had hacked at the Rock. And Suleiman the Magnificent, who had wrested the Rock back from the Crusaders, had his name set in gold on high, within the marvelous dome. The king of Morocco had donated the green carpets, into which Bea's stockinged feet dug impatiently, aching to move on from these empty wonders to the Christian sites. Sexy little feet, Bech thought; from his earliest amours, Bech had responded to the dark band of reinforcement that covers half of a woman's stockinged toes, giving us eight baby cleavages.

"Do you wish to view the hairs from the Beard of the Prophet?" the professor asked, adding, "There is always a great crowd around them."

Hairs of the Prophet were the kind of sight Bech liked, but he said, "I think my wife wants to push on."

They were led down from Herod's temple platform along a peaceable path beside an Arab cemetery. Their guide suddenly chuckled; his teeth were as yellow as his face. He gestured at a bricked-up portal in the old city wall. "That is the gate whereby the Messiah is supposed to come, so the Ommiads walled it solid and, furthermore, put a cemetery in his path, because the Messiah supposedly is unable to walk across the dead."

"Hard to go anywhere if that's the rule," Bech said, glancing sideways to see how Bea was bearing up under these malevolent overlays of superstition. She looked pink, damp and happy, her Holy Land glow undimmed. At the end of the pleasant path, at the Gate of the Lions, they were passed into the care of the debonair Jesuit and embarked upon the Via Dolorosa.

Lord, don't let me suffocate, Bech thought. The priest kept leading them underground, to show them buried Herodian pools, Roman guardrooms that the sinkage of centuries had turned into grottoes, and paving stones scratched by the soldiers as they played the game of kings—proof, somehow, of the historical Jesus. Père Gibergue knew his way around. He darted into the back room of a bakery, where a dirty pillar of intense archaeological interest stood surrounded by shattered crates. By another detour, Bech and Bea were led onto the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher; here an ancient company of Abyssinian monks maintained an African village of rounded huts and sat smiling in the sun. One of them posed for Bea's camera standing against the cupola above—Père Gibergue explained with zeal—the crypt where Saint Helena, mother of Constantine, discovered the unrotted wood of the cross. But, to their guide's sorrow, the Russian Orthodox priest (the image, Bech thought, of Ivan Karamazov) who answered his ring at the door of the Alexandra Hostel refused to admit them, this being a Saturday, to the excavated cellar wherein had been found a worn threshold certainly stepped upon by the foot of God Incarnate.

So this is the sort of stuff making the goyim tick all these years. All these levels—roofs coterminous with the street, sacred footsteps buried meters beneath their own—distressed Bech like a sea of typographical errors. Perhaps this was life: mistake heaped upon mistake, one protein molecule entangled with another until the confusion thrived. Except that it smelled so fearfully dead. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher was so needlessly ugly that Bech wanted to call down a curse upon it on behalf of his Christian wife. He said to Bea, "You should have let the Arabs design it for you."

Père Gibergue overheard and said, "In fact, an Arab family has been entrusted with the keys for eight hundred years, to circumvent the contention among the Christian sects." Inside the hideous edifice, the priest seemed overwhelmed; he sat on a bench near some rusting pipe scaffolding and said, "Go. I will pray here while you look." He hid his face in his hands.

Bea with her guidebook led Bech up
(continued on page 360)

*the powerful conclusion
of the gary gilmore story*

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG

I—AN EVENING OF DANCING
AND LIGHT REFRESHMENT

1

It's ten A.M. Sun Morn. I got up and showered and shaved—well first I did my exercise, ten minutes running. These fucking guards think I'm nuts when I run up and down the tier. Almost all these guards are fat lazy fuckers.

Hey you're an elf, ain't ya?!

They asked me who I invite to watch me get shot. I said

Number One: Nicole

Two: Vern Damico

Three: Ron Stanger, lawyer

Four: Bob Moody, lawyer

Five: Lawrence Schiller, big
Wheeler dealer from Hollywood.

I knew they wouldn't let you come, so I said to just reserve a place in your honor.

The New York Post said I was auctioning off seats—

Lot of people rite a lot of shit in the paper.

Baby you said if I am shot . . . what will be in you?

I will.

I will come to and hold you my darling companion.

Do not doubt.

I'll show you.

Baby I've been avoiding something but I'll come to it right now.

If you choose to join me or if you choose to wait—it is your choice.

Whenever you come I will be there.

I swear on all that is holy.

I do not want anybody else to ever have you if you choose to wait.

You are mine.

My soul mate.

Indeed, my very soul.

Do not fear nothingness my Angel.
You will never experience it.

2

Gary's uncle, Vern, was on the phone to Larry Schiller. Offers were coming in

*what do you
do with the night
when tomorrow, at daybreak,
you will say goodbye
to the sun?*



from wax museums to buy Gary's clothes. The sums were up to several thousand dollars. While there was no question of selling, it had now become a matter of safeguarding the last things Gary wore. Then they decided they had better protect his remains as well. While the prison would deliver Gary's body to the Salt Lake hospital, where his eyes and organs would be removed, Schiller decided to post a guard when they moved Gary from the hospital to the crematorium.

In the visiting room at Maximum Security, Bob Moody, Gary's lawyer, began the last list of questions prepared by Larry Schiller for the Gilmore interview that would be published after his death.

MOODY: If on your passage you meet a new soul coming to take your place, what advice would you have for him?

GILMORE: Nothing. I don't expect someone to take my place. "Hi, I'm your replacement . . . where's the key to the locker . . . where do you keep the towels?"

MOODY: I don't know, wouldn't you have something to tell him about the life that ah . . . awaits him?

GILMORE: Shit. . . . That's a serious question.

MOODY: I think Larry Schiller wants you to be very serious about it.

GILMORE: I've talked to people who know more than I do, and people who know less, and I listen, and I decided the only fucking thing I know about death, the only real feeling I have about it, it'll be familiar; I don't think it'll be a harsh, unkind thing. Things that're harsh and unkind are here on earth, and they're temporary. They don't last. This all passes. That is my summation of my ideas, and I might be all wet.

MOODY: Do you know what Joe Hill's last message to the wobblies was?

GILMORE: Joe?

MOODY: Joe Hill. He's a man who was killed in Utah a number of years ago.

GILMORE: His name was Joe Hillstrom. What did he tell the wobblies?

MOODY: "Don't mourn, boys, organize."

GILMORE: Don't warn?

MOODY: "Don't mourn, boys, organize."

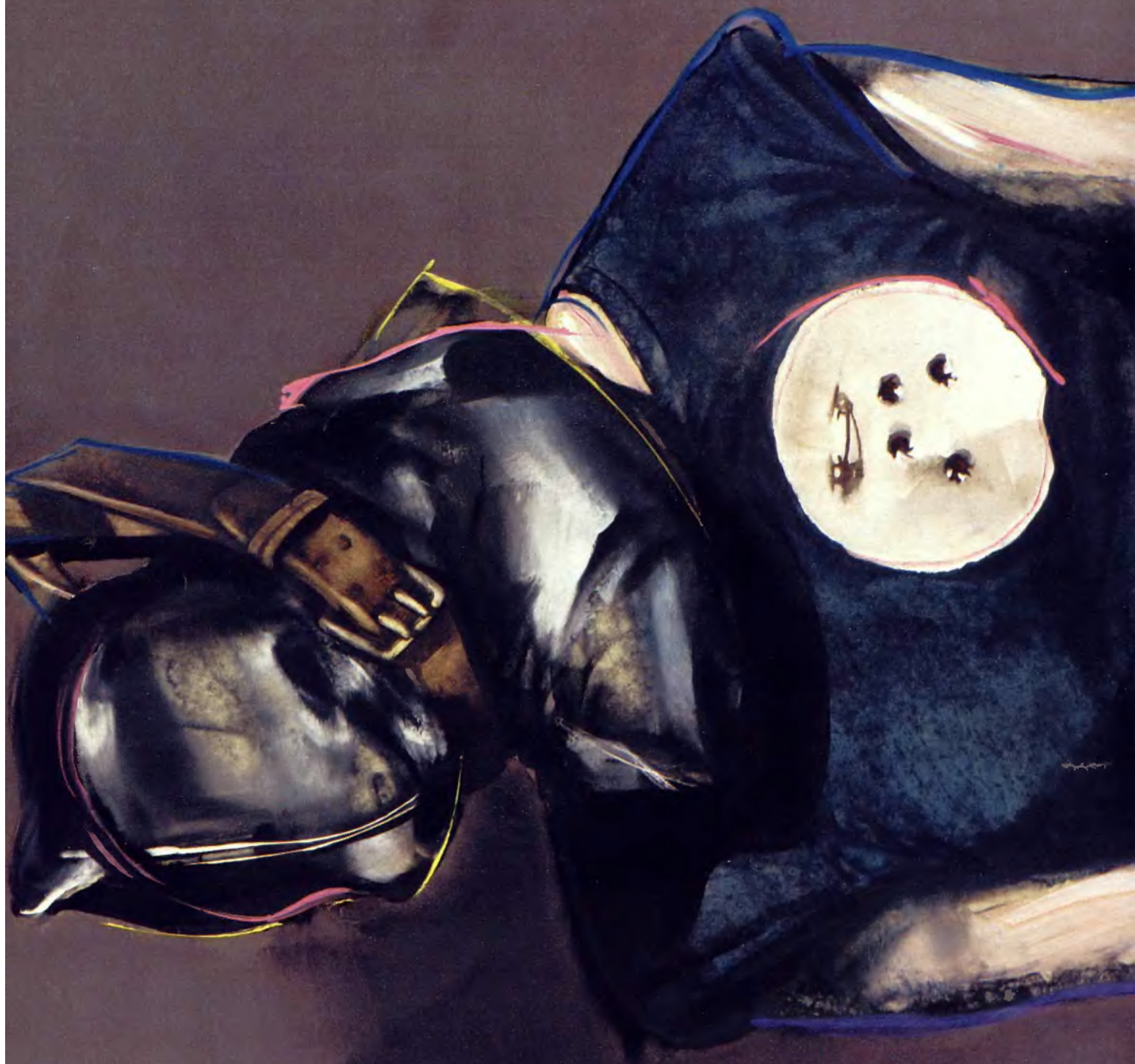
GILMORE: Well, I got something like that I kinda like: "Never fear, never breathe."

That's a Muslim saying. I don't know where they got it, but you can apply it to anything. It makes pretty good sense.

"Don't mourn, boys, organize."

MOODY: You know the old line in the war movies, (text continued on page 176)

By NORMAN MAILER





"Any man who said he ain't scared is either a liar or a fool?"

GILMORE: What about it?

MOODY: Doesn't that apply at least a little to your situation?

GILMORE: I didn't say I wasn't scared, did I?

MOODY: No. But your message to the world has the connotation of don't fear.

GILMORE: Well, why fear? It's negative. You know, you could damn near call it a sin if you let fear run your life.

MOODY: You're certainly determined to defeat fear.

GILMORE: I don't feel any fear right now. I don't think I will tomorrow morning. I haven't felt any yet.

MOODY: How are you able to overcome fear from coming into your soul?

GILMORE: I guess I'm lucky. It hasn't come in. You know, a truly brave man is somebody who feels fear and goes out and does what he's supposed to do in spite of it. You couldn't really say I'm that fucking brave, because I ain't fighting against fear and overcoming it. I don't know about tomorrow morning... I don't know if I'll feel any different tomorrow morning than I do right now, or than I felt on the first of November when I waived the fucking appeal.

MOODY: Well, you're remarkably composed.

GILMORE: Thank you, Bob.

MOODY: I don't know what to say, I just really...

GILMORE: Look, man, I'm being kind of rude. You guys are a little upset about all of this, aren't ya?

MOODY: It's hard, Gary, I'm physically ill.

At this point, Bob Moody began to cry. A little later, when he got control of himself, he and Gilmore and Stanger talked a bit more. Then they said goodbye. They would return in the late afternoon to visit through the night. As they went out, Gilmore said, "Don't forget the vest."

"The what?" asked Bob.

"The bulletproof vest," said Gilmore.

"I'll wear it in myself," said Moody.

"You guys take care," said Gilmore.

3

Moody telephoned. "You're going to get a call from the warden," he told Schiller. "You *are* going to see the execution." Though the news had been in the papers, Larry had not yet received official word. So he was worried. If the warden refused him at the gate, there would have to be last-minute legal maneuvers. The statutes might be all on his side, but such a situation would still be horrendous with tension.

In five minutes, the phone rang again. Deputy Warden Hatch was saying, "Warden Smith has asked me to advise you to appear tomorrow morning at six A.M. at the prison gate with no cameras and no recording devices, if you wish to

witness the execution of Gary Mark Gilmore."

Schiller said, "Thank you. Will you please deliver this message to the warden? I do not intend to violate any rules and regulations that he has set up. Please assure him that I will conduct myself in the manner in which he would want me to conduct myself."

Now Schiller called Ron Stanger, Gary's other lawyer, and asked, "Will the warden let me see Gary before the execution?" When Stanger said he didn't know, Larry called the prison. The warden wouldn't talk to him. Schiller told himself, "If they do change their mind, I want to be right at the front door."

Schiller studied the prison plan for handling the media tonight before the execution, and decided it was very professional. "I don't believe the warden made this out," he said aloud. It was just too sensible. Through the night, public announcements would be made every 30 minutes on the speaker, and a prison representative would come out frequently to talk to the reporters. A few minutes after the execution, the warden would make a statement. Ten minutes after that, the press would be allowed to visit the site. It showed knowledge of the media that had not been evident before. The very layout of the language intrigued Schiller. He said to himself, "I now have a match for my intelligence,"

Below: Paramedics rush Gilmore for treatment after he attempted suicide by taking an overdose of Seconal and Dalmane smuggled into the prison by Nicole. Two months later, on January 17, 1977, Gilmore would be granted the death he sought—by firing squad.

Below, top to bottom: Gilmore and attorney Ron Stanger (at Gilmore's left) hear the Utah Board of Pardons approve his execution by a vote of two to one. On the way back to prison, Gilmore seems serene after Judge J. Robert Bullock reissued the death verdict.

Below, top to bottom: Gilmore's uncle, Vern Damico (with cane), and attorneys Ron Stanger and Bob Moody (in rear) arrive at the prison for the final night with Gary—during which he answered questions for the *Playboy* Interview conducted by Larry Schiller.



and had one of his Dream-the-Impossible-Dream ideas. Maybe he would yet meet the author of this plan tonight and be able to explain why they should let him in to talk to Gary. "Yes," he said to himself, "I'm going now as a member of the press."

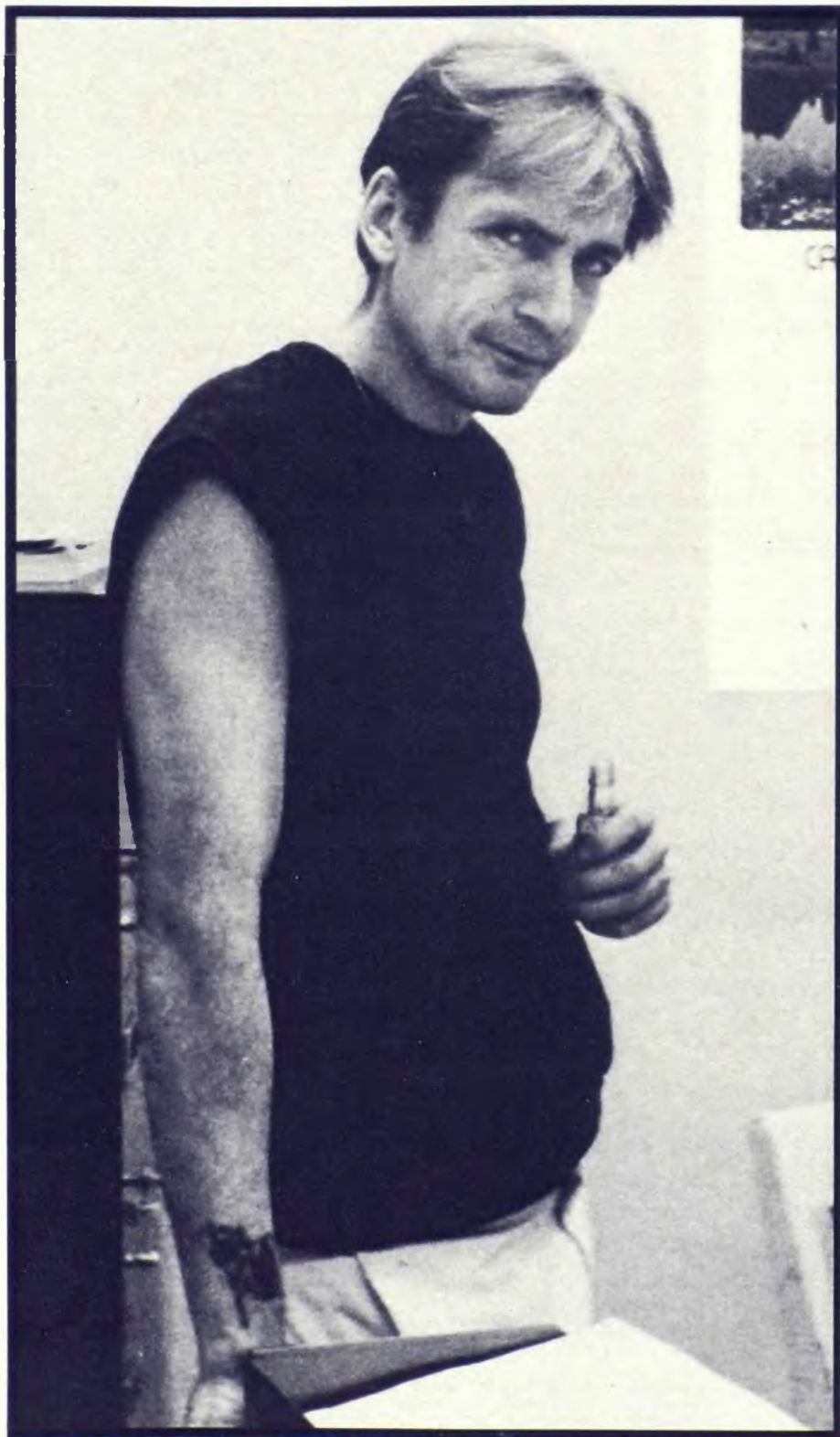
Of course, he had made plans for such a contingency. John Durniak, the picture editor at *Time*, had told him he could use *Time* credentials if he wished.

Lawrence Schiller, Witness to the Execution, who would not be allowed into the prison until 6:30 A.M., was now ready to enter at six P.M., better than 12 hours earlier, with his new press pass as Lawrence Schiller, accredited to *Time* magazine.

At least an hour before six, Schiller didn't feel like waiting around Orem any longer, and he put a couple of liquor-filled cough-syrup bottles in his

pocket and took off from the motel. When he got to the gate, a lot of press was already going in. If they had been calling it a circus before, it looked now like a gypsy caravan. A great many television vans were lined up on the access road outside, plus all the vans for the movie-reel people and second crews and remotes, in addition to several hundred members of the press, who were jammed into every conceivable kind of vehicle, all going one by one through the main gate. What hit Schiller was that everybody was drinking.

The prison press release had not stated whether the press could bring liquor or beer, but, of course, this omission was no flaw in the master plan. Who had ever heard of the world press staking out a place for 12 hours without liquor? Besides, it was so bitter cold that without booze, they would all freeze. Schiller flashed to six in the morning and 300 newsmen stiff on the prison grounds. What a shot! Not a stringer alive to send out word. Yes, this was truly a master plan. Any demonstrations that took place would be off on the access road, well outside the prison. The objectors would be shouting their opposition from 1500 feet away. If not for this plan, some of the best men in the media might have been looking right now for interviews with the demonstrators, even encouraging them to come up with scorching remarks. (continued on page 192)



Left, Gilmore in his last hours. Is this the look Bushnell and Jensen saw? Below: Gilmore was strapped to this chair in the prison cannery and the firing squad did its work. Then the guards wheeled his body away to the University of Utah Medical Center for autopsy.



THE GREAT COMIC HEROES TRIVIA QUIZ

comics are back in a big way, and it's time you brushed up on who's who and what's what. for starters, can you think of at least two reasons wonder woman is so wonderful?

FACE IT; today's cocktail-party chatter requires a whole new vocabulary. Gone are the days when a repertoire of peace slogans, dope jargon and a mantra could get you through an evening. In today's post-Superman polite circles, you've got to be conversant with a completely different range of trendy esoterica: Kryptonite, gamma rays, web shooters. . . . Say goodbye to radical chic; it's time for a little comic relief.

That's as in comic books and comic strips, of course. *Superman* and its multiple sequels are just part of the rage that's sweeping America faster than a speeding bullet. Buck Rogers is snaring his share of bad guys and movie audiences. Television has brought Spider-Man, Mandrake, Dr. Strange, The Incredible Hulk and Wonder Woman crashing and powling right into our living rooms.

And that's just the beginning. Sometime next year, Dino De Laurentiis' \$20,000,000-plus screen version of *Flash Gordon* will blast off, and *Mork & Mindy*'s Robin Williams will bring his version of *Popeye* to movie theaters. The following year, Columbia Pictures hopes to make us a Christmas present of *Annie*, based on the life and times of the inimitable Little Orphan Annie. The Amazing Spider-Man is slated for not one but two movies; and the Silver Surfer will be soaring in a multimillion-dollar major motion picture. Still on the drawing board are screen adaptations of *Terry and the Pirates* and *Dick Tracy*. At least a dozen more comics-inspired projects are in the concept stage and may eventually turn into full-fledged "ideas."

All these are live-action, flesh-and-blood versions of our newsprint idols. The switch from ink to celluloid has simply driven America comics crazy.

So you won't be caught without your cape on when the subject comes up, as it surely will, we've prepared a quiz that lets you test your comics quotient in advance. Check yourself now, in private, and be spared the embarrassment of not knowing who Supergirl's father was. (Zor-El. Now, don't ask it again.)

Who knows? You might be more chic than you suspect. If not, stay home, read *PLAYBOY* and hope that the next trend is something easier, like sex.

WHO SAID . . .

1. "Criminals are a superstitious, cowardly lot. . . ."
2. "Holy Moley!"
3. "In brightest day, in blackest night, no evil shall escape my sight."
4. "HAWKAAAA!"
5. "We have met the enemy and he is us."
6. "Arf!"

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

1. According to the story told upon his return in 1964, where had Captain America been keeping himself since 1949?
2. The name of Wonder Woman's home island, please.
3. Of course, you remember Captain Marvel, Jr., alias crippled newsboy Freddy Freeman. But where did Freddy set up his newsstand?
4. Which New York City neighborhood did Dr. Strange keep hopping with demons and extradimensional nasties?

5. A real city named Metropolis tried without much success to capitalize on its nominal connection with Superman by building an Amazing World of Superman museum. In what state is this real Metropolis?

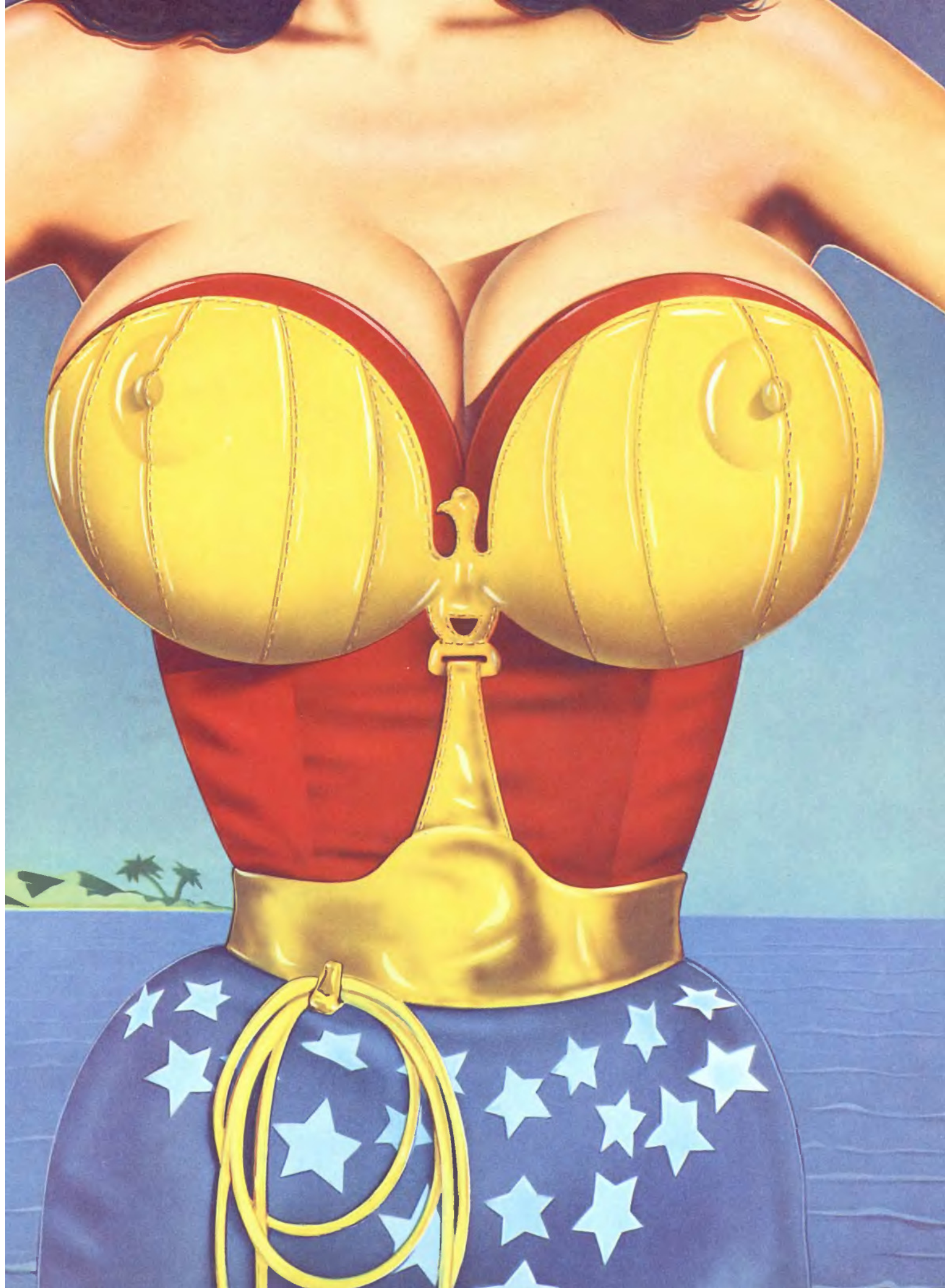
WORDS AND MUSIC

1. When Dick Tracy started going great guns (literally), what famous mystery writer did King Features bring in to script its new competing strip, *Secret Agent X-9*?
2. Who wrote the Barney Google ("with the Goo-Goo-Googly eyes") song?
3. Wonder Woman was created by William Moulton Marston, under the pseudonym Charles Moulton. That's easy. What other, real-life weapon against evildoers did Marston invent?

IN THE BEGINNING

1. Name the comic strip in which Popeye first sailed into view.
2. Who were the five original Avengers? (Comic-book style, not to be confused with the British TV series.)
3. What was Blondie's maiden name, before she devoted her life to shopping and getting hubby Dagwood to work each morning?
4. How did Maggie and Jiggs strike it rich?
5. Who killed Batman's parents? Give yourself a ten-point bonus if you also know how old Bruce Wayne was at the time.
6. Robin was also an orphan, though his parents died in a more unorthodox way. What was their unusual profession? (continued on page 322)

quiz **By DAVID A. FRYXELL**



SEX IN AMERICA:

*they call it lotusland, tinseltown,
the dream factory, the city of
angels—everything you've ever
heard about it is true*

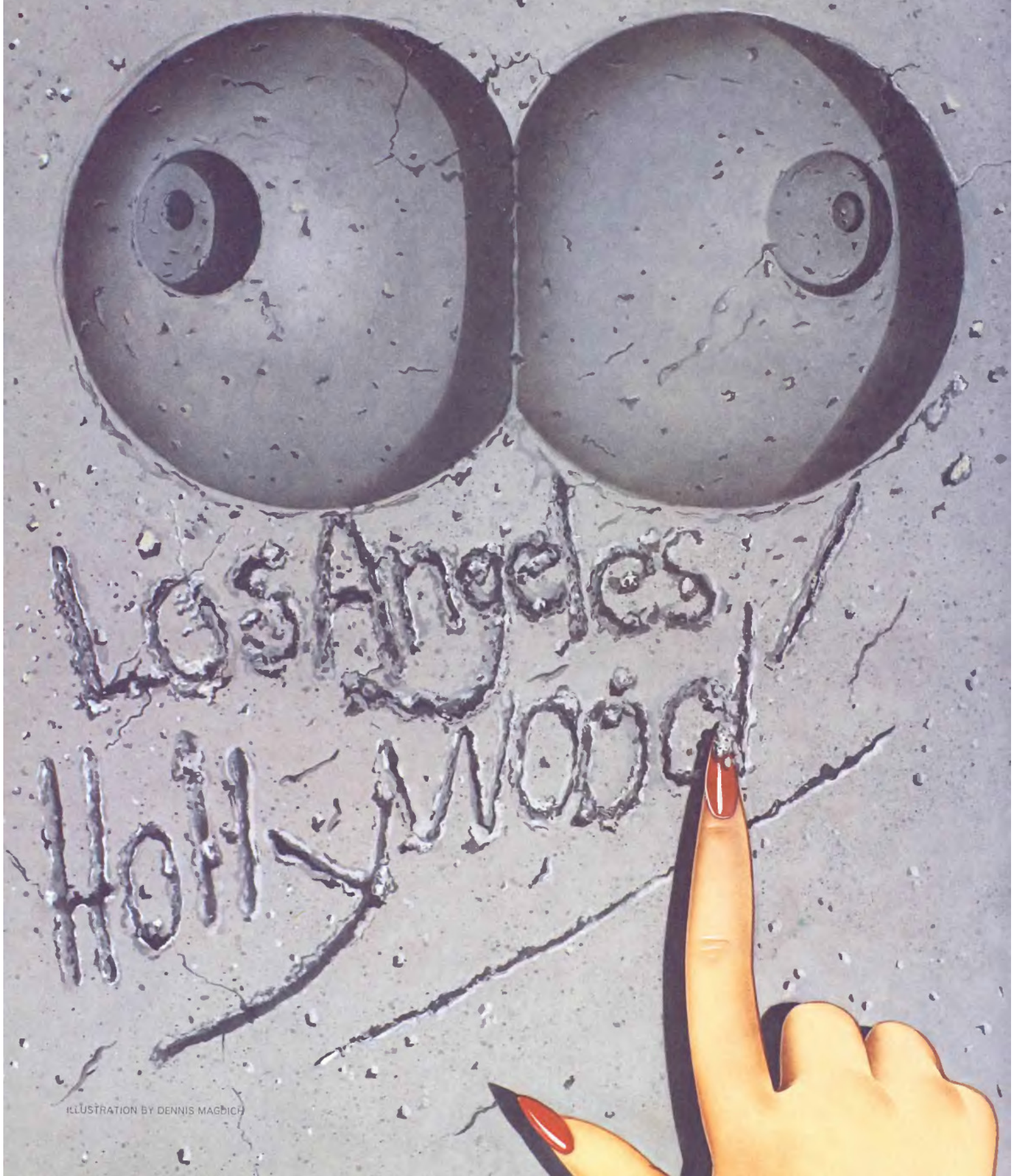


ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGBICH

LOS ANGELES

By BARRY FARRELL and
PENELOPE McMILLAN

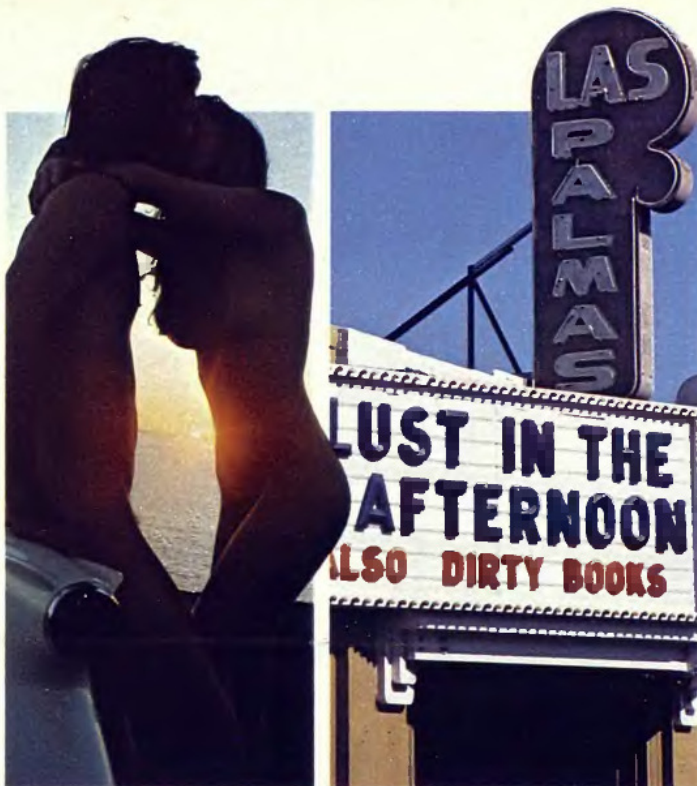
ON CERTAIN DAYS, in certain light, the sprawl of ruined groves and bulldozed desert called Los Angeles can seem a cancer on the land, a featureless huddle of cities and towns whose tone and flavor merge beyond a veil of poisoned air. But then along comes a crystal morning, and a Raquel Welch look-alike driving by in a Rolls, and in a flash of understanding, a swaying of palms, the lure of Los Angeles becomes clear to you. You know that the promise of pleasure is all that unites this city of beautiful strangers.

L.A. is the place where hedonism works. L.A. is the town whose wheels turn on selling the world its visions of sex and glamor, whose climate and culture persuade us that the body has a wisdom of its own. Nowhere will you find a city more tolerant or less demanding. Nowhere will so much be offered and so little asked. The city that lacks a heart is rich in delightful appendages. In place of a sense of belonging, Los Angeles offers a day at the beach.

If you can find no pleasure in this garden, nowhere are you likely to find it. You can take that as an invitation or you can take it as a threat.

L.A.'s got beautiful bodies, beautiful smiles. L.A.'s got that get-it-on attitude, that long blonde hair. L.A.'s got palm trees, beaches, days made in heaven, jasmine-scented nights. L.A.'s got swingers' clubs, singles bars, salsa and disco, X-rated motels. L.A.'s got outcall fantasy fulfillment. L.A.'s got bathhouses, *ben-wa* balls, (continued overleaf)

Los Angeles invented public sex—perhaps without realizing it. The nude beach at Malibu (top left) is a favorite meeting place for sun worshipers. For the pole and perverted, there are a variety of porn palaces (top right). In L.A., the life is fast even in the loading zone.



HOLLYWOOD

By JAMES WOHL

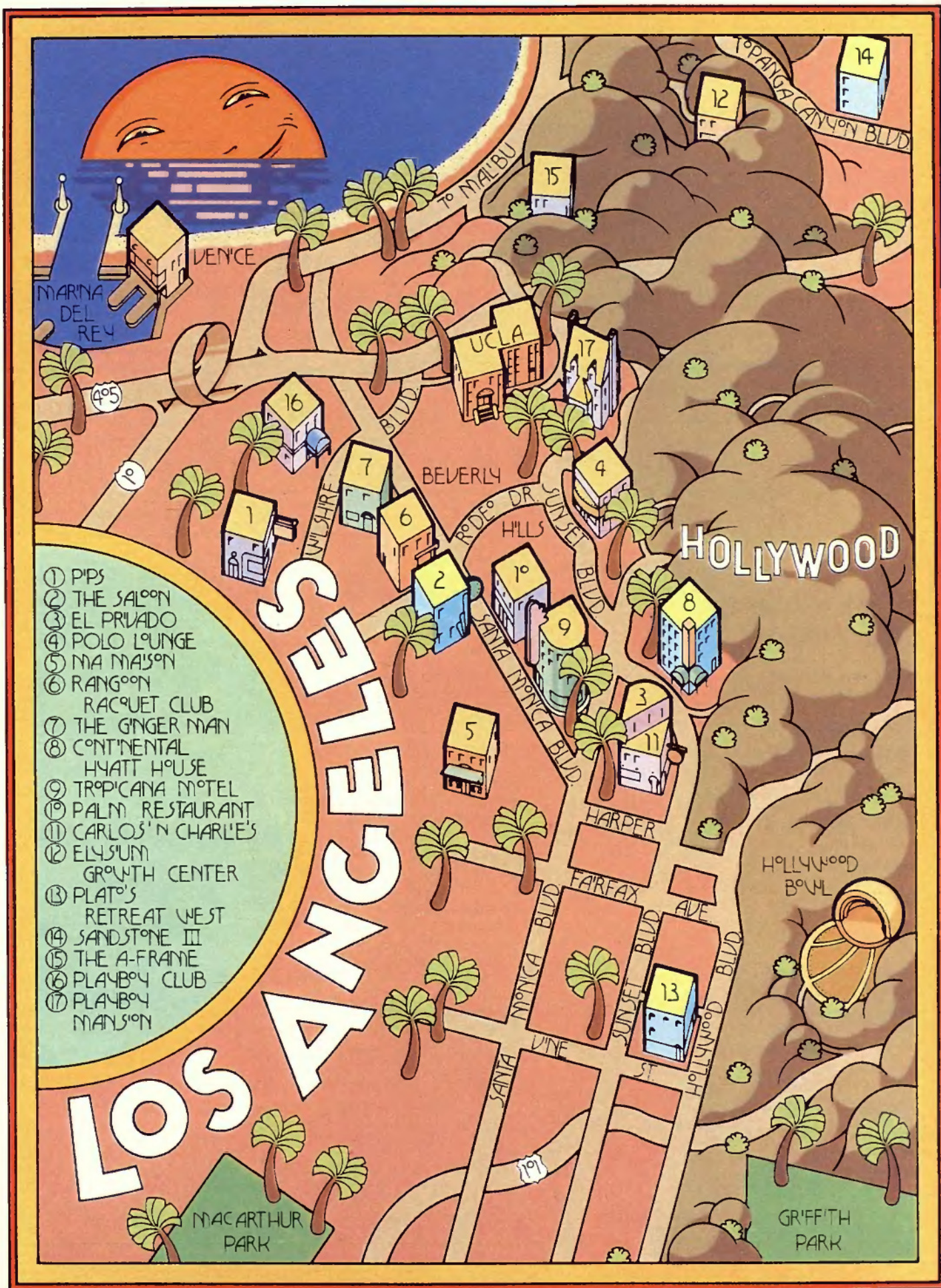
"I GOT A CALL-BACK for Quincy, but I'm still looking for work," she says. I hear it. I'm at this sleek party in a sleek Trousdale Estates home, with sleek people around who are here because they know somebody or are somebody. I've been here maybe an hour. I'm listening to the beat of the action. I'm impressed, but the Quincy call-back is out of my league. I could chat her up and give her my card, but she's into the sexual elite of Hollywood, a closed circle of amazingly small dimensions. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which counts in its membership most of the power and the glory of Hollywood, numbers around 4000. I'm not one of the dues-paying chosen.

The guy this vision at the party is talking with has produced pictures. He and I both know she's checked him out and hasn't had to look at his \$25,000 Piaget watch or ride in his Rolls-Royce to be impressed. Roughly translated, she's said that she's willing to ball him for a part. He is assured and smooth. He takes her arm and guides her to the powder room for some head.

"I may have something coming up for you . . .," he says. I bet. I am flabbergasted at the ease of motion and economy of words.

Fifteen minutes later, the producer is refreshed. He is standing in the crowd with another hopeful of impressive proportions. Her chest is too good. He senses Silly Putty tits and moves her out of the way to make room for another lady whom he feels (continued on page 332)

When New York swingers tried to import their brand of public sex by opening Plato's Retreat West, the reception was chilly. Police raided the joint (second from bottom) twice, and local orgygoers stayed away. Why visit a pleasure palace when the back of a van will do?



dungeons, dildos, drag queens, chicken-hawks, kiddie porn, penniless actress-models, Camp Pendleton Marines. Ginseng, cocaine, Quaaludes, you name it. In L.A., it's OK for lesbians to hold hands in department stores or beam like lovers over lunch. Some dress shops in Hollywood feature signs in their windows encouraging the custom of transvestites—a discreet little sign: TVS WELCOME. Men can kiss in the street without causing auto accidents. Fifty cents will get you any of a half-dozen tabloids exclusively devoted to fitting round pegs into round holes. It's hard to shock in L.A. It's hard not to get laid. Some of us are even in love. L.A.'s got legends to live up to and a talent pool that *will not stop*. Verily, if California women ever learn the Cleopatra Grip, sexual paradise will have been achieved here in Los Angeles.

Already, Los Angeles is about as close as you can get to state of the art without repairing to Bangkok. Planes to Los Angeles are happy and excited planes, lots of talk and drinking. Other teams love coming to town to play the Dodgers, the Lakers, the Rams and the Kings; this is the highlight of road trips. L.A. is the fleshpot of choice for rock stars, the goal of wanderers, a final station of the cross for those too weird to stay home.

The promise of pleasure is not easily abandoned here. It's the dream that persists when all the others pale. For where else in the world is there a city so crowded with hopes? And where are the hopes more extravagant, quite so unreal? Girls move out here because folks back home told them they were pretty enough for pictures. People pull up stakes and grab the Greyhound with nothing more in mind than getting on the game shows. Young men give up what they were born to for the sake of some fun in the sun. They come out and find a bungalow in Buena Park or Burbank, an apartment in Studio City. And before long, the sun change comes over them, fading their convictions along with their hopes. They find themselves believing that the best hedge against the random future is the pleasure to be taken from this town.

The sexual energy of Los Angeles consists mainly of searching—of the signals that pass between strangers, the carnal knowledge in a glance. You don't notice young lovers holding hands in cafés. A dozen American cities have more sex for

When the trees start sprouting breasts, chances are you're in L.A., where sexuality is freely expressed on T-shirts and in the architecture of a hot-dog stand. Behind the facade, the story's the same. Studio One (right center) houses a gay disco. In the Record Plant, a rock star tries out a new form of sterea. Jumping Jack Jacuzzi.



sale in the street. It's not a romantic place or a particularly sinful place, it's an incredibly sexy city.

The real life of the city takes place among good friends. Often enough, they are brand-new best friends, unified by some deal, some questionable success, the arrival of a high-pressure front from Bolivia. You and I get together behind closed doors to reveal to each other just how wild and crazy our libidos are, and nothing in the context of sidewalk or restaurant or disco or singles bar contradicts our impression that there are others—millions of others, many of them handsome, some even beautiful—who share all our weaknesses and can teach us more.

The city is such an oddly Balkanized *pâté* of neighborhoods and communities—covering 460 square miles—that the range of its moods is Continental. The fierce chivalry of the barrios in the East L.A. flats is light years away from the decorative decadence of Beverly Hills, where polite conversation is carelessly frank and foul. The beach cities have their own casual narcissism, a look unlike the buttoned-up Pasadena. The brazen sexuality of the streets of Hollywood would merit arrest in La Habra. The city is actually a coalition of 20-some-odd communities, strung out, according to one city aide, like a series of "small Mid-western towns."

Yet the boxed-away currents of the communities permit an anonymity here that is itself part of the sexual opportunity. A ten-minute drive on the freeway will take you from the conventions of the valley to an exit ramp in Hollywood you can really get off on.

SINGLES

Los Angeles is the city that sex built. And it is a testament to the sexual myth that draws men and women still. The myth of voluptuous women, eager, hungry women, and ever-ready, never-frightened men; of shiny cars and overnight success. Sex, the possibility of easy, satisfying sex, is only one part of the lure of Los Angeles, but it is the most easily accessible part. "You look around and see all the wealth, the cars, the Bel Air homes, the drugs, and if you're into a faithful thing with someone, on top of not having any of that other stuff, you just feel totally left out," says one man.

Success may be elusive here, but sex and sunshine are easily available. The greater metropolitan area has nearly three quarters of a million men and women between 18 and 45, single men and women, many of whom are purposefully sampling the excitement of the city, and the store of sexual partners is inexhaustible even for the most ambitious appetites. The concentration of beautiful, long-legged blondes in sections of

the city like Westwood can stop your heart. Sometimes this abundance gives rise to expressions of frustration: The T-shirt message of a Santa Monica woman sighs in exhaustion with the possibilities: SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME. Sometimes recognition of the abundance shows itself in the need of married men and women, or happily cohabiting couples, to explain their exclusivity: "You might as well take advantage of it while you can; it never lasts long here." Or in the need to qualify monogamy at the same time they disclose it: "Right now, I'm just having sex with one woman. Primarily." There's a kind of embarrassment that accompanies the admission that you're having sex with just one partner here, unless that partner is a recent acquisition. And the embarrassment stems from anticipating the accusation: With all the luscious women and great-looking men, you must be some kind of sexual dud to stay in just one bed.

Not only is sex readily available in Los Angeles but we imagine it is better here, somehow, freer, more healthy, less menacing. The myth creates its own reality. The power of sex, at first acknowledged by the presence of the myth, is easily denied. Sex is casual; sex is really nothing. "I play racquetball with guys; I have sex with women," explains a Marina Del Rey man in his mid-30s. The myth has reached around the world, with television programs and movies transmitting the image of Southern California as a sexual playground, a paradise of sensuous pleasures. And the myth allows the people here to avoid a personal decision to partake of the sexual treasure: "I'm not out there doing what I'm doing just to do it," says a man who sleeps with an average of ten new women every month. "I'm doing it because it just happens."

"The scene is friendly, yes, laid back, but also cool. A guy who comes on too hard, acts like he's got to get laid, is going to be very disappointed. There's something about hunger that turns people off. Women come on to me at least as often as I approach them. Actually, women have gotten a lot more aggressive here in the last five years or so. There are certain codes or signals that convey your availability or interest. Not words, though. I think people just put out waves. You can tell instantaneously whether you'll go to bed with them. I guess dope is a signal, in a way. It's sort of a cult to take coke and Quaaludes. Especially in the last 12 months or so, coke just kind of goes with sex. Everybody does a little, and maybe a couple 'Ludes, before hopping into the sack. That's just the way we do it."

"It's surprising what women will suggest the first time. Things like standing on the window seat and fucking from

behind, so they can look out at the ocean when they come; being tied up; stuff like that. It's really, well, amazing."

Wayne Schoenfeld is director of the Los Angeles Guidance and Counseling Service. He's 30, never married, a handsome man.

"Los Angeles," he says, "is like no other place I've seen in terms of the sexual climate. It's filled with attractive people, more so than anywhere else I know, and the climate allows them to show just how attractive they are. But the whole scene is unstable, volatile, and a good number of people are very insecure. I think this insecurity results in compulsive, really compulsive, behavior among a large segment of the single population."

"Prettiness is the state product here. The facade is important, not the substance. When you drive around in a Corniche, no one cares where or how you got it. The only thing that counts is that you've got it. People here are playing roles all the time—sexual roles, too. Money, cars and sex are all the same here—they're interchangeable."

The pressure extends to looks. Here, the cultivation of physical attractiveness is a diversion as well as serious business. A disproportionate number of plastic surgeons offer their artful dodgery to Southern Californians. The city is crowded with slenderizing gyms, yoga studios and health institutes whose business is stimulated by fear of aging, physical inadequacy, ugliness.

Another sign of uncertainty is provided by the activities listed under titles such as "Where Singles Meet" in the local papers. The degree of selectivity possible here is worth noting: weekend retreats for Jewish single partners, "experimental discussions" for nonsmoking singles (presumably of any denomination), a champagne brunch and swim party for single Catholic men and women, ages 35–65. In a place with as many different people as Los Angeles, the market place must be carefully subdivided. Clearly these are not the people for whom sex "just happens."

When the Playboy Telephone Survey asked the natives of Los Angeles where they would go to meet members of the opposite sex, the results were surprising: Fifteen percent suggested church gatherings; 30 percent said that anywhere in the neighborhood would do—streets, beaches, etc.; 44 percent cited singles bars as the perfect hunting ground; and little wonder, since 36 percent of those reported scoring.

The singles scene moves on different levels. The truly rich or well-connected man might join a private club such as Pips or El Privado, for \$2000 a
(continued on page 266)

TWO FOR THE SHOW

*in today's fashion scene, the
battle of the sexes ends at the closet door*



Above: Flowers from milady. Could it be his herringbone suit, by Aquascutum of London, about \$275; striped shirt, about \$29, and silk tie, about \$18.50, both from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, that did the trick? (Her suit also by Aquascutum of London.)

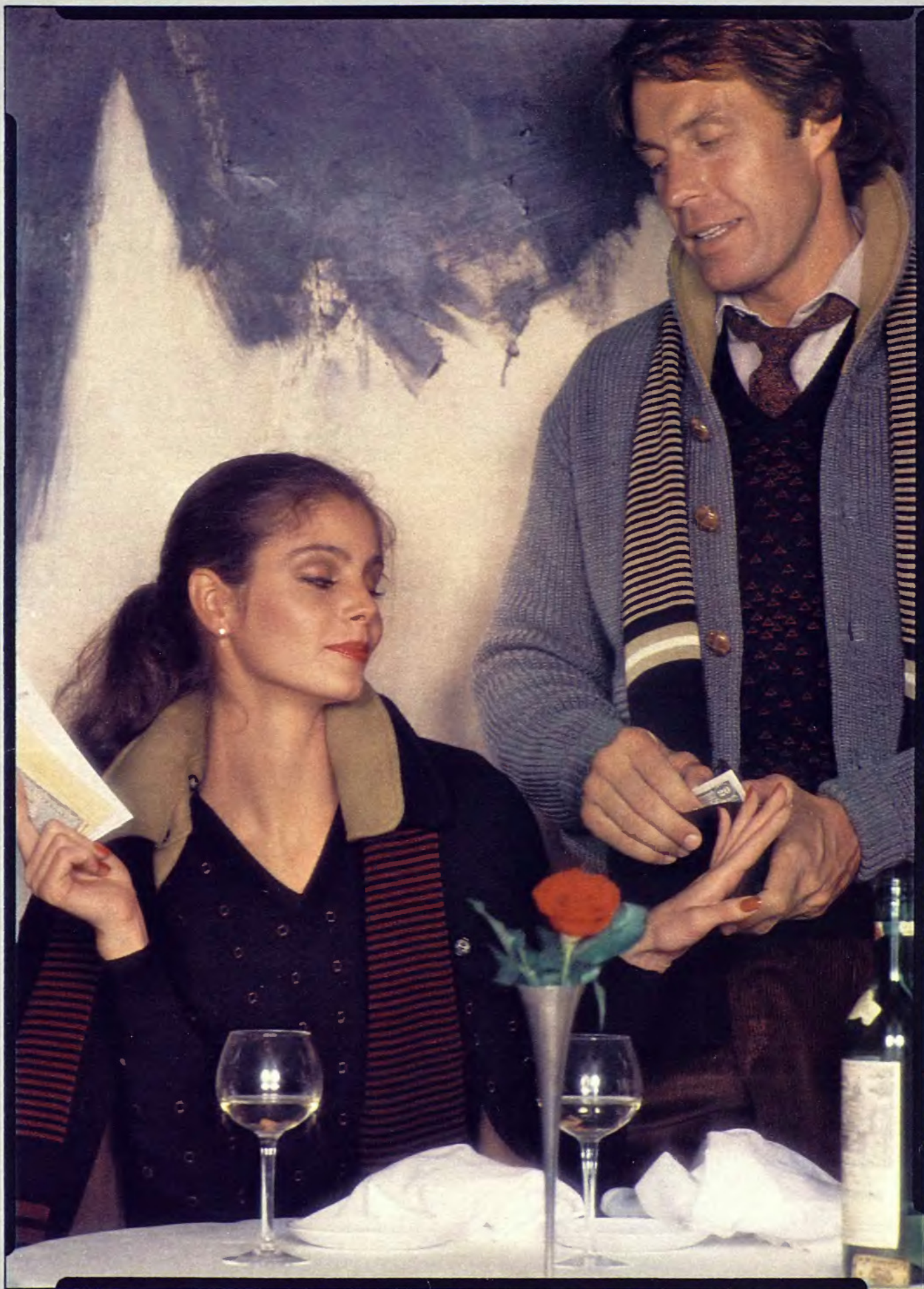
attire By DAVID PLATT

RIGHT UP FRONT, we'd like to make the point that a guy and a girl should dress exactly alike only when they are members of the same marching band. But with the fashion rules of the game being more liberally interpreted these days—to say the least—and both sexes in general being less uptight about crossing an invisible boundary that separates men's from women's



Above: The lady again has taken charge and our man in the coyote fur coat, by Conrad Bell for Birger Christensen, about \$8000, isn't arguing. (Her fur by Grosvenor Canada; outfit by Ralph Lauren.) Right: Relax, fella, the tab's on her—perhaps as a thank you for wearing that wool cardigan with the quilted shawl collar, side-entry pockets and ribbed cuffs and waistband, about \$100, over a wool V-neck sweater with ribbed collar and cuffs, about \$50, and a multicolored wool muffler, about \$20, all by Tricots St. Raphael; plus a cotton/polyester shirt, about \$25, a fringed tie, about \$10, both from Equipment by Henry Grethel; and corduroy slacks, by Lonergan/Amerigo, about \$60. (Her outfit by Tricots St. Raphael.)

wear, there are a number of similarities in what's currently being stashed in his and her closets. Most often, it's women's fashions that emulate those of the male. (How many guys do you know who like to step out in a long black evening gown and pearls?) An excellent example of this is the tailored suit, which looks equally good on both sexes. In the area of furs, however, men are only beginning to come to an







Left: He's getting into corduroy pleated slacks, by Alexander Julian, about \$110; and a silk shirt with two-button through-flap pleated patch pockets, by Sosson Jeans, about \$65. (There's no telling what she'll be getting into—or out of—wearing a shirt and pants also by Sassan Jeans.) Above: It's obvious that the cheroot isn't the only thing this lad is cherishing as he steps out in a wool dinner jacket with satin notched lapels, side vents and matching pleated trousers, about \$515, cotton shirt with a medium-spread collar, pleated front yoke and French cuffs, about \$65, and a small ready-tied satin bow tie, about \$15, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren. (Her tuxedo jacket, shirt and pants are all by Ralph Lauren, too.)

appreciation of a long-standing favorite of women. Designers and manufacturers have taken note and are busily working furs of all kinds into more masculine styles, such as the fully lined coyote coat with an immense shawl collar pictured in this feature. At \$8000, it's not something you might throw on when you're going out to walk the dog. It could be argued that women, too, were pulling on sweaters long before men



Above: Back at her place (and what a place it is), the lady has disappeared to change into something more comfortable—while her date relaxes in a hand-stitched cashmere V-neck featuring a viking longboat, by AMG Imports for Pringle of Scotland, about \$1000; worn over a polyester/cotton checked shirt, from Patch Two by Hathaway, about \$25; and wool tweed slacks, by Barry I. Bricken, about \$100. Right: Our guy, the night, the music and an Arnel/triacetate/nylon smoking jacket with piping on the shawl collar and matching lounge slacks, by Christian Dior, about \$92.50; how can anything go wrong? (Just to ensure that nothing will go wrong, she has slipped into a nylon/polyester/silk gown by Fernanda Sanchez.)

discovered that garment's pleasures, versatility and utility in these days of lowered thermostats; but the point is that sweaters in styles from V-necks to turtles, crews and even cardigans look equally great on both sexes. And so does the splash and shine of silks and satins for let-loose times at parties and discos. But where we draw the line in this trend to male/female dressing alike is behind the bedroom door. Then is the time to put aside fashions and appreciate—*vive la différence!*



EXECUTIONER'S SONG

(continued from page 177)

"Toni knew why they called them the press. They almost squeezed her to death."

By morning, there would have been numerous stories of what was said by spokesmen hostile to the execution. So this was brilliant. The press might be livid, but the plan had a beautiful concept: Lock up the press.

Of course, next day, the stories would be vindictive, but then the press had been rough on the state of Utah all the way. At least the execution would take place without a mob scene in the dawn and everybody trying to get into the prison grounds at once. Now the mob scene would take place at six o'clock the night before, and the antagonism of the press might even wear out by morning. Drinking all night, they would be stupefied at dawn. By the time Gilmore was transferred from Maximum to the canner, these reporters would be so happy to come in from the cold, they would probably wait without grumbling in whichever room they were penned. This plan, Schiller believed, had to come from Washington. Somebody in the FBI or the Department of Justice, at least.

Soon enough, six P.M. came, and that was it. The reporters were locked in. The long winter night came down off Point of the Mountain, passed over the parking lot and the prison and chased the last of the evening pale across the desert.

4

Earlier, at five in the afternoon, when Toni Gurney went in to visit with Gary, the press, already collected in the parking lot, crowded around her at the outside gate to Maximum. A condemned man's attractive female cousin was news, after all! It would be a lot worse when she came out. More press. Walking down that corridor between the wire fences over the snow with the wind coming off the mountain, Toni was thinking of the first time she'd gone to see Gary at the prison, two days before his birthday. She hadn't known then whether she was ready to forgive him or never would, but after seeing how tickled he was at her visit, she asked what she could send, and he wanted two dark sweat shirts with the sleeves cut off, extra large, with the shoulders reinforced so that they would peak without sleeves. She had gone to visit him again after that. He would always greet her by saying, "God, you're beautiful," which had her blushing.

This Sunday, however, was different. It was, of all coincidences, her own

birthday, and Howard's family was coming for supper. So all the while that Toni had been planning her visit to the prison on this last evening, she had been cooking the meal for the evening party, and worrying how she could visit Gary early enough so that she could get back by seven for Howard's folks.

It was ten of six before they even let her into the visiting room, and then she had to wait 20 minutes with the other guests. When they opened the door for Gary, he saw her first and put his arms around her and gave a hug as if he were cracking all the ice of winter with one squeeze, held her so hard and long, she didn't think he would ever let go. Her mother was right with her and said, "Now it's my turn." So Gary released Toni with one arm and hugged Ida, but he never let go completely. In fact, as soon as Ida stepped back, he lifted Toni till her feet came off the floor, and gave her a great big kiss on the lips. He was still holding her 15 minutes later when she absolutely had to leave.

Gary said then, "You are coming back, aren't you?" That was the first Toni considered it. It was the look in his eyes. "Go home," he said, "and take care of your family, then come back." But it was going to be complicated. Not to mention her in-laws, this was also the solitary day Toni would have with Howard all week. He was working on a construction job in southern Utah and only got home on Sundays.

Before she could say yes or no, Gary gave her another big birthday kiss. Then Moody and Stanger took her mother and herself out along the corridor through the wire fences and the crowd, which was now massive. Toni knew why they called them the press. They almost squeezed her to death. But that was no more weird than leaving this prison to go back to her birthday party.

5

Sunday had started for Bob Moody at six in the morning with a High Council meeting. That lasted until eight. At 9:30, he went to Priesthood meeting, came back to take his family to church, went out to the prison, and came back to pick up his family when Sunday school concluded at one P.M. Then all of the Moody family went home to dinner. By four P.M., Ron Stanger and he were ready to drive to the prison.

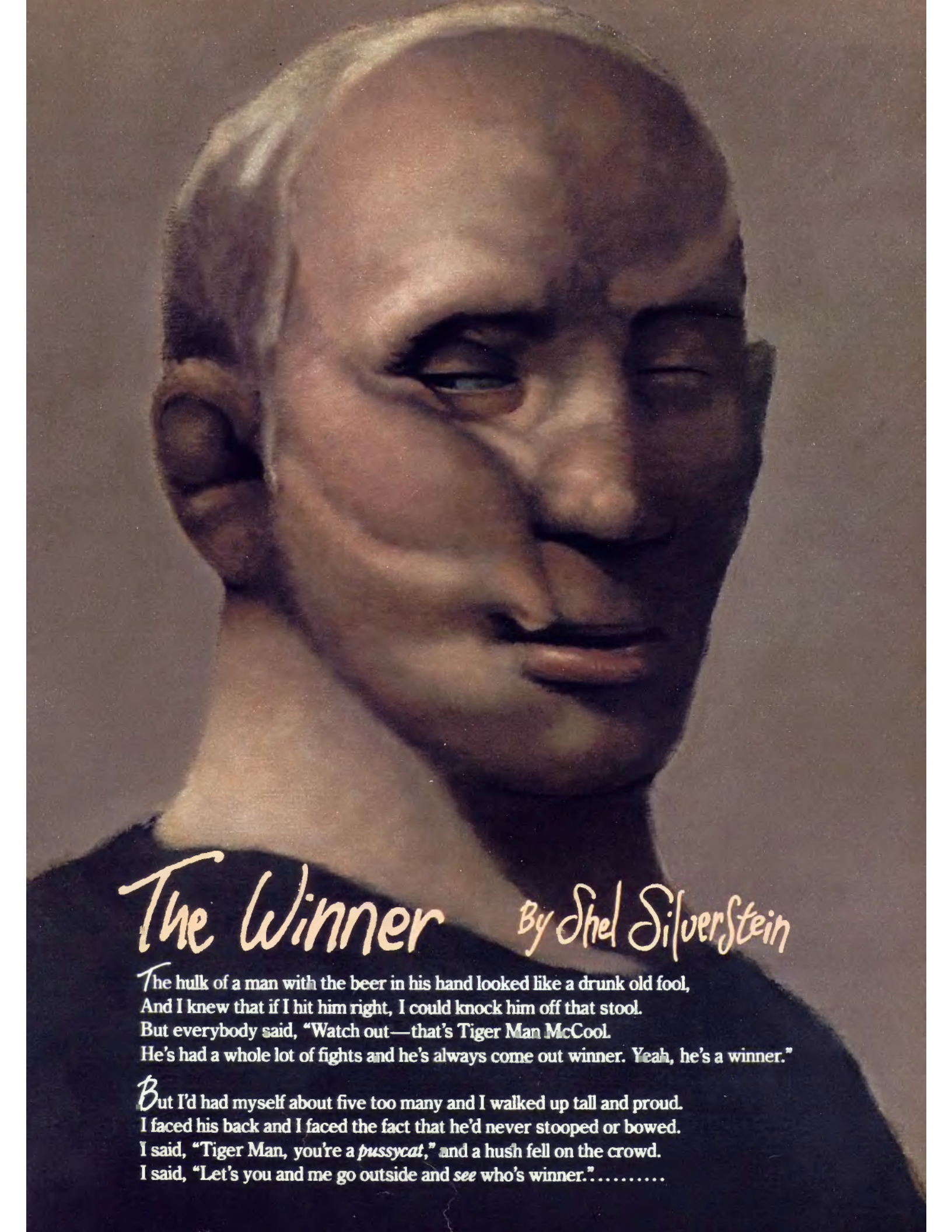
In the parking lot were Vern and Ida, then Toni and two middle-aged cousins of Gary's named Evelyn and Dick Gray. All of them, together with Father Meersman, were taken over to Maximum Security, and Lieutenant Fagan was cordial on this night and showed the facilities. The prisoners had been fed early, and the gates between the visiting room and the main dining room for Maximum Security were open, so that they could pass back and forth between the two rooms during the evening. A considerable space altogether. Perhaps as much as 100 feet of movement in the longest direction, half of that the other way, plus a couple of smaller rooms adjacent for more private conversations. Lieutenant Fagan's office was open, and the kitchen, and the booth with the glass window where formerly they talked with Gary.

All this was at the front of Maximum Security just back of the two sliding gates that separated them from the exterior. At the rear of the visiting room, also barred by a gate, was the long hallway through Maximum off which were set the various cell rows. Moody had never been back there, and was not familiar with the area as much as respectful of it. It was like the hallway that led to the cellar stairs in a large oppressive old house. Just as you imagined you could hear groans in those old cellars, so from the cell blocks came cries and shouts and moans and slamming sounds clear up to the visiting room, but muted, as if under the rock.

Since they planned to be there through the night and wanted to save their good clothes for morning, Moody and Stanger had come with a change. They had also brought crackers and soft drinks, which proved unnecessary, for the prison offered light refreshments all evening. Tang and Kool-Aid and cookies and coffee. Father Meersman procured a TV set and plugged it in. Somebody had managed to bring a portable stereo with a few records, and what with the three or four guards' circulating through the kitchen and dining room and visiting room and, at various times, Father Meersman and Cline Campbell, the Mormon chaplain, and the two lawyers and the cousins and Vern and Toni and Ida, it was almost enough people for a party. Not to mention the guard on duty all through the night in the bulletproof glass-enclosed booth that overlooked the visiting room.

Every couple of hours, somebody would come from the pharmacy with medication. As the evening went on, Bob Moody came to recognize they were

(continued on page 196)



The Winner

By Shel Silverstein

The hulk of a man with the beer in his hand looked like a drunk old fool,
And I knew that if I hit him right, I could knock him off that stool.
But everybody said, "Watch out—that's Tiger Man McCool.
He's had a whole lot of fights and he's always come out winner. Yeah, he's a winner."

But I'd had myself about five too many and I walked up tall and proud.
I faced his back and I faced the fact that he'd never stooped or bowed.
I said, "Tiger Man, you're a *pussycat*," and a hush fell on the crowd.
I said, "Let's you and me go outside and *see* who's winner.".....

Well, he gripped the bar with one big hairy hand and he braced against the wall.
He slowly looked up from his beer—my God, that man was tall.
He said, "Boy, I see you're a scrapper, so just before you fall,
I'm gonna tell you just a little what it *means* to *be* a winner."

He said, "You see these bright white smilin' teeth, you know they ain't my own.
Mine rolled away like Chiclets down a street in San Antone;
But I left that person cursin', nursin' seven broken bones,
And he only broke *three* of mine and that makes me winner."

He said, "Behind this grin, I got a steel pin that holds my jaw in place,
A trophy of my most successful motorcycle race.
And each mornin' when I wake and touch this scar across my face,
It reminds me of all I got by bein' a winner.

Now, this broken back was the dyin' act of a handsome Harry Clay
That sticky Cincinnati night I stole his wife away.
But that woman, she gets uglier and meaner every day.
But I *got* her, boy, and that's what makes me a winner.

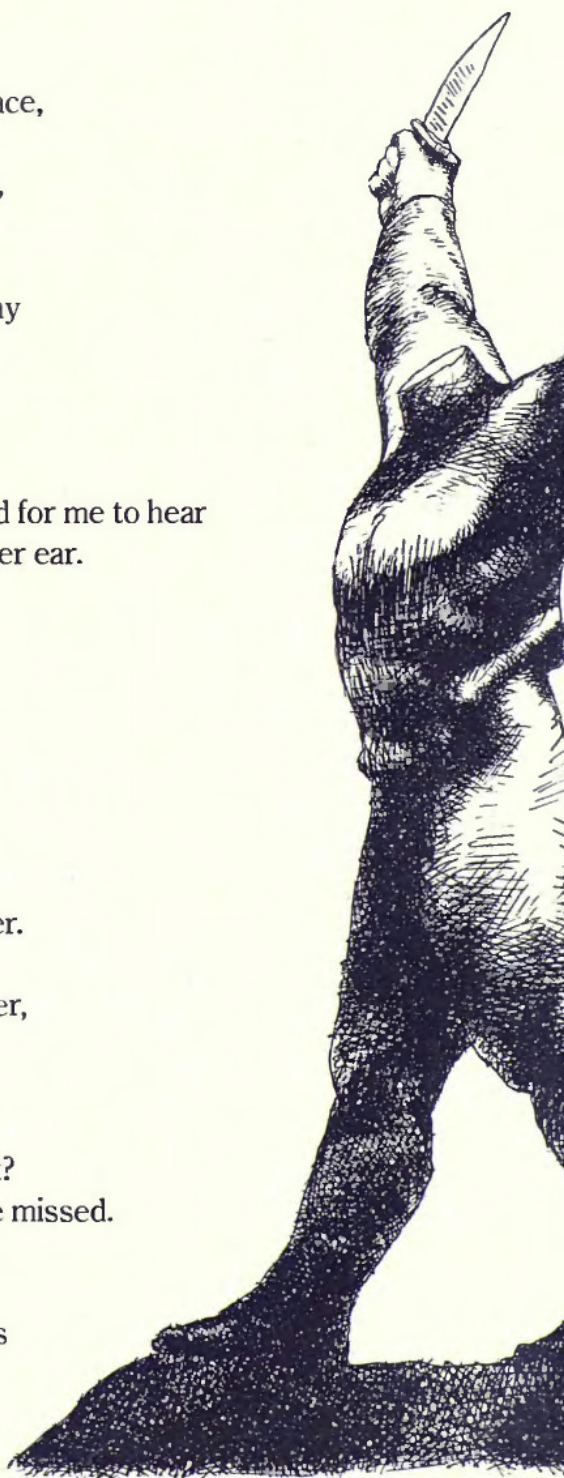
You gotta speak loud when you challenge me, son, 'cause it's hard for me to hear
With this twisted neck and these migraine pains and this cauliflower ear.
'N' if it weren't for this glass eye of mine, I'd shed a happy tear
To think of all you'll get by bein' a winner.

I got arthritic elbows, boy, I got dislocated knees,
From pickin' fights with thunderstorms and chargin' into trees.
And my nose been broke so often I might lose it if I sneeze.
And, son, you say you still wanna be a winner?

My spine is short three vertebrae and my hip is screwed together.
My ankles warn me every time there'll be a change in weather.
Guess I kicked too many asses, and when the kicks all get together,
They sure can slow you down when you're a winner.

My knuckles are so swollen I can hardly make a fist.
Who would have thought old Charlie had a blade taped to his wrist?
And my blind eye's where he cut me, and my good eye's where he missed.
Yeah, you *lose* a couple of things when you're a winner.

My head is just a bunch of clumps and lumps and bumps and scars
From chargin' broken bottles and buttin' crowded bars.
And this hernia—well, it only proves a man can't lift a car.
But you're expected to do it *all* when you're a winner.



Got a steel plate inside my skull, underneath this store-bought hair.
My pelvis is aluminum from takin' ladies' dares.
And if you had a magnet, son, you could lift me off my chair.
I'm a man of steel, but I'm *rustin'*—what a winner.

I got a perforated ulcer, I got strictures and incisions.
My prostate's barely holdin' up from those all-night collisions.
And I'll have to fight *two* of you because of my double vision.
You're lookin' *sick*, son—that ain't right for a winner.

Winnin' that last stock-car race cost me my favorite toes.
Winnin' that factory foreman's job, it browned and broke my nose.
And these hemorrhoids come from winnin' all them goddamn rodeos.
Sometimes it's a *pain in the butt* to be a winner.

In the war, I got the Purple Heart, that's why my nerves are gone.
And I ruined my liver in drinkin' contests, which I *always* won.
And I should be retired now, rockin' on my lawn,
But you losers keep *comin' on*—makin' me winner.

When I walk, you can hear my pelvis rattle, creak and crack
From my great Olympic Hump-Off with that nymphomaniac,
After which I spent the next six weeks in traction on my back,
While she walked off *smilin'*—leavin' me the winner.

Now, as I kick in your family jewels, you'll notice my left leg drags,
And this jacket's kinda padded up where my right shoulder sags,
And there's a *special* part of me I keep in this *paper bag*,
And I'll show it to you—if you want to see *all* of a winner.

So I never play the violin and I seldom dance or ski.
They say there never was a hero brave and strong as me.
But when you're this year's hero, son, you're next year's used-to-be.
And that's the *facts of life*—when you're a winner.

Now, you remind me a lot of my younger days with your knuckles clenchin' white.
But, boy, I'm gonna sit right here and sip this beer all night.
And if there's somethin' you gotta prove by winnin' some silly fight,
Well, OK, I *quit*, I *lose*, son, *you're* the winner."

So I stumbled from that barroom not so tall and not so proud,
And behind me I could hear the hoots of laughter from the crowd.
But my *eyes* still see and my *nose* still works and my *teeth* are still in my mouth,
And y' know . . . I guess that makes me . . . a *winner*.



EXECUTIONER'S SONG

(continued from page 192)

"This is more like a last meal, Moody thought. If he wants to go out drunk, he has a right."

giving Gary some kind of speed. Doubtless, the pharmacists saw it as a blessing and kept it coming, and in the early hours of the evening, Gary did keep getting happier and happier. In the beginning, he was so delighted to see Toni, and held her for so long, and kissed her with such cousinly gusto, that Bob and Ron and Vern and the others just sat back and waited, didn't want to interrupt when Gary was so obviously delighting in her visit. Besides, there were chores to accomplish. The guards had brought in a couple of cots with mattresses, and provisions were being laid out for the evening, and then Toni was hardly there very long before Ron and Bob had to take her down between the barbed-wire fences into the swarm of press. It was practically an operation. Until they got her into the truck, it felt like their eyes were being seared with strobe lights and their souls with the general mania. For they were magical to the press tonight. They had seen the man and could report on him.

They kept saying, "No comment," and looked for Schiller, and talked enough to keep the media close with their microphones and tape recorders. That gave Vern time to slip around and have a talk with Larry.

Moody and Stanger might have been temporarily satisfying the majority of these reporters, but there was a great deal of press, and Larry and Vern also became the center of a swarm. In the squeeze, Vern could only whisper, "Have you got the liquor?"

And Schiller said, "Yeah."

"How," whispered Vern, "am I going to get it in?"

"Put the little bottles under your arm-pits," said Larry, "and keep your elbows close."

"Fine," said Vern, "but how do I get them under my coat?" The press was surrounding them as tightly as a crowd packed around two players of the winning team caught on the field after the game.

Schiller turned and shouted, "Can't you let this man have a little privacy? You're hounding him. Get back." Physically, he pushed on the press a little, not laying on rough hands so much as using the mixture of pressure and slight hysteria that worked best with reporters. "Give him a little privacy," he repeated. They retreated two feet, maybe three, room enough for Vern to do something

with the liquor. By the time Larry turned around, Vern was ready to go back to the glare of the lights in the visiting room with the record player going and the TV set, and Gilmore beginning to spend his last night on earth.

6

The little bottles went fast. Gary would dip into a back room and take a nip, then come out with a wink. Moody thought it was appropriate. If that was what the man wanted, then he ought to be able to enjoy a drink. It had been years since Moody had tasted alcohol, but this was a social event. If some corner of Moody's mind could hear the criticism that Gilmore was going to meet his Maker in the morning, and that might be wiser on a sober head, still Moody thought, *This is more like a last meal. If he wants to go out drunk, he has a right.* He thought of how Gary had deliberately not requested his six-pack of Coors at the end because he did not want the world to think he would be unable to face it without something to help him. But now, the speed was coming in, and the booze.

Yet, at the sight of Gary's pleasure, and the way he enjoyed the feeling of slight intoxication, for he didn't get very drunk, it began as a nice evening. Gary even took one of the guards into one of the back offices and gave him liquor from the curved medicine bottles Schiller had also sent in.

Bob himself loved the idea that he was able to go up to Gary, shake hands with him, hold him, look at him for a second, face to face—it was unexpected how great a need had developed to do something as simple as that after all these weeks. In fact, this was the first face-to-face meeting without urgent business to discuss. So it was a pleasure to see Gary become loose and grow to enjoy the night.

It was easy and it was relaxed. During the course of the hours, Ron or he would get up and walk out and get a soft drink in the kitchen, and Evelyn and Dick Gray would go back and forth, and Vern. There was not any terrible feeling of a clock or any sense that outside the prison, other lawyers might be preparing to seek a stay.

A little later, while the evening was still pleasant, Ron Stanger started talking about his boxing experience on the

team at Brigham Young University, and Gary mentioned that he knew a little about it. They got up and started sparring. Ron had assumed it would be a matter of throwing a mock punch or two, but Gary wanted to make it more of a contest. While he couldn't really box, he was a street fighter and threw a lot of punches. Ron kept stepping aside to avoid getting hit, but, of course, that wasn't the purpose of the whole thing. Only Gilmore kind of got this glint. The harder he hit, the more there was to enjoy. Gary sure had his little mean streak. Hit with fists closed, Ron had to catch it on his shoulders and hands. At one point, like it was still in fun, Gary analyzed his own style, said, "I don't lead, I'm a counterpuncher," and threw a lead. Ron slipped it, turned his shoulder into Gary to tie him up, then bailed out and walked away. Gary kept pursuing. It wasn't like normal social sparring, where you go in, tap a man, then withdraw to show how you could have hit the guy hard. Gary was throwing one real bomb after another. A couple almost clobbered Ron good. Of course, for the first 20 or 30 seconds, Ron was still feeling beautiful. He was faster than Gary. It was just that after a minute, he began to count his age with every breath, and Gary was a couple of inches taller and had a longer reach. Soon there was the same flavor Stanger would find whenever he walked into Maximum. All these cons worked out with weights, knowing they had bodies. Their presence leaned on you psychologically. It was as if their bodies said, "I got more right to be free than you, boy." So Ron was glad when he found an opportunity to clinch with Gary, hug him, grin and indicate it was over.

After the boxing, Gary began to make some phone calls. Ron could hear him on the line with the station that played country-and-western, and he kidded them about how bad they were and thanked them for playing *Walking in the Footsteps of Your Mind*. Next, he went into Fagan's office to make a call to his mother. Of course, Ron didn't try to listen, but Gary came out all excited because he also was able to get a call in to Johnny Cash. Then he began to move around restlessly, as if it bothered him that the record player was going and there was nobody to dance with. Yet things were still in a good mood. The boxing had set up a kind of intimacy between Gary and Ron. While ups and downs were beginning to appear in the evening, still, it was OK, and the mood was all right. Like any long night, there had to be peaks and valleys. During one of the lulls, Gary now came over to Ron and said he wanted to tell him something,

(continued on page 368)



Interlandi

"This sure beats the hell out of mulled wine!"



CANNY CANDACE

THERE IS a serious side to Candace Collins. But it doesn't get much sunlight. Even when she tries, some internal alarm goes off that triggers an involuntary twinkle in her eyes. What follows could be a bit of corn-pone buffoonery from her country roots, a refreshing splash of her free-flowing wit or a simple, expertly guided trip down the garden path. Whichever way she goes, she leaves smiles in her wake. That's the Collins style. Not surprisingly, Candace is a very successful Chicago model. With her eyes alone, she could sell oil to Saudi Arabia—if she could be convinced to go there. Chicago is her home and woe be unto him who would denigrate her chosen city. When duty has forced her to leave, for assignments in Rome, Barcelona or the Big Apple, she has always left the natives crying for more. Or simply crying.

New York was especially hospitable, but it was her constant companion, Pooky, a small, furry canine of uncertain parentage, who balked at a longer stay. "Pook was starting to wear her collar up the way they do in New York. She was getting far too much into the fashion game. I could see her personality undergoing a drastic change." A trip home and, presumably, a handful of doggie trunks were prescribed.

Barcelona, too, was a trial. "I lived on (text continued on page 202)

Can Candace cancan? No, but she can boogie. The evidence can be found on any of her nightly forays to the wilds of Chicago's Rush Street area. At Faces, a private disco, below, Candace shakes a tail feather to admiring glances. "For right now, and for what I'm doing, this is the best place for me to be."



our miss december has her life all planned out and, so far, she's right on schedule





"My ideal man is someone who knows what he's about and appreciates me for what I am. He's someone I can look up to, who will love and respect me the way I do him. He's my best friend as well as my lover. He loves children and animals, is totally honest and extremely witty. Have I forgotten anything?"



potato chips and eggs, because they were the only two things I knew how to order in Spanish. *Patatas fritas, huevos . . .* and Tab. Luckily, *that* was the same in both languages."

Candace, an only child, was born and raised in Dupu, Illinois. (We checked; it's on the map, down near the Mississippi in southern Illinois.) When Dupu got too small, Candace headed for nearby St. Louis and a stint as a Bunny in The Playboy Club. From there, it was a short hop to Chicago's Playboy Club, where she won innumerable hearts and the title 1976 Chicago Bunny of the Year. The promotions that followed that honor were Candace's intro to the modeling profession. If you're going to break hearts, you may as well do it with the meter running.

Having settled on Chicago's Near North Side, Candace quickly became a star in the city's fabled Rush Street area. Rush, with its pantheons to the disco gods and the saints of the singles, is a nonstop social whirl and the perfect environment for this most gregarious of Geminis. Nobody who's *anybody* doesn't know C.C. As some pump iron, she pumps



"I have to know somebody and really like him almost to the point of loving him before I can have a good, healthy, stimulating sexual relationship with him. Without that, it would be very empty for me, and very unsatisfying. Most of my relationships have lasted a good long while. I really can't concentrate on more than one person at a time."

people. It's a mutually inspiring symbiosis.

But while flashbulbs and neon can brighten a life, they are not in themselves enlightening. Candace is well aware of the difference and has already begun looking for the exit signs. "I was raised in an atmosphere that held family as very important, more than a career, and I think that when you get older, you return to your roots. I can see that eventually I'm going to want to be someplace where it's very quiet and peaceful, with children and somebody I love."

She also sees her career taking a turn to something more



creative. "I'd like to get into this business from a different angle. When you're the model, you're limited to what the client wants. I'd rather be the one doing the directing." You see, it's all planned out; that's the serious side of Candace. Behind those devastating eyes are a quick wit and a fully functional brain. It's an awesome combination.

On the move in her kind of town, Candace shops at My Sister's Circus (right) with PLAYBOY Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses (left) and boutique co-owner Suzanne Fey Gantz, greets an old friend at The Playboy Club and packs portfolio and Pooky on a modeling date.





Carolina Colina

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Candace L. Collins

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Double Gemini

BIRTH DATE: May 26 BIRTHPLACE: Dupo, Illinois

GOAL: To learn how to enjoy Chicago winters. There has to be a way. I just haven't found it yet.

TURN-ONS: Men with mustaches and tight jeans, summertime picnics, thunderstorms, country cooking, Rocky, unexpected flowers and

TURN-OFFS: Telephone busy signals, peppermint, ^{Chicago people.} loud road repairs at 8 A.M., waiting in lines, out-of-shape bodies, kitty-litter boxes.

FAVORITE PLACES: New York's Central Park in winter, JAY'S bar on Rush St. in Chicago ANY TIME, Montreal with a loved one (new romantic) and Disneyland.

FAVORITE FANTASY: Whenever I'm making love with. ♡

FAVORITE FOODS: Fried green tomatoes, navy beans with corn bread, peach cobbler, Jay's beef sandwiches, Rocky Road ice cream.

FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHERS: David Guffey, Richard Fegley, Rick Mitchell and Steve Prezant.

MOST RIDICULOUS LOCATION SHOT: Inside an active volcano on the Canary Islands for a champagne commercial.



1 1/2 years old and waiting for my big break....



Age 18 and I've never missed a dentist's appointment!



1976 Bunny of the Year, Chicago (I told you I liked men with a sense of humor!)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the party girls pop up out of the pastry at dessert time," the wealthy host of the stag event commented, "will the two of them be able to handle the maybe eight or nine guys who'll want to get laid?"

"There's nothing at all to worry about, Mr. Costello," the banquet manager soothed. "I've taken the liberty of arranging for a three-layer cake."



Having put her clothes back on, the model waited for the decision. "I'm afraid it's negative, Miss Chisholm," announced the account executive. "It's to be a very daring advertising campaign, and your assets are—well—inconsistent. You're a blonde on top and a brunette in your pubic area."

"Would you mind laying your hand on the desk palm down?" inquired the young thing.

Surprised, the adman nevertheless did so, whereupon the model seized a heavy paperweight and smashed it down on his thumbnail. Following a scream of pain, the victim managed to ask, "Why in hell did you do that?"

"Just look at that nail," commiserated the girl. "It's already beginning to turn black . . . and it's only been banged once."

*Let's hope that the sheiks' being brash
Won't inspire women's lib to be rash.*

*Though a shortage of gas
Is a pain in the ass,
Just imagine—a shortage of gash!*

And then there was the hooker who tried to escape during a vice raid by squeezing through a back-yard hedge . . . only to be caught by the fuzz!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay arsonist* as a flaming faggot.

Don't look for too much experience from me, darling," whispered the young man to his bride on their wedding night.

"That's all right, dear," she murmured in reply, "just so you don't look for too much virginity from me."

Dolly Parton has vehemently denied having any plans to endorse a new line of bras for country girls called Hiccups.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fluctuating period* as a wandering menstrual.

During the past baseball season, a top player got so caught up in the pennant race that he neglected his wife's critical sexual needs, which led her to begin seeking satisfaction from a lover while her husband was on the road or at the ball park. One night the big hitter arrived home in great good humor. "Guess what, Madge?" he boomed. "I went four for five!"

"That's just great, Fred," the woman said languidly.

"And how did you bat today?" the player went on semijocularly.

"Even better," sighed his wife. "I went three for three."

*When a student named Ben once was rapping
On his reason for bra-strap unsnapping,
He explained he'd a yen
From his study of Zen
For the sound of one mammary flapping.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *postcoital meal* as a twatluck supper.



Shirley Neiman

So you're in medicine, Dr. Smedley," ventured the girl, groping for small talk at a cocktail party. "Tell me, do you rely on any special approaches or techniques?"

"I'm a great believer in the power of suggestion," answered the M.D. "Sometimes, especially with my younger patients, I literally try kissing it to make it well."

"So you're a pediatrician, then," continued the girl.

"No," smiled Dr. Smedley. "I happen to be a gynecologist."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"See you later, Fred. I'm going Caroling tonight."



fiction by

FREDERICK FORSYTH

author of "The Day of the Jackal"

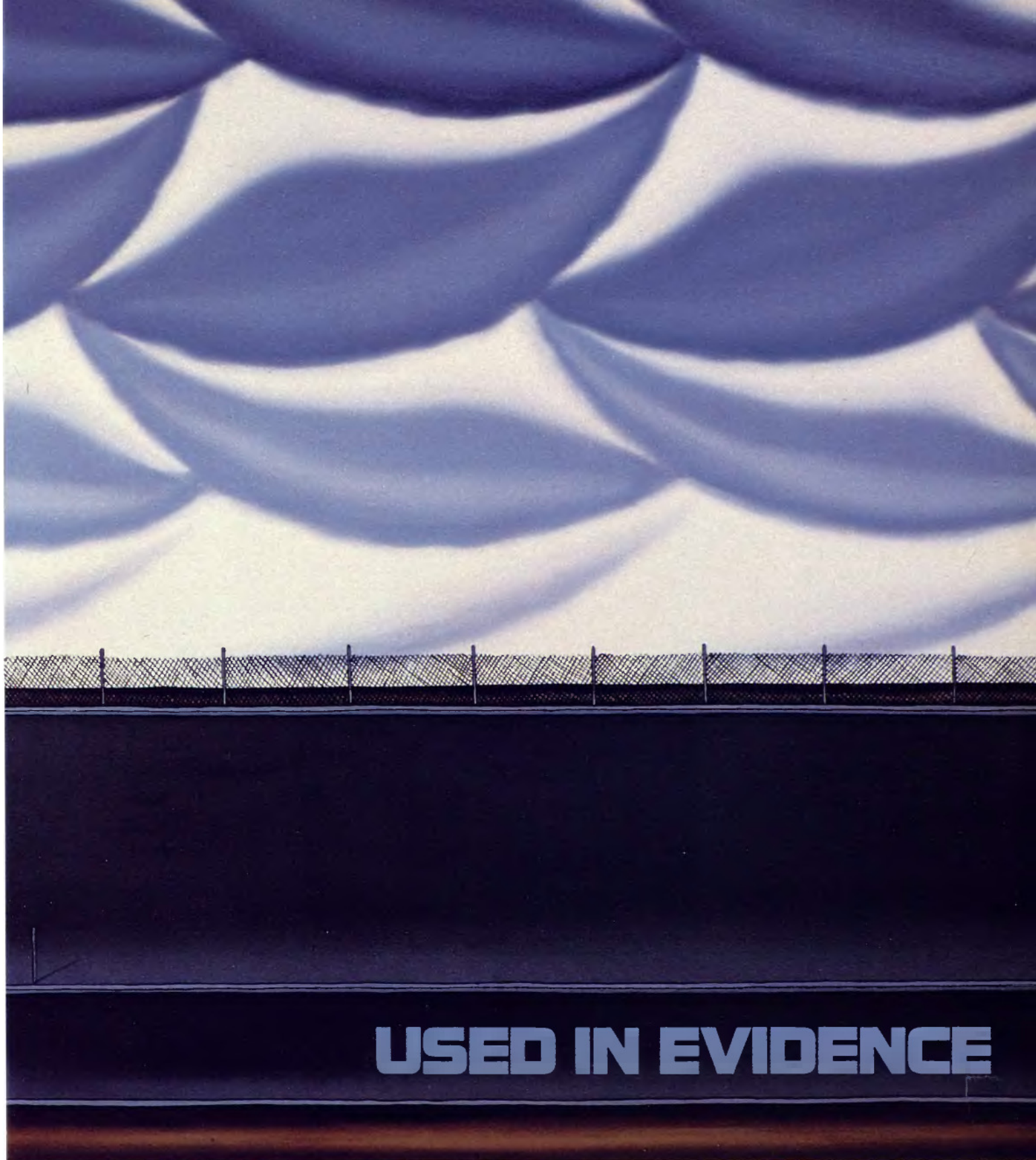
the bulldozers were ready, but the old man refused to leave the building. was he hiding something?

"You are not obliged to say anything, but anything you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence."

—Part of the wording of the official caution, used in the British and Irish police forces by the cautioning officer to the suspect.

THE BIG POLICE CAR slid to a halt by the

curb some 50 feet from where the cordon spanned the street to keep the bystanders back. The driver kept the engine running, the wipers flicking rhythmically across the screen to push away the insistent drizzle. From the rear seat, Chief Superintendent William J. Hanley looked forward through the glass to the groups of watchers outside the cordon



USED IN EVIDENCE

and the knots of irresolute officials beyond it.

"Stay here," he told the driver and prepared to get out. The driver was pleased; the inside of the car was snug and warm, and he reasoned this was no morning to be walking up and down a slum street in the drifting rain. He nodded and cut the engine.

The precinct police chief slammed the door after him, hunched himself deeper into his dark-blue overcoat and walked purposefully forward to the gap in the crowd barrier where a damp police officer watched over those who entered and left the cordoned area. Seeing Hanley, he brought up a salute, stepped aside and let him pass through.

Big Bill Hanley had been 27 years a policeman, starting by pounding the cobbled alleys of the Liberties and rising through the ranks to his present status. He had the build for it, over six feet and one inch of him, and built like a truck. Thirty years before, he was rated the best lock forward that ever came out of Athlone County; in his green Irish

jersey, he had been part of the best rugby football team the country had ever produced, the team that Karl Mullen led to victory three years running in the Triple Crown and that wiped the floor with the English, the Welsh, the Scots and the French. That had not done his promotion chances any harm, either, when he joined the force.

He liked the job; he got satisfaction from it, despite the poor pay and the long hours. But every job has its tasks that no one can enjoy, and this morning had brought one of them. An eviction.

For two years, the Dublin City Council had been steadily demolishing the rash of tiny, back-to-back, one-room-up and one-room-down houses that formed the area known as the Gloucester Diamond.

Why it had ever been called that was a mystery. It had none of the wealth and privilege of the English royal House of Gloucester, nor any of the expensive brilliance of the diamond. Just an industrial slum lying behind the dockland zone on the north shore of the Liffey. Now most of it was flat, its dwellers rehoused in cubic council apartment blocks whose soul-numbing shapes could be seen half a mile away through the drizzle.

But it lay in the heart of Bill Hanley's precinct, so this morning's business was his responsibility, much as he hated it.

The scene between the twin chains of crowd barriers that cordoned the center section of what had once been Mayo Road was as bleak that morning as the November weather. One side of the street was just a field of rubble, where soon the earth movers would be at work, gouging out fresh foundations for the new shopping complex. The other side was the center of attention. Up and down for hundreds of feet, not a building stood. The whole area was flat as a pancake, the rain gleaming off the slick black tarmac of the new two-acre car park destined to house the vehicles of those who would one day work in the intended office blocks nearby. The entire two acres was fenced off by a nine-foot-high chain link fence; that is to say, almost the whole two acres.

Right in the center, facing onto Mayo Road, was one single remaining house, like an old broken stump of tooth in a nice smooth gum. Either side of it, the houses had been torn down, and each side of the remaining home was propped up with thick timber beams. All the houses that had once backed on to the sole survivor had also gone and the tarmac tide lapped round the house on three sides like the sea round a lone sand castle on the beach. It was this house and the frightened old man who sheltered within it that were to be the center of the morning's action, the focus of

entertainment for the expectant groups from the new apartment blocks who had come to see the last of their former neighbors being evicted.

Bill Hanley walked forward to where, directly opposite the front gate of the lone house, stood the main group of officials. They were all staring at the hovel as if, now that the moment had finally come, they did not know how to go about it. There was not much to look at. Fronting the pavement was a low brick wall, separating pavement and what purported to be the front garden: no garden at all, just a few feet of tangled weeds. The front door stood to one side of the house, chipped and dented by the numerous stones that had been flung at it. Hanley knew that behind the door would be a yard-square lobby and straight ahead the narrow stairs that led up. To the right of the lobby would be the door to the single sitting room, whose broken, cardboard-stuffed windows flanked the door. Between the two was the passage running to the small, filthy kitchen and the door leading to the yard and the outside privy. The sitting room would have a tiny fireplace, for the chimney running up the side of the house still jutted to the weeping sky. Behind the house, Hanley had seen from the side view, was a back yard wide as the width of the house and 25 feet long. The yard was fringed by a six-foot-high timber plank fence. Inside the yard, so Hanley had been told by those who had peered over the fence, the bare earth was slick with the droppings of the four speckled hens the old man kept in a hutch at the foot of the yard, up against the back fence. And that was it.

The City Council had done its best for the old man. There had been offers of rehousing in a bright, clean, new council flat; even a small house of his own somewhere else. There had been social workers, and relief workers, and church workers round to see him. They had reasoned and cajoled; given him deadline after deadline. He had refused to move. The street had come down around him and behind him and in front of him. He would not go. The work had gone on; the car park had been leveled and paved and fenced on three sides of him. Still the old man would not shift.

The local press had had quite a field day with the "Hermit of Mayo Road." So had the local kids, who had pelted the house with rocks and mud balls, breaking most of the windows while the old man, to their intense delight, shouted obscenities at them through the shattered panes.

Finally, the City Council had issued its eviction notice, the magistrate had given permission for forcible removal of the occupant and the might of the city

had ranged itself before the front door on a wet November morning.

The chief housing officer greeted Hanley.

"Unpleasant business," he said. "Always is. Hate these evictions."

"Aye," said Hanley and scanned the group. There were the two bailiffs who would do the job, big, burly men looking embarrassed. Two more from the council, two of Hanley's own policemen, someone from Health and Welfare, a local doctor, an assortment of minor officialdom. Barney Kelleher, the veteran photographer from the local newspaper, was there, with a beardless young cub reporter in tow. Hanley had good relations with the local press and a friendly, if guarded, relationship with its older servants. They both had jobs to do; no need to make a guerrilla war out of it. Barney winked; Hanley nodded back. The cub took this as a sign of intimacy.

"Will you be bringing him out by force?" he asked brightly. Barney Kelleher shot him a look of venom. Hanley swiveled his gray eyes to the sprog and held the gaze until the young man wished he had not spoken.

"We will be as gentle as we can," he said gravely. The sprog scribbled furiously, more for something to do than because he could not remember such a short sentence.

The magistrate's order specified nine o'clock. It was two minutes past nine. Hanley nodded to the chief housing officer.

"Proceed," he said.

The council officer approached the door of the house and knocked loudly. There was no answer.

"Are you there, Mr. Larkin?" he called. No answer. The official looked back at Hanley. Hanley nodded. Clearing his throat, the official read out the eviction order in a voice loud enough to be heard inside the house. There was no answer. He stepped back to the group in the road.

"Will we give him five minutes?" he asked.

"Very well," said Hanley. Behind the crush barrier, a murmur started among the growing crowd of former dwellers in the Gloucester Diamond. Finally, one at the back became bolder.

"Leave him alone," called the voice. "Poor old man."

Hanley strolled leisurely over to the barrier. Without haste, he walked down the line of faces, staring into the eyes of each. Most looked away; all fell silent.

"Is it sympathy you'd be giving him?" asked Hanley softly. "Was it sympathy that broke all his windows last winter and himself freezing in there? Was it sympathy that had him pelted with stones and muck?" There was a long

(continued on page 220)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight



For the man who has everything—including big bucks—there's Concord's Delirium Watch, an ultrathin timepiece that's solid gold and has a quartz movement, \$10,000.

PLAYBOY'S
CHRISTMAS
GIFT GUIDE



The Cockpit car stereo system is a very thin overhead control unit housing a Dolby cassette deck, FM tuner, stereo preamp and other controls, by Panasonic, \$999.95.



Far left: Place a bottle of vino in The Chill Factor and 60 seconds later it's chilled to about 48 degrees, by Blazer International, \$24.95.

Left: Sony's 15-diagonal-inch Model KV-1514 color TV features express tuning and a picture tube that gives a sharper image, \$559.95.

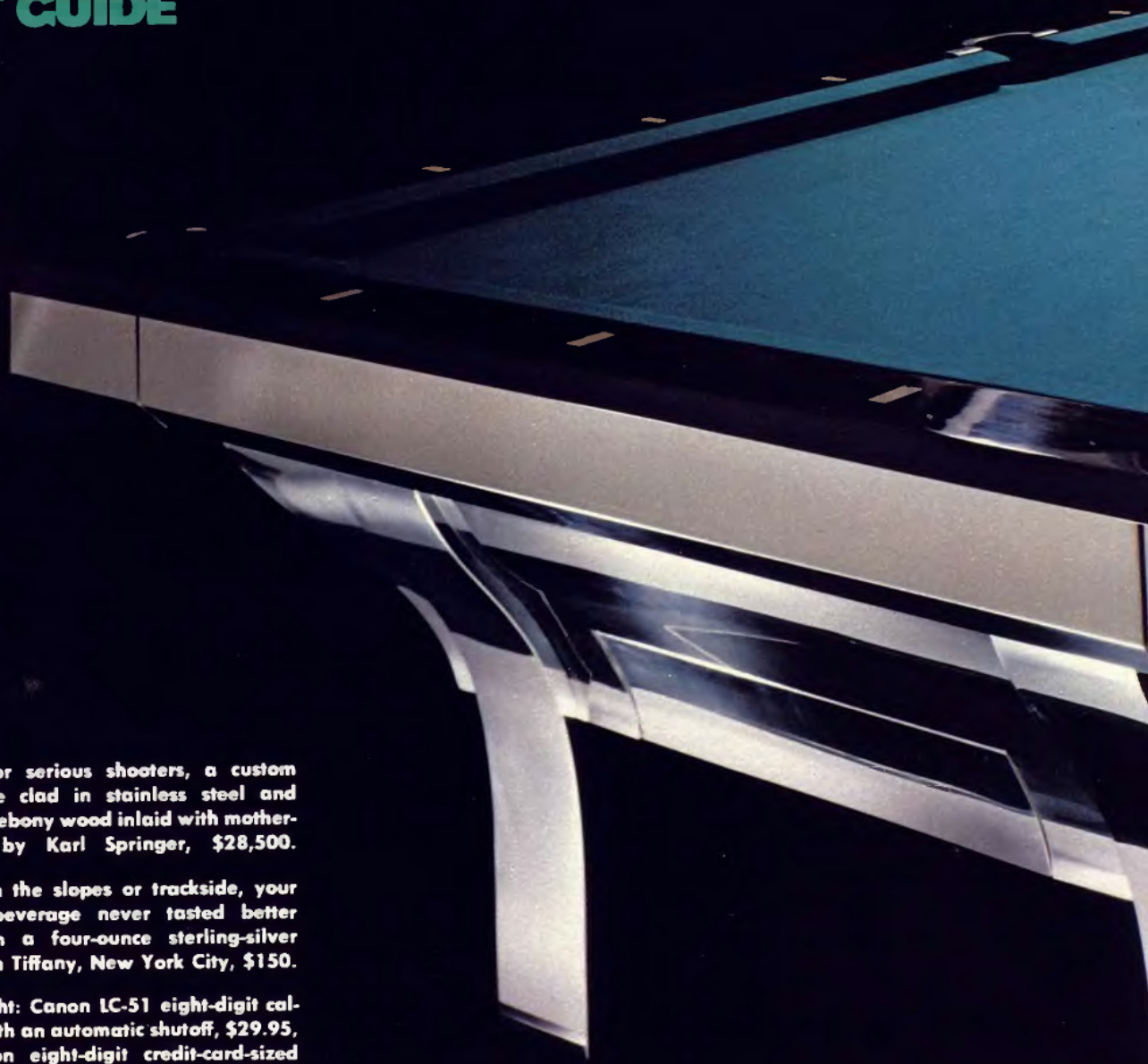


Above: Whoa, team! This yellow-gold sheriff's badge with 75 small diamonds is a stopper, from A.B.L. Jewelers, New York City, \$3500.

Far left: Gum balls, anyone? Yes, when they're dispensed from this signed 18"-high white-pine model, from Hudson Brown, Chicago, \$75.

Left: Bikers will flip for this comfortable yet protective motorcycle boot of high-impact plastic with a hinged ankle, by Scott USA, \$180.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

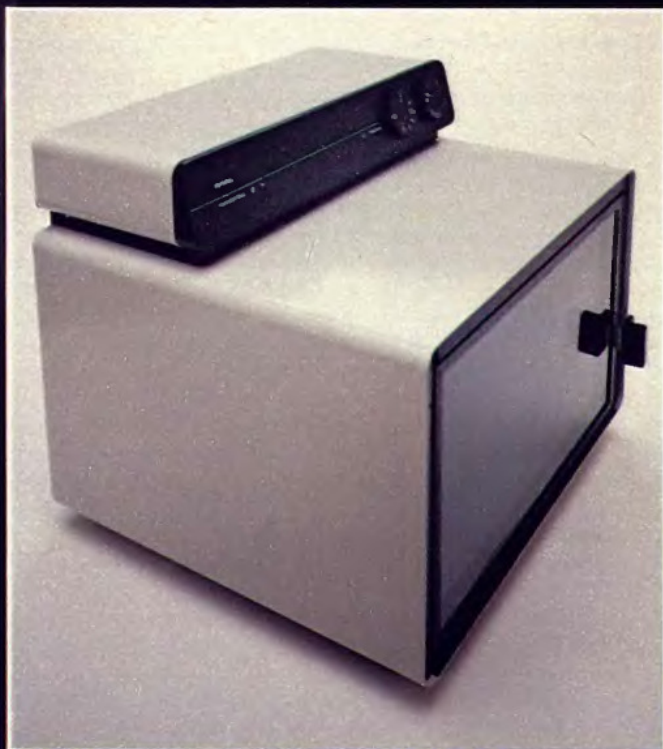


Above: For serious shooters, a custom pool table clad in stainless steel and framed in ebony wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, by Karl Springer, \$28,500.

Below: On the slopes or trackside, your favorite beverage never tasted better than from a four-ounce sterling-silver flask, from Tiffany, New York City, \$150.

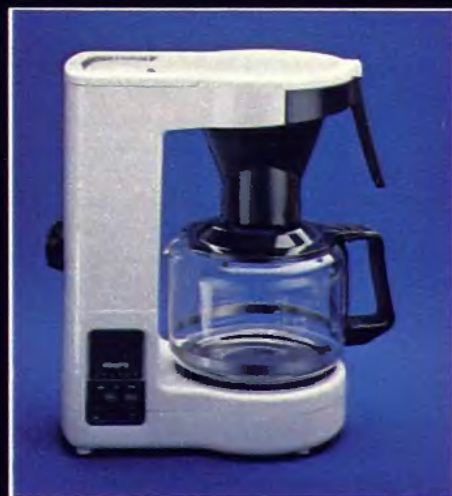
Below right: Canon LC-51 eight-digit calculator with an automatic shutoff, \$29.95, and Canon eight-digit credit-card-sized LC-7 that's just 5/64" thick, also \$29.95.





Left: Rival's convection oven utilizes air that's reheated and silently recycled continuously; thus, it cooks much faster and more evenly than standard models, \$250.

Below: This programmable high-tech console incorporates a fluorescent 24-hour digital clock for serving wake-up coffee or tea any hour of the day, by Krups, \$130.



USED IN EVIDENCE

(continued from page 214)

"With skilled ease, the bailiff prised loose three of the fence planks and entered the back yard."

silence. "Hold your hour," said Hanley and walked back to the group by the front door. There was silence behind the barrier. Hanley nodded to the two bailiffs who were staring at him.

"On you go," he said.

Both men had crowbars. One walked round the side of the house, between the chain link fence and the corner of the brickwork. With skilled ease, he prised loose three of the fence planks and entered the back yard. He walked to the back door and rapped at it with his bar. When his colleague at the front heard the sound, he rapped at the front. There was no reply to either. The man at the front inserted the tip of the crowbar between the door and the side post and had it open in a trice. The door yielded three inches and stopped. There was furniture behind it. The bailiff shook his head sadly and, turning to the other edge of the door, whisked off both hinges. Then he picked up the door like a playing card and laid it in the front garden. Piece by piece, he removed the pile of chairs and tables in the hallway until the space was clear. Finally, he entered the lobby, calling, "Mr. Larkin?" From the back, there was a splintering sound as his friend entered through the kitchen.

There was silence in the street while the men searched the ground floor. At the upper bedroom window, a pale face appeared. The crowd spotted it.

"There he is!" yelled three or four voices from the crowd, like hunt followers spotting the fox before the riders. Just trying to be helpful. One of the bailiffs popped his head round the front door. Hanley nodded upwards toward the bedroom window; the two men clumped up the narrow stairs. The face disappeared. There was no scuffle. In a minute, they were coming down, the leader cradling a frail old man in his arms. He emerged into the drizzle and stood undecided. The relief worker hurried forward with a dry blanket. The bailiff set the old man down on his feet and the blanket was wrapped round him. He looked underfed and slightly dazed, but most of all, very frightened. Hanley made up his mind. He turned toward his car and beckoned the driver forward. The council could have him later for the old folks' home, but first a damn good breakfast and a hot cup of tea was called for.

"Put him in the back," he told the bailiff. When the old man was settled in

the warm rear seat of the car, Hanley climbed in beside him.

"Let's get out of here," said Hanley to his driver. "There's a transport café half a mile down here and second left. We'll go there."

As the car moved back through the barrier and past the staring crowd, Hanley gave a glance to his unusual guest. The old man was dressed in grubby slacks and a thin jacket over an unbuttoned shirt. Word had it he had not looked after himself properly for years, and his face was pinched and sallow. He stared silently at the back of the car seat in front of him, not returning Hanley's gaze.

"It had to come sooner or later," said Hanley gently. "You knew that all along."

Despite his size and the capacity, when he wished to use it, to cause hard villains from the dockland to wet their knickers when he faced them, Big Bill Hanley was a much kinder man than his meaty face and twice-broken nose would give cause to think. The old man turned slowly and stared at him, but he said nothing.

"Moving house, I mean," said Hanley. "They'll fix you up with a nice place, warm in winter, and decent food. You'll see."

The car drew up at the café. Hanley descended and turned to his driver.

"Bring him in," he said.

Inside the warm and steamy café, Hanley nodded to a vacant corner table. The police driver escorted the old man to the corner and sat him down, back to the wall. The old man said nothing, neither of thanks nor of protestation. Hanley glanced at the wall chart behind the counter. The café owner wiped his hands on a damp dishcloth and looked inquiring.

"Double eggs, bacon, tomatoes, sausage and chips," said Hanley. "In the corner. The old fella. And start with a mug of tea." He placed two pound notes on the counter. "I'll be back for the change," he said.

The driver returned from the corner table to the counter.

"Stay here and keep an eye on him," said Hanley. "I'll be taking the car myself." The driver thought it was his lucky day; first a warm car, now a warm café. Time for a cup of tea and a smoke.

"Will I sit with him, sir?" he asked. "He smells a bit."

"Keep an eye on him," repeated Hanley.

He drove himself back to the demolition site in Mayo Road.

The team had been already prepared and they were not wasting time. A line of contractor's men went in and out of the house, bearing the squalid goods and chattels of the former occupant, which they deposited in the road under the now streaming rain. The council housing officer had his umbrella up and watched. Inside the car-park compound, two mechanical shovels on their rubber wheels waited to begin on the rear of the house, the back yard and small privy. Behind them waited a line of ten tipper trucks to carry away the rubble of the house. Mains, water, electric current and gas, had been cut off months ago; and the house was damp and filthy as a result. Sewage there had never been, hence the outside privy, which had been served by a buried septic tank, soon to be filled in and concreted over forever. The council housing officer approached Hanley when he got out of his car again. He gestured toward the open back of a council van.

"I've saved what we could of any sentimental value," he volunteered. "Old photos, coins, some medal ribbons, some personal clothes, a few personal documents in a cigar box, mostly moldy. As for the furniture"—he indicated the pile of bric-a-brac in the rain—"it's alive; the medical officer of health has advised us to burn the lot. You wouldn't get tuppence for it."

"Aye," said Hanley. The official was right, but that was his problem. Still, he seemed to want moral support.

"Will he get compensation for this?" asked Hanley.

"Oh, yes," said the official eagerly, anxious to explain that his department was not a heartless beast. "For the house, which was his own title property, and a fair valuation for the furniture, fixtures, fittings and any personal effects lost, damaged or destroyed. And a displacement allowance to cover the inconvenience of moving—though, frankly, he's cost the council a lot more than the total by refusing to quit for so long."

At this moment, one of the men came from round the side of the house carrying two chickens, head down, in each hand.

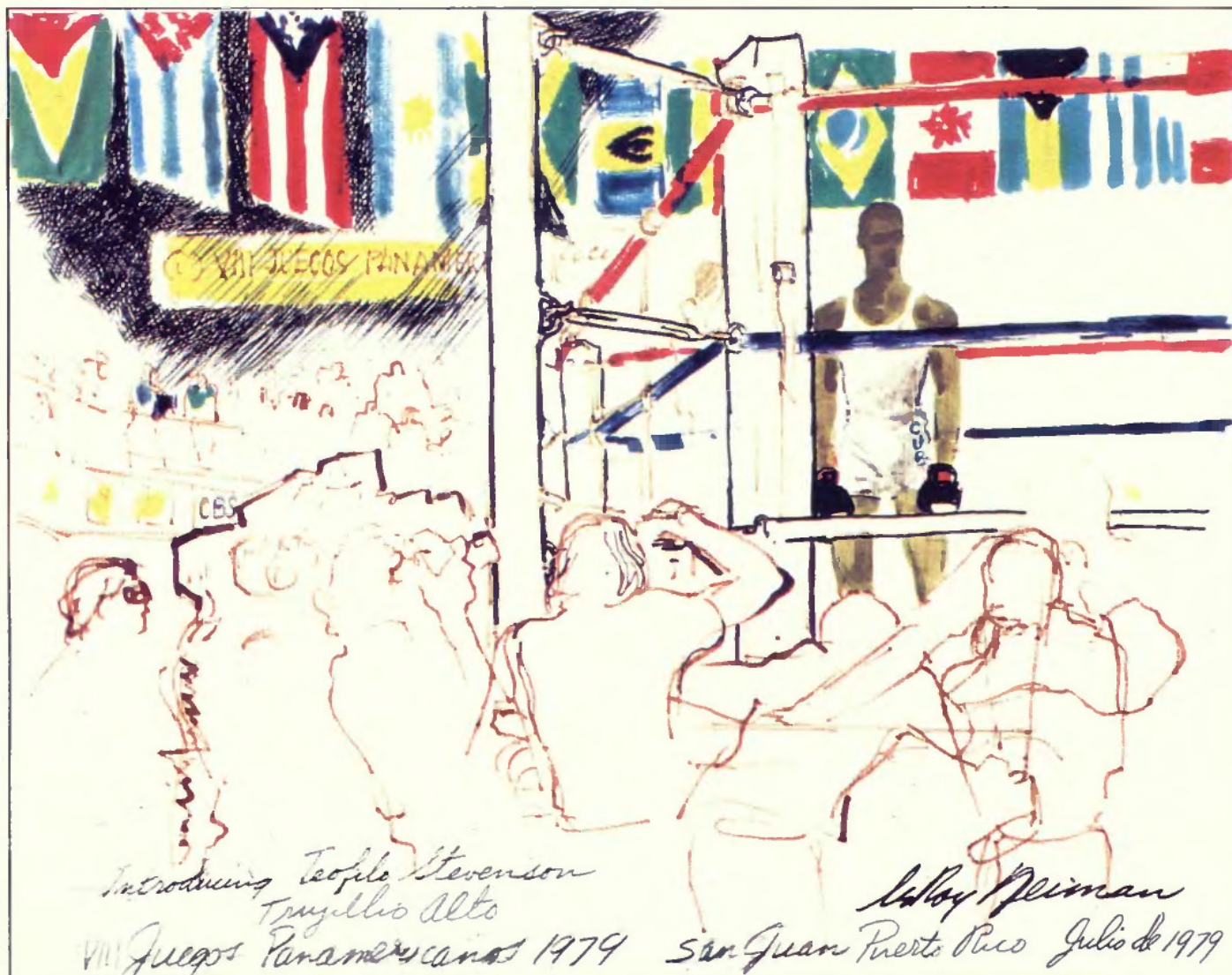
"What the hell do I do with these?" he asked no one in particular. One of his colleagues told him. Barney Kelleher snapped off a photo. Good picture, that, he thought. The last friends of the Hermit of Mayo Road. Nice caption. One of the contractor's men said he, too, kept chickens and could put them in with his small flock. A cardboard carton was found, the damp birds popped inside and they went in the council van until they could go to the workman's home.

(continued on page 232)

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •

CUBA HAS ALWAYS PRODUCED GREAT FIGHTERS among the little men: The immortal featherweight from Havana, Kid Chocolate, is a national treasure, and fight lovers will never forget Kid Gavilan's famous bolo punch. Cuban boxers take pride in their style and cunning. The objective is not only to knock an opponent out but to knock him out with *class*. Today the Grand Master of Cuban boxing is 6'5" reigning Olympic heavyweight champion Teofilo Stevenson. Jamaican born, soft spoken, polite, dignified (though somewhat condescending when giving interviews), Stevenson is an impressive figure. On his own turf, Stevenson's reputation as a ladies' man is legend. In the ring, the straight-up puncher addresses his opponents with disdain. And not without reason. I first sketched him destroying Duane Bobick at the Munich Olympic Games in 1972, then again at the Montreal Olympics in 1976, when he made short work of John Tate, today a ranking pro. In the 1979 Pan-American Games, Stevenson impatiently flattened both of his opponents in less than a round each. Among boxers, he's in a class by himself. —L.N.



PLAYMATES FOREVER!

*you must have been a beautiful gatefold,
'cause, baby, look at you now*



LAST YEAR, when we were putting together the 25th Anniversary Issue, we found ourself indulging in a little nostalgia. As we gazed upon a quarter century of gatefolds, we realized that it had been our privilege to be associated with some of the loveliest ladies of our day. Playmates who *made* PLAYBOY: DeDe Lind and Connie Kreski, each of whom received more than 1000 letters from appreciative readers (a record); Jo Collins, who toured Vietnam; Liv Lindeland, the first Playmate to be photographed as a fully frontal nude (i.e., showing pubic hair). We wondered what had become of our favorite girls. The answer was simple: They became women. When we saw how some of them look *today*, as evidenced by these photos, our nostalgia turned to outright awe. Miki Garcia, Miss January 1973, offered this insight: "To be selected as a Playmate changes most girls' lives. We have a saying: Once a Playmate, always a Playmate." We wouldn't have it otherwise.

CONNIE KRESKI—JANUARY 1968: "What have I been up to? Well, for a couple of years, I commuted between the U.S. and London, modeling here and partying there. I made a few movies for Universal, with such memorable lines as 'Here's your coffee.' I lived with Jimmy Caan for four years. That was a chapter. A few months ago, I decided to start working behind the camera for a change. Playboy Studio West hired me as a stylist. It's fun. Last week, someone asked me if I were in for a Playmate test shooting. . . ."

NEVA GILBERT—JULY 1954: "Twenty-five years ago, I was an aspiring actress. I'd go on modeling assignments with Marilyn Monroe. We did some calendar shots for a photographer named Tom Kelley. A few months later, I heard that the pictures had appeared in a new magazine called PLAYBOY, but I couldn't find a copy. I didn't see my centerfold until this year."







DEDELIND—AUGUST 1967: "I had a great time as a Playmate. I received more than 1600 letters, mostly from college students and soldiers in Vietnam. Some of the guys still send me cards at Christmas. Nowadays, I keep myself occupied with a husband, a 14-year-old son who loves PLAYBOY and two winning thoroughbreds, Processionate and How Annoying."



REAGAN DIANA WILSON—OCTOBER 1967: "The late Sixties had an incredible vitality. I thought that feeling was going to go on forever. Being a Playmate was just part of it. I worked as an actress in L.A. until 1973, then modeled for a few years, in London and Paris. Now I'm back. After seeing the rest of the world, I can look at Los Angeles with fresh eyes."



NANCY SCOTT—MARCH 1964: "That part of my life seems as if it happened to somebody else. Three years ago, I moved to New Hampshire to work on my painting. Shel Silverstein saw my work and was very encouraging. I'm planning a show in L.A. I finally broke down and had my centerfold framed. It's in my office at home, where I have an interior-decorating business. It's sort of camp."





JO COLLINS—DECEMBER 1964: "I keep my old *PLAYBOYS* in boxes. The past is past. I used to be a baseball wife [to pitcher Bo Belinsky]. Now I raise horses and run a business with my present husband. Still, the trip I made to Vietnam in 1966 is something I will never forget. *Apocalypse Now* doesn't even come close to that experience."

ELEANOR BRADLEY—FEBRUARY 1959: "It was very risqué to be a Playmate in those days. I had to leave Waukegan and move to Chicago—the folks in the local grocery store where I worked couldn't take it. I did PR for *PLAYBOY* for a few years, modeled for 13 or so years and raised four kids—aged 13, 15, 18 and 19."



LISA BAKER—NOVEMBER 1966: "What's new? Well, I'm married. Last January, I gave up modeling—this is the last shot I'll do—moved to Fresno from Los Angeles and started selling real estate. People still ask me, 'Weren't you in PLAYBOY?' Someone always remembers."



JEAN BELL—OCTOBER 1969:
 “As one of *PLAYBOY*’s first black Playmates, I was at the center of a lot of controversy, but the experience provided a real opportunity for me. I moved from Texas to L.A. and started getting parts in movies such as *Disco 9000*, *Casanova and Company* and *The Choirboys*. Who could have predicted this life?”

SHARON JOHANSEN—OCTOBER 1972: “I don’t look at myself as extraordinary. It always amazes me to have someone ask for an autograph, simply because I’m a Playmate. I’m still shy and somewhat conservative. I’ve spent the past few years working on my acting. I have a part in Steve Martin’s *The Jerk*. I’ve been very lucky.”





LIV LINDELAND—
JANUARY 1971: "Once upon a time, I was a Playmate. That's how I usually begin. It was an incredible experience. I spoke with soldiers in Vietnam one night for hours. In 1972, I was both Playmate of the Year and a Stars and Stripes cover girl. I did TV and plays. I was a kid. I like the idea of this pictorial. You grow from a young girl to a woman. This is the best time of all."



HEIDI BECKER—JUNE 1961: "I keep a collage of my old Playmate pictures. It's simpler than pulling out the magazines. I get a kick out of the old shots, when I was in my brunette period. I still feel like I'm 21. I feel better than ever. Life does begin at 40."



MIKI GARCIA—JANUARY 1973: "People have their favorite Playmates. It's almost like a cult. I've been recognized in Mexico City, in Acapulco. Guys will say, 'Hey, I have your picture hanging in my garage, or bathroom.' What a thing to be famous for. I've loved every minute."



USED IN EVIDENCE

(continued from page 220)

"The ball thumped into the side of the house, splintering a dozen bricks and making cracks in the wall."

Within an hour, it was over. The small house was gutted. A burly foreman in gleaming yellow oilskins came over to the council official.

"Can we start?" he asked. "The boss wants the car park finished and fenced. If we can concrete by tonight, we can tar it over tomorrow first thing."

The official sighed. "Go ahead," he said. The foreman turned and waved toward a mobile crane from whose arm swung a half-ton iron ball. Gently, the crane moved forward to the flank of the house, planted itself and rose with a soft hiss onto its hydraulic feet. The ball began to swing, gently at first, then in bigger arcs. The crowd watched fascinated. They had seen their own houses go down in just this way, but it never palled. Finally, the ball thumped into the side of the house, not far from the chimney, splintering a dozen bricks and sending two cracks racing down the wall. The crowd gave a long, low "Aaaaaah." There's nothing like a nice bit of demolition to cheer up a bored crowd. At the fourth crunch, two upper windows popped out from their frames and fell into the car park. A corner of the house detached itself from the rest, waltzed slowly in a half spiral and collapsed into the back yard. Moments later, the chimney stack, a solid column of brick, snapped at the midsection and the upper portion crashed through the roof and down through the floor to ground level. The old house was coming apart. The crowd loved it. Chief Superintendent Hanley got back into his car and returned to the café.

It was even warmer and steamier than before. His driver sat at the bar counter before a steaming cup of tea. He stubbed out a cigarette as Hanley walked in and slithered from his barstool. The old man seemed busy in the corner.

"Is he finished yet?" asked Hanley.

"He's taking a powerful long time, sir," said the driver. "And the buttered bread is going down like there was no tomorrow."

Hanley watched as the old man embalmed yet another morsel of greasy fried food in soft, white bread and began to chew.

"The bread'll be extra," said the café owner. "He's had three portions already."

Hanley glanced at his watch. It was past 11. He sighed and hoisted himself on a stool.

"A mug of tea," he said. He had told

the Health and Welfare official to join him in 30 minutes and take the old man into council care. Then he could get back to his office and on with some paperwork. He'd be glad to be shot of the whole business.

Barney Kelleher and his cub reporter came in.

"Buying him breakfast, are you?" asked Barney.

"I'll claim it back," said Hanley. Kelleher knew he wouldn't. "Get some pictures?"

Barney shrugged. "Not bad," he said. "Nice one of the chickens. And the chimney stack coming down. And himself being brought out in a blanket. End of an era. I remember the days when ten thousand people lived in the Diamond. And all of them at work. Poor paid, mind you, but working. It took fifty years to create a slum in those days. Now they can do it in five."

Hanley grunted. "That's progress," he said.

A second police car drew up at the door. One of the young officers who had been at Mayo Road jumped out, saw through the glass that his chief was with the press and halted irresolute. The cub reporter did not notice. Barney Kelleher pretended not to. Hanley slid off his stool and went to the door. Outside in the rain, the policeman told him, "You'd better come back, sir. They've . . . found something."

Hanley beckoned to his driver, who came out to the pavement. "I'm going back," said Hanley. "Keep an eye on the old man." He glanced back into the café.

At the far back, the old man had stopped eating. He held a fork in one hand, a piece of rolled bread containing half a sausage in the other, perfectly immobile, as he stared silently at the three uniforms on the pavement.

Back at the site, all work had stopped. The demolition men in their oilskins and hard hats stood grouped in a circle in the rubble of the building. The remaining policeman was with them. Hanley strode from his car, picking his way over the shattered piles of brick, to where the circle of men stared downward. From behind him, the remnants of the crowd murmured. "It's the old man's treasure," whispered someone loudly from the crowd. There was a murmur of agreement. "He had a fortune buried there; that's why he'd never leave."

Hanley arrived at the center of the group and looked at the area of attention. The short stump of the shattered chimney stack still stood, five feet high, surrounded by piles of debris. At the base of the stack, the old black fireplace could still be seen. To one side, a couple of feet of outer house wall still stood. At its base, inside the house, was a collection of fallen bricks, from which protruded the shrunken and wizened, but still recognizable, leg of a human being. A shred of what looked like nylon stocking still clung below the kneecap.

"Who found it?" asked Hanley. The foreman stepped forward.

"Tommy here was working on the chimney breast with a pick. He cleared some bricks to get a better swing. He saw it. He called me." Hanley recognized a good witness when he saw one.

"Was it under the floor boards, then?" asked Hanley.

"No. This whole area was built on a marsh. The builders cemented in the floors."

"Where was it, then?"

The foreman leaned down and pointed to the stump of the fireplace. "From the inside of the sitting room, the fireplace looked to be flush with the wall. In fact, it wasn't. Originally, it jutted out from the house wall. Someone ran up a quick brick wall between the chimney breast and the end of the room, forming a cavity twelve inches deep, right up to the room ceiling. And another on the other side of the fireplace to give symmetry. But the other one was empty. The body was in the cavity between the false wall and the house wall. Even the room was repapered to cover the work. See, the same paper on the front of the chimney breast as on the false wall."

Hanley followed his finger; shreds of the same damp-mottled wallpaper adhered to the front of the chimney breast above the mantel shelf and to the bricks surrounding and part-covering the body. It was an old paper with a rosebud pattern on it. But on the inside of the original house wall beside the fireplace, a dingy and even older striped wallpaper could be discerned. Hanley stood up.

"Right," he said. "That's the end of your work for today. You might as well stand the men down and let them go. We'll be taking over from here." The hard hats began to move back off the pile of bricks. Hanley turned to his two policemen.

"Keep the crowd barriers up," he said. "The whole place sealed off. More men will be coming, and more barriers. I want this place unapproached from any of the four sides. I'll get more manpower up here and the forensic boys. Nothing touched until they say so, OK?"

The two men saluted. Hanley heaved



himself back into his car and called precinct headquarters. He issued a stream of orders, then had himself patched through to the Technical Section of the Investigation Bureau, tucked away in a grim old Victorian barracks behind Heuston Railway Station. He was lucky. Detective Superintendent O'Keefe came on the line, and they had known each other many years. Hanley told him what had been found and what he needed.

"I'll get them up there," O'Keefe's voice crackled down the line. "Do you want the murder squad brought in?"

Hanley sniffed. "No, thanks. I think we can handle this one at divisional level."

"Do you have a suspect, then?" asked O'Keefe.

"Oh, yes, we have one of those, all right," said Hanley.

He drove himself back to the café, passing Barney Kelleher, who was trying unsuccessfully to get back through the crowd barrier. This time, the patrolman on duty was not being nearly so helpful.

At the café, Hanley found his driver still at the counter with another cup of tea. At the rear sat the old man, meal finished, sipping a cup of tea. He stared at Hanley as the giant policeman came over to him.

"We've found her," said Hanley, leaning over the table and speaking so softly that no one else in the room could hear him. "We'd better be going, had we not, Mr. Larkin? Down to the station, now? We have to do a little talking, do we not?"

The old man stared back without a word. It occurred to Hanley that, so far, he had not opened his mouth to say a word. Something flickered in the old man's eyes. Fear? Relief? Probably fear. No wonder he had been afraid all these years.

He rose quietly and with Hanley's firm hand on his elbow went out to the police car. The driver followed and climbed behind the wheel. The rain had stopped and a chill wind blew toffee papers like autumn leaves down the street where no trees grew. The car drew away from the curb. The old man sat hunched, staring ahead, silent.

"Back to the station," said Hanley.

There is no country in the world where a murder investigation is a matter of inspired guesses as television would have it. They are 90 percent plodding routine, formalities to be gone through, procedures to be fulfilled. And administration, plenty of that.

Big Bill Hanley saw the old man settled into a cell at the back of the charge room; he made no protest, asked for no lawyer. Hanley had no intention of charging him—yet. He could hold him

on suspicion for at least 24 hours and he wanted more facts first. Then he sat at his desk and started with the telephone.

"By the book, lad, by the book. We're not Sherlock Holmes," his old sergeant used to tell him, years before. Good advice. More cases have been lost in court by procedural screw-ups than have ever been won by intellectual brilliance.

Hanley formally informed the city coroner of the fact of a death, catching the senior civil servant just as he was leaving for his lunch. Then he told the city morgue in Store Street, just behind the bus terminal, that there would be a complex post-mortem that afternoon. He traced the state pathologist, Professor Tim McCarthy, who listened calmly on a telephone in the hallway of the Kildare Club, sighed at the thought of missing the excellent breast of pheasant that was on the menu and agreed to come at once.

There were canvas screens to be organized, and men detailed to pick up picks and shovels and report to Mayo Road. He summoned the three detectives attached to his precinct from their lunch in the canteen to his office, and made do with two sandwiches and a pint of milk as he worked.

"I know you are busy," he told them. "We all are. That's why I want this one tied up fast. It shouldn't take too long."

He named his detective chief inspector to be scene-of-crime examiner and dispatched him to Mayo Road without delay. The two young sergeants got separate jobs. One was detailed to check into the house itself; the council official had said the old man owned it, freehold, but the Rating Office at the City Hall would have details of its past history and ownership. The Registry of Deeds would clinch the final details.

The second detective sergeant got the legwork; trace every former occupant of Mayo Road, most of them now rehoused in the council apartment blocks. Find the neighbors, the gossips, the shopkeepers, the patrolmen who had had the beat including Mayo Road for the past 15 years before its demolition, the local priest—anybody who had known Mayo Road and the old man for as many years back as possible. And that, said Hanley with emphasis, includes anyone who ever knew Mrs.; that is, the late Mrs. Larkin.

He dispatched a uniformed sergeant with a van to repossess all the personal memorabilia from the destroyed house that he had seen in the council van that morning, and to bring all the abandoned furniture, fleas and all, into the police-station yard.

It was past two in the afternoon when he finally rose and stretched. He instructed that the old man be brought to the interview room, finished his milk and

waited five minutes. When he walked into the interview room, the old man was seated at the table, hands clasped in front of him, staring at the wall. A policeman stood near the door.

"Any word from him?" murmured Hanley to the officer.

"No, sir. Not a thing." Hanley nodded for him to go.

When they were alone, he sat at the table, facing the old man. Herbert James Larkin, the council records showed.

"Well, now, Mr. Larkin," said Hanley softly. "Don't you think it would be a sensible thing to tell me about it?"

His experience told him there was no use trying to bully the old man. This was no street villain from the underworld. He'd had three wife murderers in his time, and all of them mild, meek little fellows who had soon seemed relieved to get rid of the awful details to the big sympathetic man across the table. The old man slowly looked up at him, held his gaze for a few moments and looked back at the table. Hanley took out a packet of cigarettes and flipped it open.

"Smoke?" he said. The old man didn't move. "Actually, I don't use them myself, either," said Hanley, but he left the pack invitingly open on the table, a box of matches beside it.

"Not a bad try," he conceded. "Holding on to the house like that, all those months. But the council had to win sooner or later. You knew that, didn't you? Must have been awful, knowing that they'd send the bailiffs for you sooner or later."

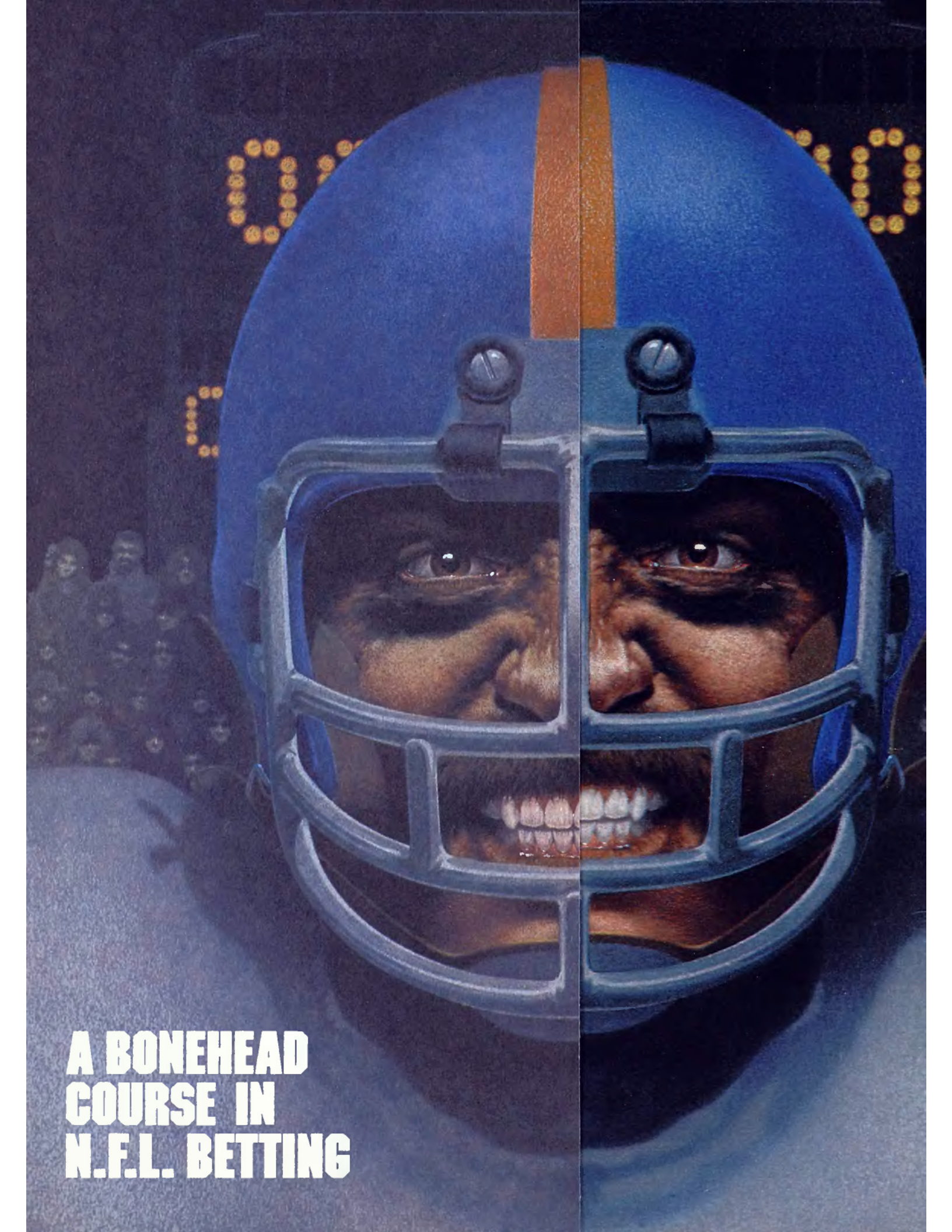
He waited for a comment, any hint of communication from the old man. There was none. No matter, he was patient as an ox when he wanted a man to talk. And they all talked sooner or later. It was the relief, really. The unburdening. The Church knew all about the relief of confession.

"How many years, Mr. Larkin? How many years of anxiety, of waiting? How many months since the first bulldozers moved into the area, eh? Man, what you must have gone through."

The old man lifted his gaze and met Hanley's eyes, maybe searching for something, a fellow human being after years of self-imposed isolation; a little sympathy, perhaps. Hanley felt he was nearly there. The old man's eyes swiveled away, over Hanley's shoulder to the rear wall.

"It's over, Mr. Larkin. All over. It's got to come out, sooner or later. We'll go back through the years, slowly, plodding away, and we'll piece it together. You know that. It was Mrs. Larkin, wasn't it? Why? Another man? Or just an argument? Maybe it was just an accident, eh? So you panicked, and then

(continued on page 314)



**A BONEHEAD
COURSE IN
N.F.L. BETTING**

article

By LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

MY CONDOLENCES to the millions of you who can't watch a pro football game without betting on it. But if not for you, the nation's bookies would have to find other ways to come by their Caddies, gold Dunhill lighters, star-sapphire pinkie rings and far-flung spring vacations. Good Lord, if not for your pro-football habit, that could be *you* on the beach in Puerto Vallarta.

The sucker in all of us doesn't really care to be put down, of course, and since it's lots more constructive to light one little candle than to bet on what time the sun will rise, I've decided to bring you all a ray of hope. There *is* hope, you know, for even the most degenerate pro football bettor, and I'm not talking about joining Gamblers Anonymous or hiding out on a remote island as yet unsullied by bookies and television. I'm talking about beating the bookies at their own game. It can be done. I've done it and you can, too.

To beat the bookies, you're going to have to start with the assumption that you know absolutely nothing about handicapping pro football, which is probably true but which is irrelevant, in any case. Just bear in mind that the point spread is set by people who do it for a living, and if you think you're a better handicapper than they are, you're obviously too far gone for me to be of any service. Otherwise, I'm prepared to offer you this little course in N.F.L. betting, and if you act on it, you *will* win—period.

UNDERSTANDING THE ODDS AGAINST YOU

As you surely ought to know, the object of point-spread betting is to instantly turn even the most blatant mismatch into a 50-50 gamble in order to stimulate as much betting activity as possible. New York Giants rooters can hardly be expected to bet on their beleaguered heroes to actually beat Dallas; but make the Cowboys 11-and-a-half-point favorites and you've suddenly created a lot of interest in an otherwise predictable Cowboy victory.

That was exactly the case the second week of the 1978 season, when Dallas beat New York 34-24. Since Dallas won by only 10, Giants backers collected their bets. Cowboy rooters, in turn, had to ante up what they wagered, plus the standard ten percent commission (known as vigorish) (continued on page 284)

*we'll wager that with
a little wise advice,
even a bonehead
can beat the bookies
at their own game*



Beard

the photographer, conservationist and squire to the world's most beautiful women takes us on a tour of his amazing visual diaries

PETER BEARD is hard to categorize, a fact that no doubt delights him. He was born an American aristocrat, educated at American and British boarding schools, graduated from Yale. He abandoned his highborn station, however, and set out for East Africa—where he witnessed and photographed the decimation by modern civilization of the once wildly beautiful terrain and animal life. He chronicled his impressions in three books, *Eyelids of Morning*: "The Mingled Destinies of Crocodiles and Men"; *Longing for Darkness*; and *The End of the Game*: "Last Word from Paradise"—each, in its way, a eulogy for a particular area and its wildlife, with clear warnings to the next animals in line, human beings.

Despite his grim vision of our collective ecological undoing, Beard is an energy center, and those around him inevitably become swept up in his enthusiasm. He has two bases of operation: a wart-hog ranch (tented camp) outside Nairobi overlooking the Ngong Hills in Kenya and a home on the most far-flung point of Montauk, Long Island. In addition to his work as a photographer and existential naturalist, Beard seems to attract whoever is interesting at the time: artists, writers, socialites and, especially, awesomely beautiful women—most recently, Cheryl Tiegs.

While he was growing up, Beard acquired the habit of meticulously recording his daily activities in a diary—a habit he compulsively continues today. He includes whatever material strikes his fancy—his own photographs, images he finds in magazines (he's a particularly carnivorous viewer of *PLAYBOY* and *Oui*), notes to himself, his intricate drawings. Because of Beard's own involvement with the people who shape the events of his time, his diaries are a vivid record of a life lived at full tilt. Which is why it seemed such a loss when 20 volumes of the diaries—representing 20 years—were destroyed in a fire that gutted Beard's English mill-style Montauk house in 1977. Peter took the setback with characteristic nonchalance: "Just possessions," he said. But when *PLAYBOY* asked him to reconstruct some of the diaries, he jumped at the chance.

On the following pages, we have reproduced some of the actual entries from surviving volumes, as well as some pages from the destroyed volumes especially prepared for *PLAYBOY*. Each is a vivid record of one of the world's most fascinating men. To put them in context, Peter's friend and associate Terry Southern offers the following narrative:

During the two years before its fiery devastation, it was my good fortune to spend a great deal of time in Peter Beard's fabled Mill o' Stress at the farthest reaches of Montauk Point. The Obsessive Diarist (as Beard is often called) and I had just come off the last Rolling Stones coast-to-coast tour, and we were eager to incorporate our impressions into a film version of Beard's book *The End of the Game*—interweaving them with his experiences in Tsavo (the infamous wildlife preserve in Kenya, where over 20,000 elephants and rhinos died of starvation), and his experiences at equally

At right is a collage of snippets and whole pages from some of the diaries that were destroyed. While we'll let you discover for yourself most of what's here, there are a few things we'd like to point out. To the right of the suspended spoon, Beard poses alongside a series of portraits of him by English artist Francis Bacon. Farther right, and a little below, model Donyole Luna props herself up on a stack of 20 years' worth of diaries. Beneath the spoon is a picture of Playmate Vicki Cunningham. Below her and to the left, Playmate Daina House grobs some gusto. To get the streaked effect, Beard uses paint thinner to loosen the large amount of ink in our pictures and then rubs it into his design.



Peter







At top left, body painter Veruschka (who has been the subject of two *PLAYBOY* pictorials, in January 1971 and January 1974) serenely imitates Mick Jagger as he appeared onstage during the Stones' Palladium concert in New York. Next to him is the *Führer's* favorite film director, Leni Riefenstahl, along with Bianca Jagger, also seen below. Margrit Rammé, health queen extraordinaire, sits coolly on the

Montauk cliff with the world's largest female elephant tusk. The shoved head in the center of the page is that of Beard himself on the occasion of his imprisonment in Kiambu ("YANK CATCHES POACHER IN HIS OWN SNARE! GETS 18 MONTHS AND 12 STROKES"—*Nairobi News*). Below the head, monnequin Cheyenne is about to be inundated with a crashing wave. Above the tusk, Suzy "Chopstick" Chaffee does some splits.

uptight San Quentin Prison, shortly after the George Jackson Massacre—thus juxtaposing those two stress-wrought situations (as a sort of microcomposite of density-ridden human culture), then completing the triptych with the performance and music of The Rolling Stones—which, as everyone knows, is the supreme *celebration* of stress.

"I think you shall find conditions at the mill," Peter assured me in his most suave Count Dracula manner, "well suited to our craft and sullen art. May I suggest the room at the top?" A room like an eagle's nest, at the very pinnacle of the mill—

the mill that was itself perched precariously, or so it seemed, on the edge of a 100-foot cliff.

In the days that followed, I soon learned that Peter's house was a sort of residential Studio 54, a mecca for the famous, the beautiful, the wealthy and, above all, the weird—and was, in fact, a *grand shrine to stress*. For example, prominent among the estate's embellishments was an open snake pit, usually seething with damnable *vipers exotiques*, as he called them—captured by Beard or sent by friends and well-wishers from the Dark Continent. And not far from the pit, stretched out



At top left, model Moud Adams is offset by a tennis player from one of Beard's movies. Below her, painter Lorry Rivers smooches with his model Evelyn Kuhn, while at bottom, Mick, Catherine Deneuve and Andy Warhol cluster. At top center, below the charging lion, is the now-famous Somali beauty Imon (who was once believed to be a Kenya goatherd). Below her are Carole (*That*

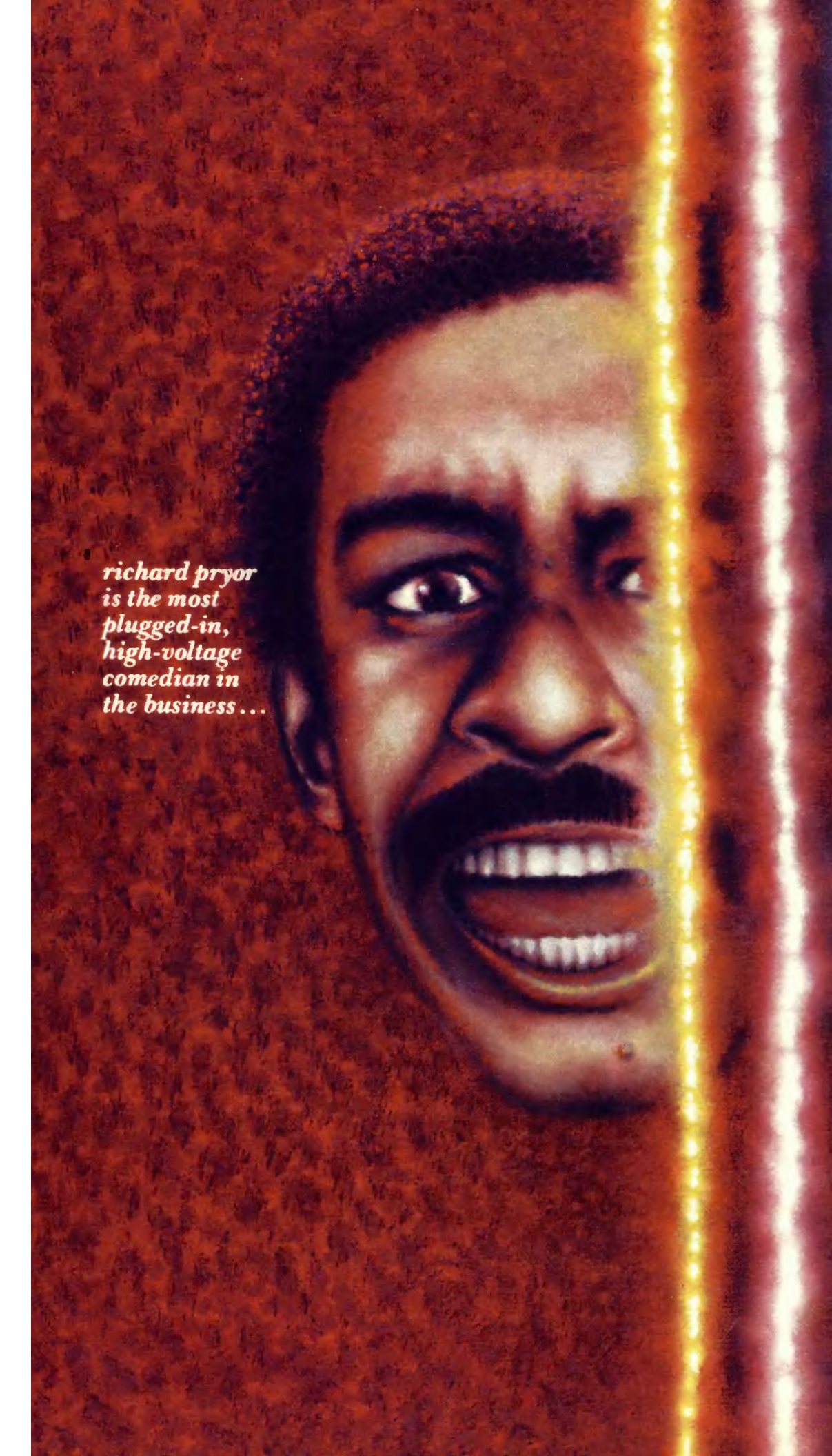
Obscure Object of Desire) Bouquet and Andrea Marcovicci. Top right, Beverly Johnson cools off in the surf at Montauk. Below her, leopard-suited Jerry Holl peers into the snake pit. Then an informal portrait of wordsmith Truman Capote in repose—taken while he and Beard were collaborating on a book. Bottom right, Naomi Sims reclines atop a croc on the shore of Kenya's Lake Rudolf.

over the 100-foot precipice, with only the jagged rocks below, was a standard Olympic-size diving board—absurdly *springy*, and split down the middle by a gigantic crack. Beard liked to deliver stressed-out diatribes—against industrial encroachment and the like—while pacing the board, gesticulating emphatically and bouncing with suicidal abandon. "Trying to talk to people about industrial encroachment," he would explain, "is like talking to the *winds*—that's why I choose this podium."

On one side of Mill o' Stress was the incredible Camp Hero—a kind of twilight-zone U. S. Army early-warning radar

post, all very hush-hush and loony, manned by what appeared to be full-out dements, or heavily tranked zombie types—and on the other side, the no less twilighty—though certainly more active—Church Estate owned by Andy Warhol and occupied by Mick Jagger—and, of course, his so-called *invités variés*.

The following pages are a fair representation of what was "The Diary" (20 hefty volumes, one per year, each page a day exquisitely detailed), destroyed in the fire of July 27, 1977, and, as such, they offer a glimpse into the life and times of Peter Beard, obsessive bookmaker at home and abroad. 



*richard pryor
is the most
plugged-in,
high-voltage
comedian in
the business...*

BERSERK

personality

By WILLIAM BRASHLER

RICHARD PRYOR is big enough now so that we take him at face value: talking in low, grim tones to Barbara Walters in prime time about growing up in his grandmother's whorehouses, how the prostitutes, one of them his mother, tapped on the windows to lure customers, how he was given his full name, Richard Franklin Lennox Thomas Pryor, by pimps, how he went home in tears after learning that he'd impregnated his teen-aged girlfriend, only to hear his father blithely admit that he'd been having relations with the girl, too.

And we stare soundlessly as this funny, haunted man rehearses his life's horrors. We dare not question nor probe the etchings on his psyche, because he has become such a star, such a brilliant, erratic persona among the vacuous community of entertainers. We only thank him, as Walters did, and whimper off,

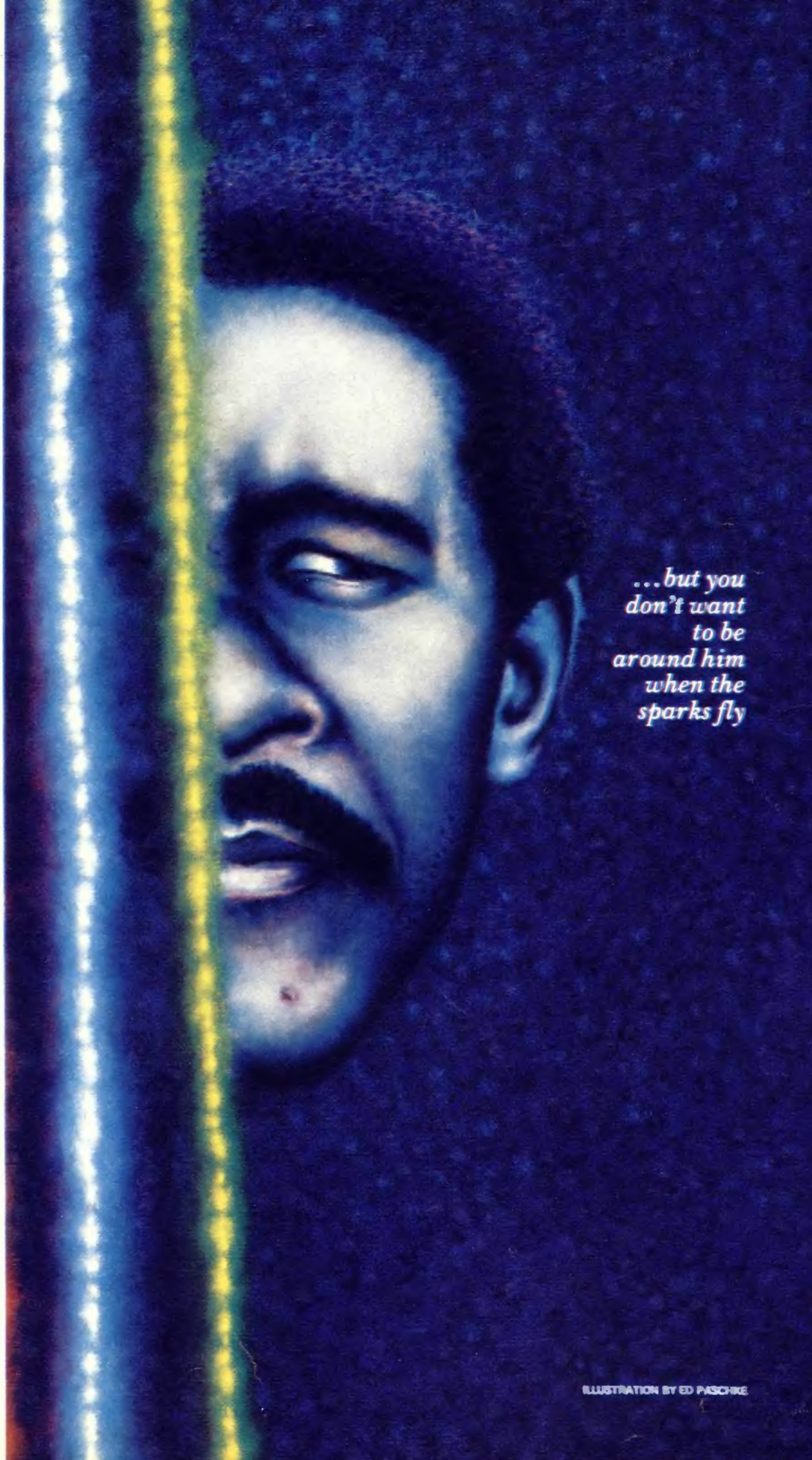
ANGEL

reminding ourselves to be more considerate of one who has come so far and through so much.

Except that as soon as we're out of earshot, somebody is apt to shout, "Wait a minute, Jack!" The gales of laughter and the palm slaps will proliferate and the whole place will go up for grabs. Richard Pryor is like that, his life so full of contradiction and jive that there's really no way we can be sure we've not been suckered.

To be sure, this lean, light-skinned cat with the cherubic smile, the insane eyes and the devastating, obscene and outrageous wit is one of the funniest, most entertaining performers anywhere. Pryor's three Grammy-winning albums, his several movie roles, his stage performances—one of which was filmed in its entirety and released this year as a feature—bear testimony to the talent.

But we know that. We also know that the daily newspaper is the best place to read of his latest antic, (continued on page 248)

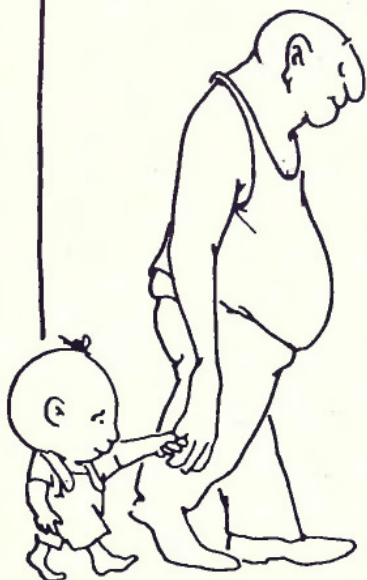


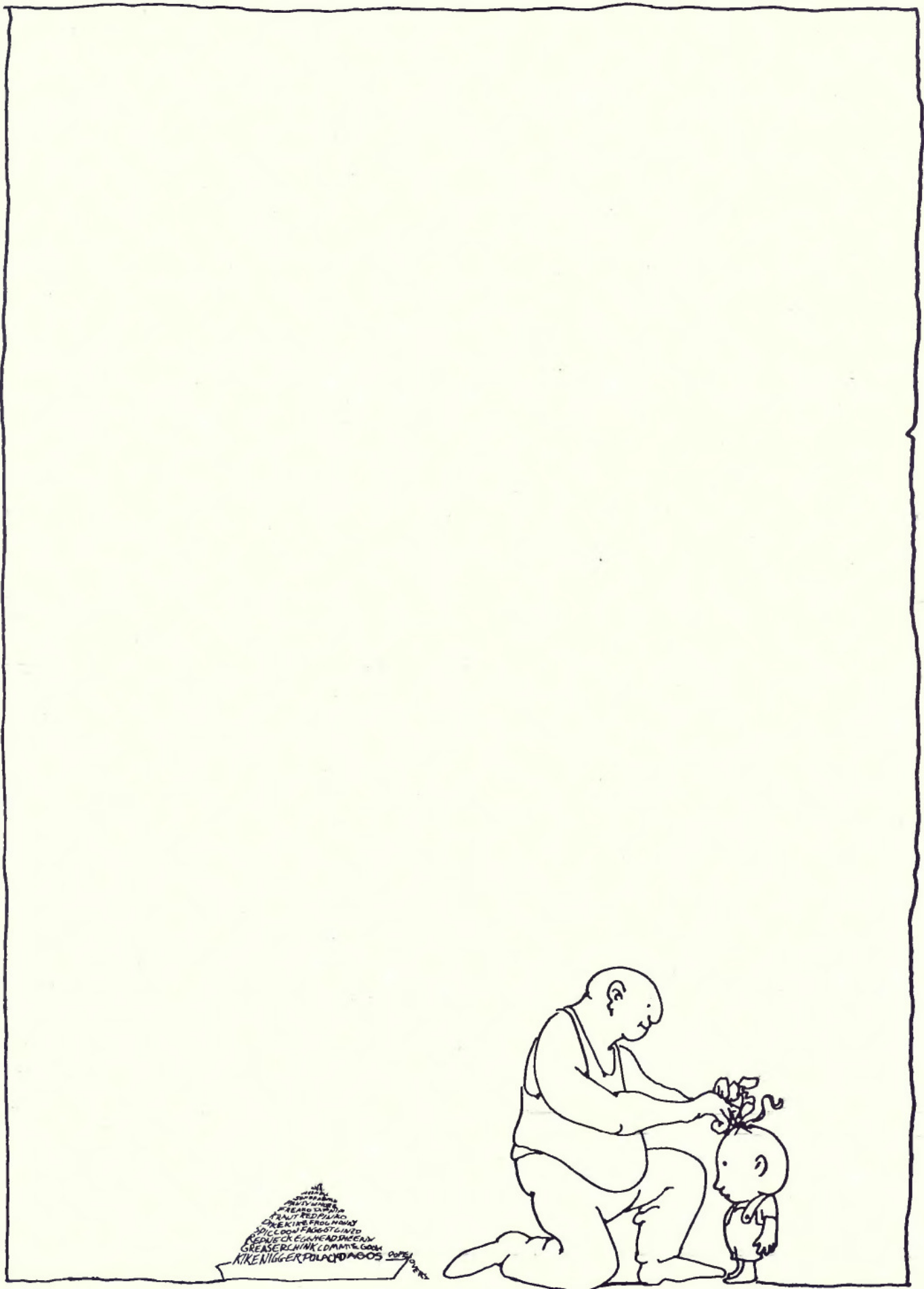
*...but you
don't want
to be
around him
when the
sparks fly*

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

Silverstein

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN WELL





JILL
 KESLER
 GREASER
 KIKENIGGERPILCKDAGOSPILCK



KIKENIGGERPILCKDAGOSPILCK



KIKENIGGERPILCKDAGOSPILCK



BERSERK ANGEL (continued from page 243)

"A witness to his blinding changes of temperament said, 'He is, I think, a black, berserk angel.'"

be it a shooting spree on New Year's Eve, a tirade before thousands of gays at the Hollywood Bowl, a jail sentence, a heart attack. Pryor's talent is marked by his personal peril: He is one of the angriest, most unpredictable stars working today.

I met him in July 1975 in Macon, Georgia—on location of *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, a film based on my first novel. During the long, restless hours of shooting, Pryor was friendly, occasionally moody but mostly withdrawn and private. At times he'd hold court with members of the cast or crew and run into impromptu routines. Or he'd toy with people such as Leon "Daddy Wags" Wagner or Birmingham Sam Brison, both former pro ballplayers with small roles in the film, and they'd kid him about how awful he was with a bat and ball. It was kidding that Pryor seemed to enjoy.

I was toting around a sound movie camera, and occasionally, he'd pick up the microphone and do a monolog. "You sold your book, now go home!" he cracked. In my copy of *Bingo Long*, he wrote, "Thanks to you, Bill, for writing this book. It was right. Do more. Love, Richard Pryor."

Earlier this year, when I contacted his office about doing this piece, Pryor personally phoned me and said he'd be glad to talk, though he preferred not to be subjected to a long interview. I told him that was fine and, in almost inaudible tones, he thanked me. He often thanks people.

A few weeks later, after being advised that it would be an opportune time to go out to Hollywood, I checked into a hotel and waited to meet him. I waited for four days and was finally told by his lawyer that seeing him at that time would be impossible. Then Pryor flew off to Maui.

I know that such moves are nothing new with Pryor, especially when he is between projects. But that restiveness is, it seems, the skin over a deep uneasiness that bothers the hell out of him.

Apart from publicly being one of show business' most volatile personalities, Pryor is privately just as fickle. Those who work for him describe their routine as unnerving and chaotic. He is likely to remain incommunicado for days, cancel appointments, renege on personal commitments or simply go off somewhere.

Less than a month after he stood me

up in L.A., Pryor called me and talked for almost an hour, again in those soothing, quiet tones, and made no reference to my fruitless trip West. He rang off with the suggestion that I come out to Hollywood sometime so he could show me around.

Most people familiar with the way he operates know enough to proceed day by day. Anything he says about his life one week may be inoperative the next. In late 1977, *Ebony* found that out after it did a cozy spread on Pryor at home with his new wife, Deborah McGuire. When the piece appeared in January 1978—complete with Pryor's quotes about the finality of this, his fourth marriage—he had already gone on the New Year's Eve shooting rampage during which he had chased McGuire and two of her girlfriends out of the house and demolished a car with a .357 magnum. Divorce proceedings soon followed.

He repeated much the same prognosis about his life and latest love to me. "I'm a very happy man," he said. "I'm happy to be alive, you know. I have a lady I care about, we're honest with each other and we're finding things out about ourselves."

I remarked that all that sounded vaguely familiar. He seemed hurt by the suggestion, and I reminded him of his statements about his relationship with McGuire. "Well," he responded, "let's just say I'm happy when I'm happy."

Indeed he is, and indeed he isn't. It's difficult to describe this schizophrenic, torn, often unfunny funnyman. A former close friend, a witness to his blinding changes of temperament, probably comes closest: "He is, I think, a black, berserk angel."

Through interviews with friends and associates, and with Pryor himself, one can begin to trace the bitter tracks on his soul. He is a man torn between his resentment of being black—and what it means to be black in this country—and his desire to be big, the biggest, in a white-oriented, white-run industry.

His life vacillates between sweet appeasement of the people he knows he must deal with in order to make it—producers, studio heads, writers, fans—and the opposite, the point at which he begins to feel that he has become the nigger clown for all of them. Then he explodes and feels the need to do some outrageous, antiwhite antic, be it in the form of physical violence—the guns and fistfights—or verbal battery, such as his

tirade against homosexuals at the Hollywood Bowl: "When the niggers was burnin' down Watts, you motherfuckers was doing what you wanted to do on Hollywood Boulevard. . . . Well, you can kiss my happy, rich black ass!"

Such incidents may wreak havoc in his life for a time, but they are an inextricable part of his existence. He has said so himself. "That's what I love about every nigger in the United States. If you push them too far, they'll say, 'Wait a minute! This meetin's over!' From Ambassador Young to Harlem."

Fortunately, Pryor has the ability to transform that anger and resentment into devastatingly effective humor. He senses all the shadings of anxiety, especially racial anxiety, and he thrives on them. When he pokes fun at them in concert, on record or film, it's very funny:

This is the fun part for me: The white people come back after intermission and find out niggers done stole their seats. *(Laughter)*

(Mimicking white voice) "Uh, weren't we sitting here, uh, dear? . . . Weren't we? Uh, we were sitting here, weren't we?" *(Laughter)*

(White woman, nasally) "Yes, we were sitting right there." *(Laughter)*

(Black voice) "Well, you ain't sitting here now, motherfucker." *(Hysterical laughter)*

"You ever notice how nice white people get when there's a bunch of niggers around?" he says to the audience. "Why, they talk to everybody—'Hi! How ya doin'? I don't know ya, but here's my wife. Hello!'"

He also uses this humor privately, employing a flash word most people thought was extinct: nigger. Pryor has resurrected the word; he uses it openly, lovingly. He puts it on the title of albums, knowing it is a fuse: for blacks, a signal of years of hatred and struggle; for whites, a demeaning epithet used by rednecks and bigots. For Pryor, the word is currency.

But hold it right there, Jack. You dare not say nigger in his presence, not in any form, not facetiously, not in quotation. Ask anyone who's done it. Call to mind the fire in his eyes when Barbara Walters did it. Richard Pryor will not tolerate an echo.

Those close to him consider him one of the most psychologically dominating persons they've ever known. "He will push you as far as any human being can push," one told me.

Especially when the times get funky, usually in the deep hours inside his home, when the vodka and the drugs take hold. That's when the buttons are pushed, when Pryor's cutting edge bares itself and he can be instantly cruel,

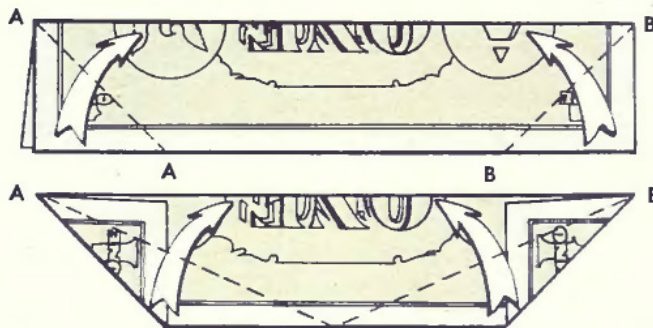
(continued on page 292)



BUCK RABBIT

SOME PEOPLE like to have fun with singles. Bill Caruba has more fun than anybody. His book *The Magic of Folding Money*, a compendium of greenback constructions, gives full instructions for folding a dollar bill into rings, guns and all manner of trinkets. Here, for loyal readers, is one of Caruba's inventions—the Playboy Buck Rabbit. If you're less interested in folding money than in making it, move on; we can't guarantee our legal-tender *lapin* will multiply like you know what.

lop-eared legal tender could be the shape of things to come



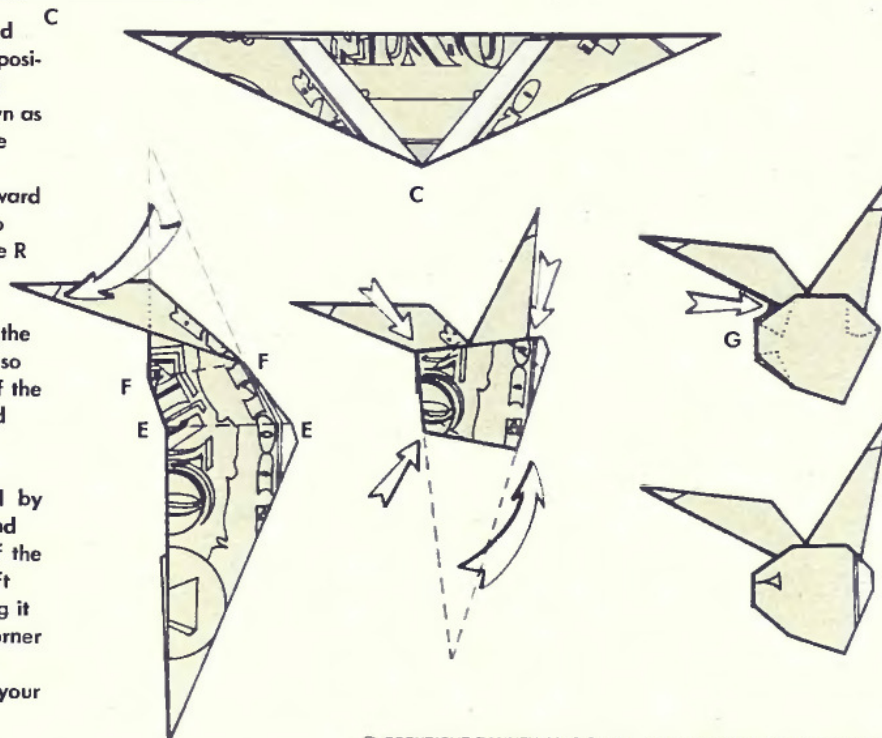
1 Begin with a crisp dollar bill. Moisten your fingers for optimum grip and go to work. Place the bill before you, Washington's face up. Bringing the top down, toward you, fold the bill in half. Then fold the corners up along dotted lines A-A and B-B.

2 Next, fold the corners up along dotted lines A-C and B-C. Note that while the drawing shows C as a point, you should leave about a quarter-inch gap between folds.

3 Now flip the bill over and rotate it to a vertical position with the straight edge on the left. Turn the first ear down as shown. Make an accordionlike fold along lines E-E and F-F, bringing the upper fold backward and the lower fold forward so that fold F-F lies just under the R in DOLLAR.

4 Fold the lower point of the bill behind and upward so that it just takes the edge off the E at the bottom of the bill and forms the right ear.

5 Shape the rabbit head by tucking in the corners and the protrusion at the base of the forward ear (G). Adjust the left ear to desired size by pushing it down or over slightly. The corner of the N in ONE forms the rabbit's eye. Now hold on to your dollar till the rabbit grins.





SEX STARS OF 1979

as if to make up for what wasn't happening onscreen this year, celebrities' love lives kept the rumor mills grinding

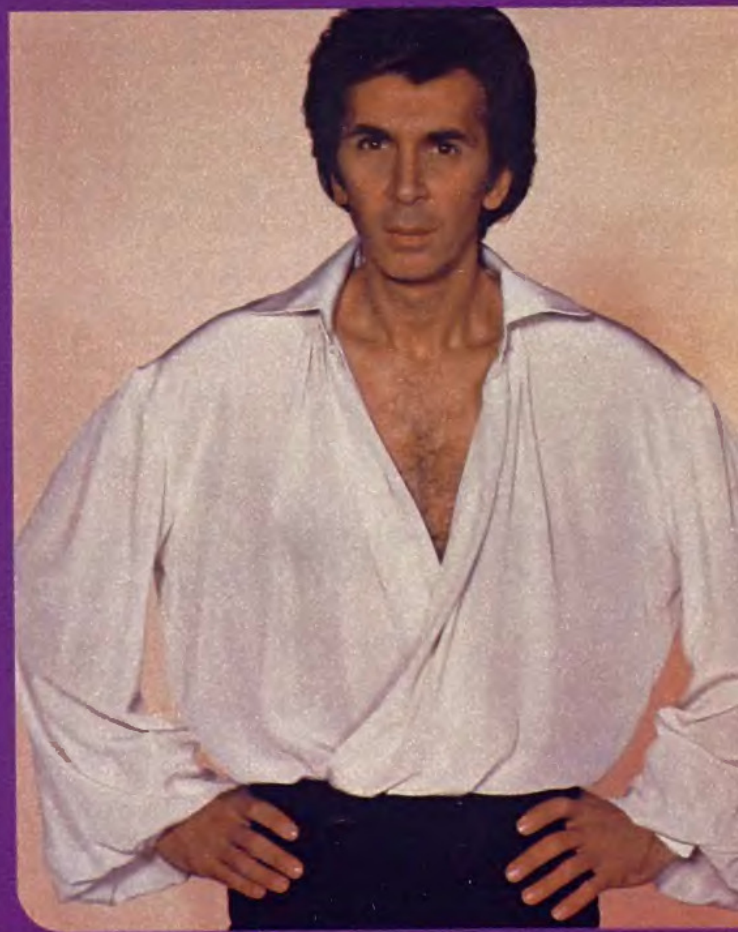
pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD It was a year that would have brought transports of delight to Louella herself: screens full of happy, old-fashioned entertainment, Hollywood ballrooms aglow with rich, successful celebrities and tycoons and, best of all, the constant whisper of *scandal*, up to and including adultery, broken marriages and what used to be called shotgun weddings.

For a while there, the private lives of our sex stars were becoming as boring as many of the pictures they made. A little spice was sorely needed, what with the big screen's being turned over to sexless period romances, monster films, more disasters and international spy capers, cute teenage sports comedies and big-budget cartoons. When we were kids, one of our first titillating thoughts was that Superman could probably see a girl's panties through her dress; little did we know that one day we'd have to pay five dollars to confirm this hot guess—and still not get to see the panties for ourselves.

History, in fact, seems to be repeating itself. Back in the Fifties and Sixties, when the U. S. was still gripped by puritanism, it was foreign films that first provided a dash of spice onscreen. Then imports faded as America grew bolder. Now, once again, U. S. film makers are going for PG ratings and the kiddie mentality, leaving a vacuum for sexy fare from abroad, and beauties like **Laura Antonelli** are becoming the **Brigitte Bardots** of our time.

Antonelli is the (text continued on page 396)

TORRID TRIO: Not since the Fifties heyday of Brigitte Bardot has a foreign actress so nearly come to symbolize sexuality on the screen as has this year's hottest import, Laura Antonelli (opposite), who can be seen in *Wifemistress*, *The Innocent*, *Malicious*, *Divine Nymph*, *Till Marriage Do Us Part* and the forthcoming *Wild Beds*. Back home, one of the most exciting newcomers is Richard Gere (top right, as he looks in *American Gigolo*, the title role he got when John Travolta went into a snit). Gere's also currently on view in *Yanks*. Frank Langella, who made hearts beat faster in 1970's *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *The Twelve Chairs*, returned to Hollywood at last in *Dracula* (right), based on his stage hit.



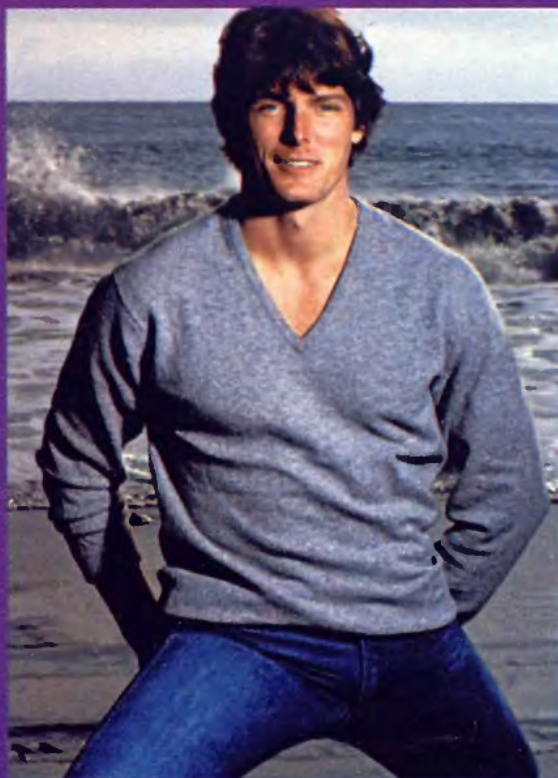


WHERE'S CHARLIE? Angels past and present from the cast of TV's pioneering "jiggly" show include (clockwise from left) Farrah Fawcett, minus Majors since she has separated from Lee, as she appears in her new British-made movie *Saturn 3*; model Shelley Hack—seen, if you caught it during the week it lasted on the movie circuit, in the soapsudsy *If Ever I See You Again*—named the newest of Charlie's Angels after a much-ballyhooed talent hunt; Cheryl Ladd, who improbably enough plays a child abuser in an ABC-TV movie, *A New Start*; and Jaclyn Smith, recent bride of actor Dennis Cole—with whom she's making a made-for-television feature movie.



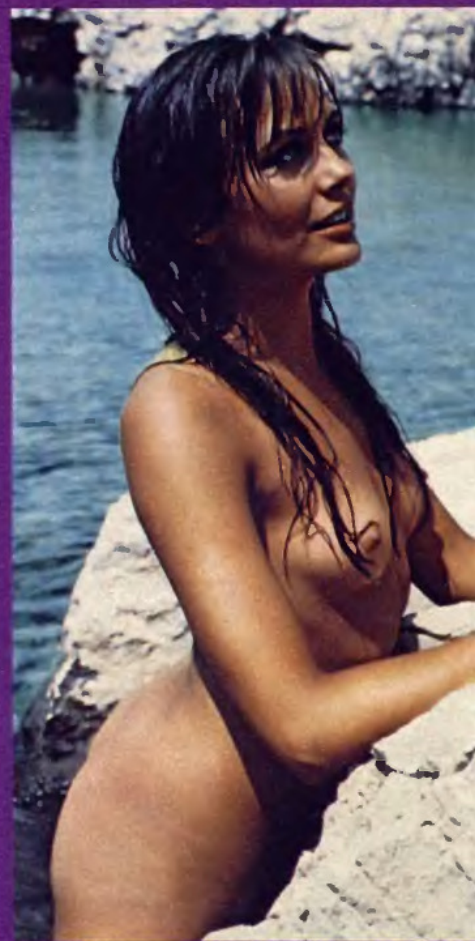


TALK OF THE TOWN: Gossip columnists had a field day in '79 with the amorous antics of the stars. Sylvester Stallone left his wife, Sasha—who, ironically, snapped the portrait of Sly at left above—to take up with Susan (*Goldengirl*) Anton (above right), who in turn dumped her husband-manager, Jack Stein. Supermodel Cheryl Tiegs (below left) deserted hubby, Stan Dragoti, for photographer Peter Beard—driving Dragoti, he complained, to drugs. Superman Christopher Reeve (below center) hoped his girlfriend Gae Exton could shed her spouse in time to wed Chris before keeping their date with the stork; meanwhile, Nastassja Kinski (in *Stay As You Are*, below right) kept company with fugitive director Roman Polanski, who cast her as his *Tess*.





INTO BONDAGE: That dashing British intelligence agent James Bond always has his pick of the pretties—most recently, in *Moonraker*, Corinne Clery (above) and Lois Chiles (below left, with Roger Moore as Bond). Trouble was Corinne got killed off too soon and Lois paled in comparison with Bond's *Spy Who Loved Me* companion, lovely Barbara Bach (below right, as she appeared in *Island of the Mermaid*). Sniping at the chilly Chiles, one reviewer commented that her performance makes anything by Candice Bergen look “sparkling.”



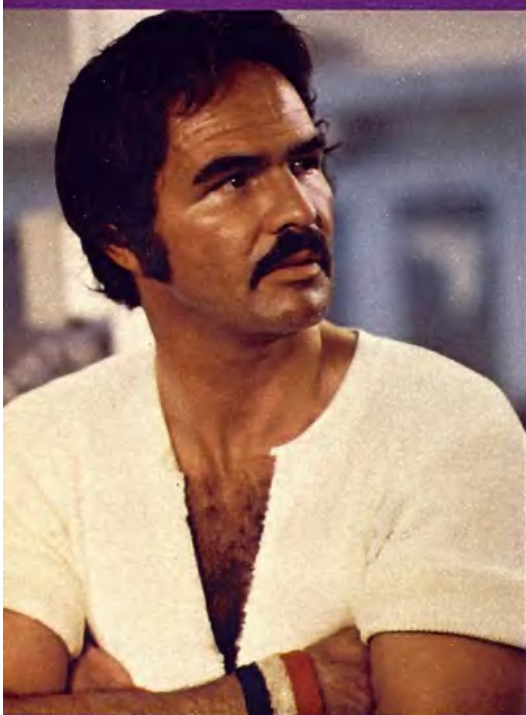


GIMME A BREAK: Talented ladies still awaiting their monster movie are (clockwise, from top left) Susan Sarandon, who did land a lover (Louis Malle) from *Pretty Baby*; Dayle Haddon (here in *Madame Claude*), who hadn't much to do in *North Dallas Forty*; Sydne Rome, whose earlier flick *What?* is being rereleased under the racier title Roman Polanski's *Forbidden Dreams*; Barbara Carrera, who had a meaty role in NBC-TV's *Centennial*; Sylvia Kristel, who's changing her image from those *Emmanuelle* pictures, got lost in the crowd of *The Concorde—Airport '79* but is due next in *The Return of Maxwell Smart*; and Lesley-Anne Down, here pictured in a scene from *Scalawag*, who enlivened *The Great Train Robbery* but nearly drowned in the treacle of *Hanover Street*.





JUST PLAIN SEXY: It wouldn't matter whether or not these people could act—which they can; audiences would flock to see them, anyway. Latest venture for the delectable Valerie Perrine (above left) is *Can't Stop the Music*; Robert Redford (above right), all aglitter for *The Electric Horseman*, has also finished *Brubaker*. Below, from left: Burt Reynolds, of *Starting Over*, whose next role, in *Rough Cut*, is as a cat burglar, in an offbeat homage to Cary Grant; Suzanne Somers (in her Pro Arts poster pose), starring in two new films: *Yesterday's Hero* and *Nothing Personal*; and John (Saturday Night Fever, Grease) Travolta, who's been plumbing the depths since the disastrous *Moment by Moment* but is due back in 1980's *Urban Cowboy*.





THE RHYTHM METHOD: Since many of today's hottest sex symbols come from the world of music, it's not surprising that we're seeing cross-overs between recording and movie studios. Bette Midler plays a Janis Joplin type in *The Rose* (above); newlywed Rod Stewart (above right) appears in *Jet Lag*. The Village People (right) co-star in *Can't Stop the Music*. Roy Scheider (below right), of all people, sings and dances in *All That Jazz*, which may or may not be the biography of Bob Fosse. But disco queen Madleen (below) Kane has yet to make her debut in films. Talent scouts, take note!



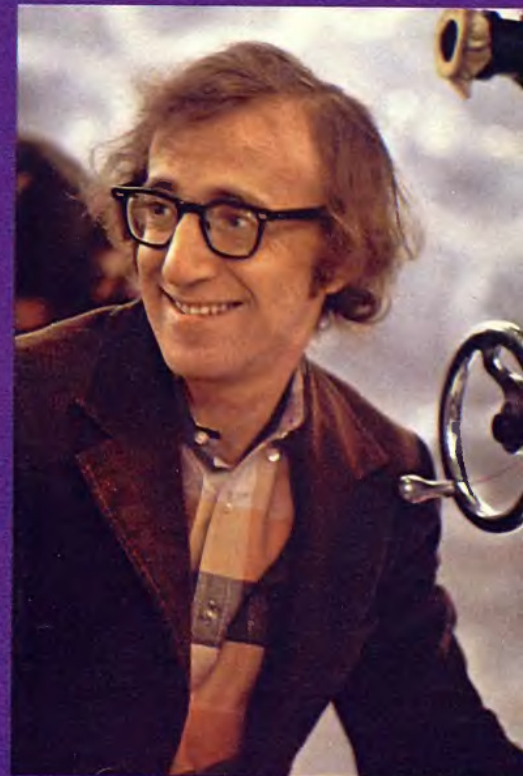


REEL LIVE PLAYMATES: Among the latest to make the leap from centerfold to cinema: Left to right, above, May 1979's Michele Drake in *American Gigolo*; Dorothy Stratten, Miss August 1979, now on view in *Americathon* and soon to be seen in *Skatetown USA*; and January 1977's Susan Kiger, who's appearing in *H.O.T.S.*, *Seven* and *Seven from Heaven*. Still going strong are Cyndi Wood (below left), 1974 Playmate of the Year, who stars in *Van Nuys Blvd.* and also appears in *Apocalypse Now*, and "Queen of the Bs" Claudia Jennings (below right), 1970 Playmate of the Year and star of *Fast Company*.



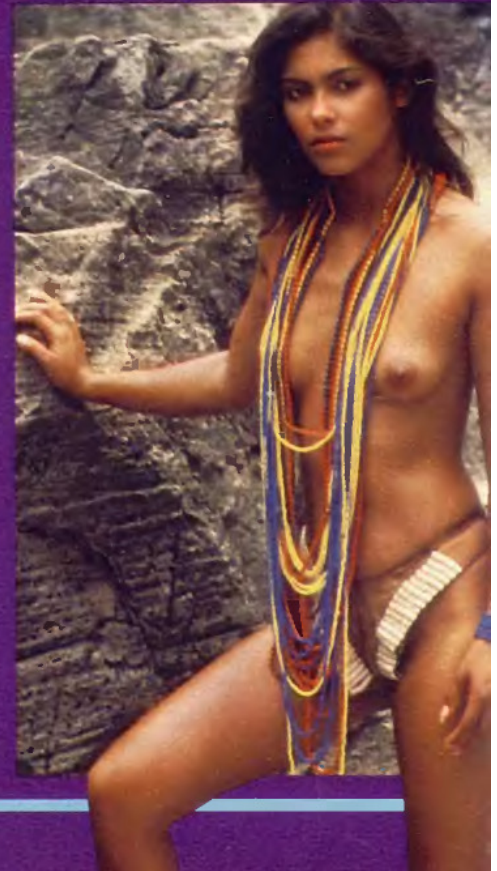


SEX WITH A SMILE: Cinematic clowning was hotter than ever in '79. Steve Martin (above) made Hollywood history by tossing a party, attended by all of Tinseltown's glamor people, premiering the two-minute *trailer* for his film *The Jerk*; George Hamilton followed his Dracula send-up, *Love at First Bite* (right), by announcing plans for *Zorro—The Gay Blade*. Diane Keaton and Woody Allen (below center and right) reprised their tragicomic romance in *Manhattan*—though offscreen she's still the companion of Warren Beatty. (Not roommate, though; Beatty and Keaton surprised the locals by taking separate digs while staying in London.) Finally (below left), the sleeper sex object of the year: Miss Piggy.





PLAYBOY PREDICTS: Stardom *should* be just around the corner for hopefuls (clockwise, from top left) Colleen Camp of *Apocalypse Now* and *Cloud Dancer*; William Katt of *Big Wednesday* and *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days*; Cindy Pickett of *Night Games*; D. D. Winters, a Canadian model and star of *Tanya's Island* (the cameraman for which claims she has a profile like Hedy Lamarr's); Sybil Danning, currently on view in *The Concorde—Airport '79* and soon to be seen in *the Man with Bogart's Face*; and Dean-Paul Martin, Ali MacGraw's co-star in *Players*. Possibly the hottest prospect of the lot is beautiful, statuesque Bo Derek (opposite), latest wife of director/actor/photographer John Derek. Bo made her film debut in *10*, with Dudley Moore.





the philter of the shaman of sungtao a Fifth Century legend of the Sung dynasty

IN THE FIRST DYNASTY of Sung, in the days of Shihwanta Shan, even as today, the village of Taotan was avoided by travelers except the imperial collector of taxes, because it had so little to offer. The lowest of its citizens was Luwu the woolwasher. Orphaned as a child, she was loved by none, for although her body was finely formed, her unnatural face was her great misfortune. One eye was the size of a plum and the other no larger than a hazelnut; a great cleft in her lip revealed her teeth, the display of which is considered vulgar among Chinese, so that she was impelled from courtesy to constantly hold her hand before her mouth. And on her chin and throat were a score of hairy warts called *tat ang*, rabbit dung, which superstition held that her mother must have eaten with her rice while carrying Luwu.

Luwu lived alone in a tiny cottage at the far edge of town. Although gentle of manner and soft of voice, she was shunned by all because of the discomfort (and bad luck!) of looking at her unfortunate face. Alone, unloved and lonely, she counted as friends only the birds and an ancient tortoise that lived at the curve of the river where she washed wool for the few copper cash that kept her alive on a meager diet of rice and grain. But her sensuous body yearned for the touch of a lover she knew she would never have.

At times, in the full of the moon, the sleeping tigress of her voluptuous body would stir and growl with urgent hunger. Then, with trembling fingers and tight-closed eyes, she would try to coax it back to sleep with a small *ch'ingping*, or dildo fashioned out of old leather. She would weep bitter tears as her pounding heart gradually returned to the dull beat of her empty life.

One warm spring day at the river, she dozed in the leafy shade of a *paofeng* bush while her wool dried in the sun. Voices brought her awake and, peering through her screen of leaves, she watched with the eagerness of the lonely as three itinerant laborers across the river made a fire for midday tea and rice. When their meal was finished, she heard the oldest say:

"So I was told in Huashih that the woodcutter of Taotan has joined his ancestors, and the villagers may be needing fuel. Perhaps the mayor will employ us for a few days to lay in a supply until another woodcutter is found for Taotan.

"Shan'uan, perhaps you will remain here to guard our packs while Shotzu and I walk to the village and inquire about this matter."

"Surely, Hsingfeng," replied Shan'uan respectfully, "and may I wash our laundry in the river while you are away?"

"You are a good lad, Shan'uan," the leader smiled kindly. "That would be helpful and appreciated." From the forms of address used, Luwu knew the men were not of a family—also, Shan'uan was much taller and more finely formed than the others.

When the others left, she watched with growing excitement as he removed boots, stockings and jacket and set to washing.

How beautiful he is! she thought to herself dreamily. How lithe and how strong! Then her heart leaped to her throat as Shan'uan, finished with the clothes at hand, stripped off his own robe and drawers and washed them as well. "Aiee!" she moaned to herself, feeling her passions rise at the sight of his smooth, golden body, hairless save for a youthful sprout of soft black curls above his manhood, with a tiny mole on his chest. She felt herself swooning with the rush of emotions, when suddenly her mind cleared magically and her thoughts raced like the wind.

I must have this man! she told herself urgently. And she knew in that instant that her only hope was to enlist the aid of the shaman of Sungtao, who lived in a cave on the mountain an hour's walk from Taotan. She quietly gathered her dry wool and crept away to make her desperate appeal.

A visit to that ancient shaman with her small hoard of copper cash and a prayer saw her hurrying back with a tiny bag of *Tsang-eh*, an herbal philter known only to the brotherhood of shamans, and a palm-sized painting of the face of a beautiful girl. She repeated to herself the careful instructions he had whispered to her until she was sure she remembered them perfectly.

Next day, she discreetly followed the troop as they spread through the forest searching out dead trees and dry wood for the village, until Shan'uan wandered out of the hearing of the others. Near him, but out of sight, she quickly made a tiny fire and brewed a pot of tea mixed with the *Tsang-eh*. Shan'uan was laboring mightily with his ax when she came up to him, one hand held shyly over her features, and offered him a steaming cup of fragrant tea.

"Please, forgive my rude interruption of your labor, but I must ask you if you are the woodcutter Shan'uan."

"Why, yes," the young man replied in surprise.

"And do you have a small mole on your breast?" Even more surprised, Shan'uan replied that that was, indeed, true.

"Then my mistress sends you this small refreshment with her kind wishes, and begs that you meet her for an important reason."

Shan'uan accepted the tea gratefully and, as he sipped, he asked Luwu about her mistress and was shown the little painting while Luwu, averting her own face from his gaze, explained:

"She is the Princess Shibhsaisu, under threat of death from a great and terrible war lord, which forces her to spend her life in hiding here in Taotan, where she is known only by the name Luwu. A seer told her that a tall young man named Shan'uan, with a tiny black mole on his breast, would appear in Taotan during this moon. Oh, Shan'uan, only you can help her!"

"Only I can help her," repeated Shan'uan wonderingly, and Luwu's heart leaped as she realized that the hypnotic *Tsang-eh* was beginning to take effect as he came under the control of her voice.

With a brave quaver, Luwu, who had never in her life given anyone a command, said, "Come with me!" and, taking him by the hand, she led the compliant Shan'uan to her cottage. "Take this painting, go inside and look at it, and in a few minutes, my mistress, the Princess Shibhsaisu, will come—but you must remember to call her Luwu save when you are entirely alone with her and no other can hear."

"I shall do as you say," Shan'uan intoned, under the spell of the *Tsang-eh*. Luwu quickly changed into her blue-silk burial trousers and blouse, which she had concealed, and with trembling legs and wildly beating heart, she followed him into the cottage. Fearing that her voice might fail, she gritted out more forcefully than intended:

"*I am the Princess Shibhsaisu!*" Whereupon Shan'uan, who had been sitting on a stool staring at the picture, leaped to his feet and made the deepest possible obeisance, crying out:

"Oh, my lady! You are far more beautiful than your picture!" and in that instant, his own hypnotic image of Luwu's face was burned into his mind forever. "Please tell me how this insignificant person may serve you." His voice shook with the intensity of his emotion. "My life is yours to command!"

Without replying immediately, Luwu went to him boldly, removed his robe and, untying the drawstring of his drawers, she let them fall and fixed her ardent gaze on his young manhood. She held the soft knob in her warm hand and, pressing it gently, she marveled at its velvety touch. Thrillingly, she felt it grow under her caresses, swelling to splendid size as its staff stiffened and extended to incredible length!

"Oh, my lady!" moaned Shan'uan, as a sudden spasm ran through his manly



organ and a pearly drop appeared at the tip.

"This is how you may serve me," whispered Luwu, gripping him so strongly that his whole body trembled with arousal. Quickly slipping off her silk clothes, already damp with the flowing juices of ardor, she lay on the mat and beckoned him to her.

"My lady," Shan'uan whispered hoarsely, "I am an innocent lad and know nothing of lying with a woman!"

"Come," she panted, "I know nothing of lying with a man, but we shall try."

Clumsily, he lowered himself over her, and frantically she guided his shaft

where nature had intended, then, grasping his sweet buttocks, she pulled him tightly to her as every nerve in her body tingled and sang with delight at the sensations sweeping over her.

Shan'uan's great thigh muscles bulged and flowed as he thrust again and again into that sweet tunnel and felt its answering pulsations gripping and pulling him to a towering height of ecstasy of such piercing poignancy as he had never dreamed possible. At last, with a great cry, he felt his juices drawn out of him, again . . . again . . . and again . . . until he lay still, drained of all strength but filled with delight, gazing into the poor

face of Luwu, which had become forever beautiful in his loving eyes.

And so it came about that Shan'uan became Luwu's adoring husband and prospered modestly as the village woodcutter forever after. The envious girls of the village eyed this handsome young man longingly and whispered, "What can he possibly see in Luwu of the unfortunate face?"

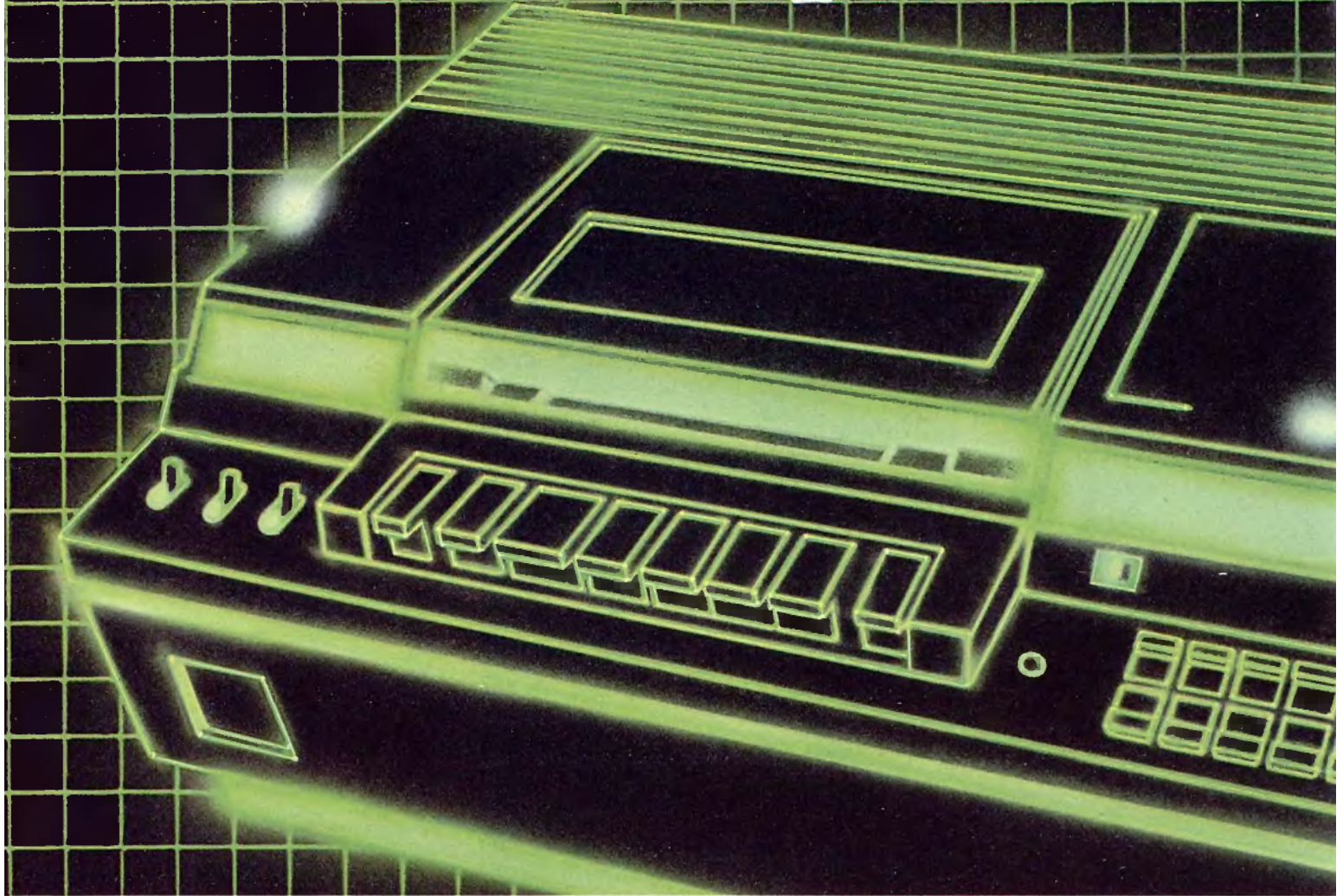
And their grandmothers answered in low and fearful tones, "It must be that he sees the image of *Tsang-eh!*"

So say the legends of the first dynasty of Sung.

—Retold by Charles Wallach

RCA INTRODUCES

The next step in video



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Like more time. The 600 has a new third speed that allows



Third speed gives 6 hours recording on a single VK-250 cassette.

you to record up to six hours on a single cassette. That means fewer cassette-changing interruptions or missed endings when you're recording with the automatic timer. And more shows on one cassette means you save money on tape too.

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SEX IN LOS ANGELES

(continued from page 184)

"They drift outside to cool off, to share a joint in their cars, to share a Quaalude, to cop a feel."

membership. The more power he has, the less he has to look, for there is always an aide, a fellow club member, a friend or a flunky to make the introductions.

The more sophisticated, professional types, if they didn't meet people through their jobs, would tend to go to Beverly Hills bars such as The Saloon, the Rangoon Racquet Club or The Ginger Man. Women there are more sophisticated, better dressed and probably older than the casual beach types who hang out in Marina Del Ray bars such as Friday's and Donkins.

L.A. has dozens of singles places. The people who live in Malibu tend to drink and hunt in Malibu. The people in Westwood don't have to travel to find action—they have Bergin's and Bergin's West. Santa Monica has Moody's, Osco Disco, The Rainbow Bar and Grill, Tana's. In Valley, there are the Tennessee Gin and Cotton Company, The Point After, My Place, Flanigan's. The Red Onion—wherever you find one (there are five in L.A.)—is a reliable haunt. Any place that serves brunch on weekends is a magnet—but to be successful at either scoring or just meeting someone, it's best if you're doing something.

One Marina bachelor, wealthy, divorced, 35, says he never goes to a singles bar, saying he finds them "embarrassing." But there are tennis courts in his adults-only apartment complex. He owns both a bicycle and roller skates. And he jogs.

"I jog at six A.M.," he says. "That's an unearthly hour, but I see a dozen to 20 women jogging when I go out. It's very easy to start jogging alongside someone. Then there's bicycling. Single girls are constantly bicycling or roller-skating. And they'll be alone. It's not like New York, where girls will be in twos or threes. So it's easy to start a conversation."

There are 40 miles of beaches in L.A. County. In one year, the beaches attract over 60,000,000 bodies—most of them bitchin': "Yeah, I meet a lot of my men at the beach," says a 28-year-old secretary. "It's a really sociable scene. Really casual, you know. Usually, we just hang out all day, but we both know what it's leading up to that night."

By 6:30, the lounge of The Red Onion in Redondo Beach is filled with men and women, perched around high wooden tables. Groups of men only, drinking fast and talking loud about the Dodgers' chances to win the series. Groups of

women only, chatting animatedly about the day at work, the date the next night. They dress in T-shirts and jeans and suits and ties; students from Dominguez Hills, engineers from TRW, secretaries from nearby companies. The atmosphere is devoid of sexual tension; no one even glances around to check out potential partners.

"The people down here are just B.B.," says Judy, "basic beach. You know, no phonies, none of the shit you see in L.A. They just like to relax, have fun. Get down."

Nor do they seem to be in any rush to get down. The men and the women are still at separate tables, talking and laughing, two hours later. The switch in mood occurs only when the band begins to play, and the stools around the tables are taken away, two at a time, to make more room and to encourage circulation. By 10:30, even the bartender moves with the spirit of the evening, executing neat pelvic dips as he scoops up ice for two tom collinses. On the dance floor, a short Mexican man in a flowered shirt moves his hips with self-conscious understatement. He needn't worry—all eyes are on the man next to him, a stunt man for the Incredible Hulk, a stunning-looking man with arms as thick as the Mexican's thighs and an ounce of gold gleaming on his rippling chest. The dancing makes the men and women warm, so they drift outside to cool off, to share a joint in their cars, to share a Quaalude, to cop a feel. Some of them come back inside, while others leave for apartments, or a secluded spot on the nearby beach. The transition from idle fun to sexual urgency takes a little longer in the beach towns than in the meeting places of Los Angeles. It takes a little longer, but late at night, being laid back isn't quite as important as being laid.

SWINGING

"Do you want to go to Bob and Donna's hot tub?" The question passes, among certain people only, like a code through the West Los Angeles cocktail party, filled with businessmen, doctors, UCLA professors. It means there will be a swing party at Bob and Donna's that night.

Their Brentwood house is sensuously decorated, with creamy colors, huge cushions in the living room, an enormous water bed in the master bedroom. A big Jacuzzi, too, of course. It's hard to

imagine where L.A. swingers would be without their Jacuzzis.

Donna, an attractive, 40ish woman who's kept her figure, says she and Bob, a distinguished-looking professor, have been swinging for ten years—but privately, with their own group, in their own homes.

"There's more to it than just sex. It's a whole different way of relating. At first, the allure is sex without 'S and C,' sneaking and cheating, and it started because couples were seeking some new dimension to their sexuality. But after a while, the whole sexual relationship kind of changes. In our group, it's almost a sense of family."

Swinging moves on many levels in Los Angeles—from private groups like Bob and Donna's to occasional small-group swappings, from a half-dozen dingy "party houses" for \$15 or \$20 at the door to the new luxurious Plato's Retreat West for \$500 a year. The Playboy Telephone Survey found that six percent of the people interviewed had been to sex parties—that would yield some 410,000 swingers.

There are two private clubs, Elysium Growth Center in Topanga Canyon and Sandstone III in the Valley, that offer opportunities for swinging under the guise of "personal growth" seminars. Elysium offers a "Massage for Couples Only" seminar, for example, and Sandstone one called "Oral Genital Techniques."

Both places date back to the Sixties, when swinging became known as part of the L.A. sex scene, before it became known as part of the rest of the country's scene.

"L.A. is where it began," an official at Plato's Retreat West in Hollywood says expansively. It should be the perfect town for the new club's two Jacuzzis, 27 private cubicles, the room with wall-to-wall mattresses, the dance floor, he adds. But all are empty. Opening weekend, there were 160 couples, the second weekend, perhaps 100, and now, in the middle of the third week, at midnight, there are eight people walking around, looking uncomfortable.

"It takes a while for things to catch on in L.A.," the official continues. "People here don't jump like they do in New York. In New York, they lined up to get in. We're hiring some PR to attract the right people." So far, the only people attracted to Plato's West are policemen—vice cops whose notion of swinging is to burst in, taking flash photographs of the nude patrons. Two raids seem to have chilled the spirit of the swingers' movement, but there may be another reason. Said one native, "People who go to Plato's see a tourist

(continued on page 326)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

our pre-season picks for the country's top undergrad hoop stars

sports **By ANSON MOUNT**



Notre Dame guard Bill Hanzlik leaps to sink an outside shot over the outstretched arms of Michigan State forward Gregory Kelser during the N.C.A.A. Midwest regional tournament last March. The Irish are PLAYBOY's pick to be the number-one college basketball team this season.

ENJOY THIS COLLEGE basketball season; the sport in its present form may not be around much longer. Like so many other institutions, it is being reshaped by the immensity of its own success. It is difficult for any activity that generates enormous amounts of cash to maintain a pretense of amateurism, and the pressures on college basketball and its players seem irresistible.

Consider the following: (1) A winning basketball team can fill a 20,000-seat arena as many as 30 times a year. That's a lot of bucks. (2) Compared with college football, for example, the production costs are relatively low—a maximum of 15 scholarships to be underwritten instead of 95, and a coaching staff of three instead of ten. (3) One superstar player can—even as a freshman—turn a soso team into a conference champion and a national power. (4) The nature of the game allows a player's individual excellence to show itself without excessive dependence on the performance of his teammates, thus encouraging the prima-donna syndrome. In football even the flashiest half-back or quarterback can't score many points if he plays on a mediocre team. (5) Whatever his academic precocity, a superstar

TOP 20 TEAMS

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Notre Dame | 11. Oregon State |
| 2. Ohio State | 12. Texas A&M |
| 3. Louisiana State | 13. Marquette |
| 4. Duke | 14. Toledo |
| 5. Syracuse | 15. Kansas |
| 6. DePaul | 16. Indiana |
| 7. Purdue | 17. Virginia |
| 8. Kentucky | 18. Southern California |
| 9. North Carolina | 19. North Carolina State |
| 10. Louisville | 20. Florida State |

Possible Breakthroughs: Iowa, Brigham Young, UCLA, Maryland, Kansas State, Pittsburgh, Illinois, Old Dominion, South Alabama, Connecticut, New Mexico State, Georgetown, Detroit, Weber State, St. John's, Arizona.

PLAYBOY'S 1979-1980 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM





Left to right, going in for the lay-up: Darnell Valentine, guard, Kansas; Kyle Macy, guard, Kentucky; Ronnie Lester, guard, Iowa; Sam Worthen, guard, Marquette; Durand Macklin, forward, Louisiana State; Mike O'Koren, forward, North Carolina; Mark Aguirre, forward, DePaul; Danny Vranes, forward, Utah; Joe Barry Carroll, center, Purdue; Mike Gminski, center, Duke. Kneeling in foreground: Ray Meyer, PLAYBOY's Coach of the Year, DePaul.

ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's
All-America team at season's end)

FORWARDS: Kelly Tripucka (Notre Dame), Kiki Vandeweghe (UCLA), Michael Brooks (La Salle), Gene Banks (Duke), Hawkeye Whitney (North Carolina State), Tracy Jackson (Notre Dame), Mike Woodson (Indiana), Sam Cloncy (Pittsburgh), DeWayne Scales (Louisiana State), Al Wood (North Carolina), Purvis Miller (Southern California), Dick Miller (Toledo)

CENTERS: Steve Johnson (Oregon State), Roosevelt Bowie (Syracuse), Herb Williams (Ohio State), Rudy Woods (Texas A & M), Rickey Brown (Mississippi State), Jonathan Moore (Furman), Dean Uthoff (Iowa State), Petur Gudmundsson (Washington)

GUARDS: Darrell Griffith (Louisville), Bill Hanzlik (Notre Dame), Dwight Anderson (Kentucky), Jeff Lamp (Virginia), Rich Branning (Notre Dame), Kelvin Ransey (Ohio State), Chad Kinch (UNCC), Wesley Matthews (Wisconsin), U. S. Reed (Arkansas), Flintie Ray Williams (Nevada-Los Vegas)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make big
contributions to their respective teams)

Eric Stover, center	St. Bonaventure
Ricky Tunstall, center	Duquesne
Clark Kellogg, forward	Ohio State
Isiah Thomas, guard	Indiana
John Paxson, guard	Notre Dame
Tim Andree, center	Notre Dame
Teddy Grubbs, forward	DePaul
James Worthy, forward	North Carolina
Ralph Sampson, center	Virginia
Sam Bowie, center	Kentucky
Derrick Hord, forward	Kentucky
Dale Ellis, forward	Tennessee
Dominique Wilkins, forward	Georgia
Terry Fair, forward	Georgia
Rodney McCoy, forward	Louisville
David Burns, guard	St. Louis
Kenny Jones, center	Virginia Commonwealth
Bobby Potts, forward	UNCC
Ricky Ross, guard	Kansas
Ricky Frazier, forward	Missouri
Steve Stipanovich, center	Missouri
Jo Jo Hunter, guard	Colorado
Robert Williams, guard	Houston
Deckery Johnson, forward	Texas Christian
Brad Pierce, guard	Tulsa
Antoine Carr, forward	Wichita State
Rod Camp, center	Southern Illinois
David Thirdkill, forward	Bradley
Lewis Lloyd, forward	Drake
Darren Daye, forward	UCLA
Rod Foster, guard	UCLA
Ron Davis, forward	Arizona
Leon Wood, guard	Arizona
Greg Kite, center	Brigham Young
Stan Ray, center	Fullerton
Brett Barnett, center	Pepperdine
Mike Rice, forward	San Francisco
Quintin Dailey, guard	San Francisco
Raymond McCoy, guard	San Francisco
Sidney Green, forward	Nevada-Las Vegas

basketball player can't be unaware of the enormous revenues his presence generates, and he has a natural desire to enjoy a few of the goodies himself. (6) Unlike the pro-football teams, the National Basketball Association can draft a promising player at any time he chooses to make himself available—no need to wait until his college class graduates.

With all this, the intense competition among colleges to recruit the top prep basketball players often rivals the CIA versus the K.G.B. The lengths to which coaches, university officials and influential alumni go to keep the best players happy and in school a full four years are often ludicrous (and even more often a breach of N.C.A.A. regulations).

Caution, institutional pride and academic pretensions are often abandoned in the frantic rush to recruit the best prospects. One prime prepster this past spring announced publicly his intention to turn pro after his sophomore year, yet nearly every major school in the country tried desperately to sign him. One of Chicago's blue-chip high schoolers, having some difficulty with the written language, was given a verbal exam to see if he could qualify academically for the major Midwestern university he had decided to attend. Asked to name the months of the year, he got ten right. That's an 83 percent score, so he was accepted. The high school teacher who was pressured (in fear of losing her job) to administer the test and give a passing grade told an inquiring reporter that such verbal exams for aspiring student athletes often include such questions as (A) Who is President of the United States? (B) Who is the coach of your basketball team? (C) Who is buried in Grant's Tomb?

The façade of amateurism in college basketball has become so distorted that some forces within the game are now quietly at work to make vital changes. Since a return to old-fashioned pure amateurism would be a virtual impossibility, one proposed plan for stripping away the ubiquitous web of hypocrisy is to award all college players not only room and board but a reasonable salary as well. Those players who also want to attend classes in pursuit of a degree would be allowed to do so (at no cost, of course), but the others would be spared the pain of studying basket weaving and music appreciation.

If the colleges don't resolve the problem, the National Basketball Association may do it for them by establishing a system of farm clubs, much like professional baseball, where the best neophyte players in the country—whatever their age or academic status—can sharpen their skills and get paid while doing it. Such minor-league clubs would likely

(continued on page 275)

LE PUNCH*



*OR HOW THE FRENCH GET INTO THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

This year America can begin enjoying the punch that's already a favorite in France. Le Punch. A delicious new party idea that begins with the world's best selling liqueur, Cointreau.

Cointreau's subtle hint of orange blends its own unique taste with every ingredient in Le Punch until what you, and your guests, taste is no longer merely a punch but rather the punch. Le Punch. A punch with a flavor as different and exciting as the country that first discovered it.

Le Punch Recipe: Place a clear block of ice in a large rounded punch bowl. Top with 1 bottle ($\frac{1}{4}$ quart) Cointreau, 1 bottle (fifth) vodka, and 1 can each (6 oz.) orange juice concentrate and pineapple juice concentrate. Stir to blend, add 3 quarts club soda, and garnish with orange slices decorated with cranberries and studded with cloves. Makes about 5 quarts or 40 punch cup drinks.

COINTREAU. MORE THAN AN AFTER DINNER DRINK.

(Pronounced "Kwan-tro.")

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

verse **By TOM KOCH**



TO THE ENGINEERS AT NASA

You lifted your voices to carol the song
Skylab Is Coming to Town.
With pinpoint precision, you'd gotten it up;
You just couldn't guide it back down.
Now Christmas approaches, and as you explain
The cause of your horrible goof,
We wish you the gift that you almost sent us:
Ten tons of debris on your roof.

TO A MALE STRIPTEASER



Your ego zooms in crowded rooms,
Where screaming girls are willing
To shell out dough to watch you go
Through movements they find thrilling.
But though your tricks bring kinky kicks
As each lewd bump grows brasher,
Gals merely see what they'd get free
If they sought out a flasher.

TO FRED SILVERMAN



In TV-land, your wizardry's
A well-acknowledged fact.
This year, you moved to NBC
To work your magic act.
With sleight of hand, you juggled shows
And practiced swift chicane.
You conjured up *Hiz zoner*, not
To mention *Supertrain*.
As *Merlin*, you've outdone yourself
To earn our Christmas cheer.
The spell you cast on viewers made
Three million disappear.

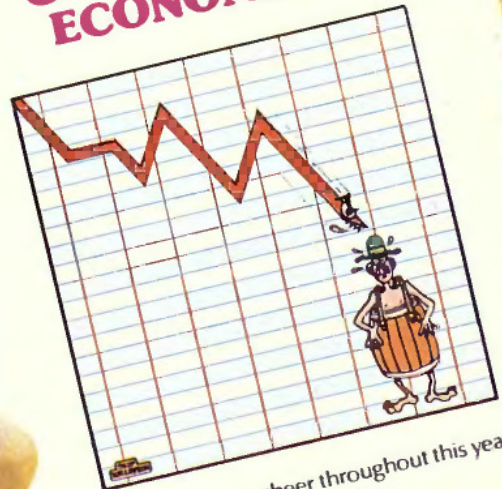
SCULPTURE BY DON GLASSFORD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

TO MEXICO'S NATIONAL LEADERS

Deck the halls with guacamole!
Hail the oil you've found this year!
Though it's priced so we can't buy it,
Still, there's cause for season's cheer.
As they have in days of yore,
We'll send you our worn-out taxes;
You'll sneak us your surplus poor.



TO A GOVERNMENT ECONOMIST



You brought us cheer throughout this year
With facts you found alluring.
When "leading indicators" budged,
You called that most assuring.
Each wobble in the G.N.P.
You termed a joyous tiding.
(Adjusted for the jobless rate,
It proved M-1 was sliding.)
Now, thanks to you, we'd be aglow
With optimism burning
If only you could tell us how
To live on what we're earning.

New Belair... all the way to fresh!



NOW 30% LESS 'TAR'!

*Just the right touch of menthol.
Never heavy. Never harsh.
The taste is pure fresh!*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Now only 9 mg.!

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

BASKETBALL PREVIEW (continued from page 270)

"If La Salle can avoid a repeat of last year's injury epidemic, it could be one of the surprise teams."

outdraw most college teams at the gate.

With that bit of perspective, let's look at the prospects for the coming season.

THE EAST

EASTERN EIGHT

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Pittsburgh | 5. Villanova |
| 2. West Virginia | 6. George Washington |
| 3. St. Bonaventure | 7. Duquesne |
| 4. Rutgers | 8. Massachusetts |

BIG EAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1. Syracuse | 5. St. John's |
| 2. Connecticut | 6. Seton Hall |
| 3. Georgetown | 7. Providence |
| 4. Boston College | |

EAST COAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| 1. St. Joseph's | 7. Rider |
| 2. Temple | 8. Drexel |
| 3. La Salle | 9. Hofstra |
| 4. Lafayette | 10. Lehigh |
| 5. Bucknell | 11. West Chester State |
| 6. American | 12. Delaware |

IVY LEAGUE

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Dartmouth | 5. Brown |
| 2. Pennsylvania | 6. Princeton |
| 3. Columbia | 7. Cornell |
| 4. Yale | 8. Harvard |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Old Dominion | 7. Canisius |
| 2. Iona | 8. William & Mary |
| 3. Holy Cross | 9. Army |
| 4. Penn State | 10. Niagara |
| 5. James Madison | 11. Manhattan |
| 6. Navy | |

TOP PLAYERS: Clancy, Scheuermann (Pittsburgh); Moore (West Virginia); Harrod, Belcher (St. Bonaventure); Troy (Rutgers); Bradley (Villanova); Zagardo (George Washington); Atkins, Flenory (Duquesne); Witkos (Massachusetts); Bouie, Orr (Syracuse); Thompson, McKay (Connecticut); Shelton, Duren (Georgetown); Beaulieu (Boston College); Carter (St. John's); Callandriello, McNeil (Seton Hall); Williams (Providence); Williams (St. Joseph's); Parham (Temple); Brooks (La Salle); Falconiero (Lafayette); Barry (Bucknell); Bowers (American); Andrews (Rider); Broadus (Drexel); Woods (Hofstra); Vandemark (Lehigh); Pensyl (West Chester State); Luck (Delaware); Lawrence (Dartmouth); Salters (Pennsylvania); Fields (Columbia); Daaleman (Yale); Moss (Brown); Melville (Princeton); Davis (Cornell); Fleming (Harvard); Valentine, McAdoo (Old Dominion); Ruland, Hamilton (Iona); Perry, Witts (Holy Cross); Wilkinson, Edelman (Penn State); Stielper (James Madison); Greene (Navy); Richardson (Canisius); Whitely (William & Mary); Brown (Army); Jordan (Niagara); Huggins (Manhattan).

The Pittsburgh team lost starting center Ed Scheuermann before the season opened last fall, but with fabulous Sam

Clancy filling in, the Panthers rallied to win ten of their last 13 games. Clancy and four other sometime starters will return, along with a healed Scheuermann, and the optimism is heady in Pittsburgh. With Scheuermann playing the post position and Clancy moving back to forward, the Panthers' front-court play will be awesome.

At West Virginia, the arrival of transfer center Phil Collins, a very physical player, will provide some much needed muscle under the boards. (The rebounding last year was dreadful.) Another recruit, freshman Greg Jones, should bring the skills needed to quarterback the offense.

St. Bonaventure is the newest conference member, and the Bonnies believe they can cop the championship their first year. To do so, they must find a dependable point guard. Mark Jones, a can't-miss prospect in an otherwise lean recruiting year, should fill the bill.

Graduation devastated an excellent Rutgers team, taking four of the top six players. In a rebuilding season, recruits Jeff Allen, Kevin Black and Ken Payne will clock a lot of court time.

This could be a very happy winter for Villanova. Diploma attrition was minimal, the schedule is easier and three newcomers (center John Pinone, shooting forward Mike Mulquin and point guard Stewart Granger) are good enough to displace some of the returning starters. Obviously, the Wildcats have solved their depth problems.

George Washington fans are hoping that the injury plague, which produced their first losing season in five years, is past. In any case, the backup problems should be fixed by the arrival of five promising recruits, best of whom are junior college transfers Curtis Smith and Tom Gore.

Duquesne also enjoyed a fruitful recruiting season, landing a much needed big man, seven-footer Ricky Tunstall. With better depth and experience, the Dukes could be a sleeper this winter.

Syracuse should dominate the newly formed Big East Conference. Four starters return, led by center Roosevelt Bouie and forward Louis Orr (the Louie-Bouie show). Look for the Orangemen to play in their tenth consecutive post-season tournament.

With a little luck, either Connecticut or Georgetown could challenge Syracuse. Nearly everyone will be back from a Connecticut squad that won 21 games

last year, and the veteran crew is strengthened by the return from injury of forward Jim Abromaitis.

Georgetown also has a solid nucleus of veterans returning from a team that compiled the best record (24-5) in school history. Look for freshman Barry Scott to make a big contribution his first year.

St. John's has all five starters back, and they will be joined by two promising recruits, freshman Dave Russell and transfer Curtis Redding. Unfortunately, the bench is thin and the schedule rugged.

This should be an interesting year for Seton Hall, which has a very young team and also faces the toughest schedule in school history.

St. Joseph's should displace Temple as the top team in the East Coast Conference. The Hawks' two main weaknesses of a year ago, lack of bench strength and weak outside shooting, should be fixed with the arrival of two transfers (Mike Morrow and Steve Kearney), plus a pair of freshmen (Paul Morrison and Ferdie Auñon). Insiders are hoping that center Boo Williams will regain the form of his freshman year.

The Temple squad lost its three best players to graduation and the schedule is tougher. There is plenty of returning talent, but it will take a while to regroup.

If the La Salle team can avoid a repeat of last year's injury epidemic and survive a difficult December schedule, the Explorers could be one of the surprise teams of the East.

An impressive crop of recruits will give the American University team much improved outside shooting and depth. Best of the newcomers are transfers Chris Knoche and Dennis Ross and freshman Gordon Austin. With that added help, superstar forward Boo Bowers should have his biggest year.

Unlike last year (when Pennsylvania dominated), nearly every team in the Ivy League will have a shot at the championship this season. Both of last winter's top teams, Pennsylvania and Columbia, lost their four best players and will face rebuilding years. Four also-rans, Dartmouth, Brown, Yale and Cornell, will be much stronger because of a wealth of returning experience.

This should be the strongest Old Dominion team in school history. With four of last year's starters joined by three fabulous freshmen (Bert Kragtjijk, Mark West and Grant Robinson), the Monarchs have an excellent chance for a top-20 rating at season's end.

The Iona team made it to the N.C.A.A. play-offs for the first time ever last March, and with premier center Jeff Ruland back with most of his supporting cast, this should be another banner year.

Both Holy Cross and Penn State, with

(continued on page 300) 275

THE 1980 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

ONCE AGAIN, IT'S TIME TO GET THE VOTE OUT. You'll be doing a lot of that next year; but for the moment, put aside your thoughts on SALT, oil and other political considerations and look over the ballot for our annual Playboy Music Poll. Remember those music critics whose ears you thought were filled with salt or oil? Or the ones who never even reviewed your favorite albums? Throw the rascals out by casting your ballot for the top vocalists and musicians of your choice—plus, of course, the pick of the crop in LPs. The lists of names adjacent to the ballot are there to jog your memory—but are by no means all-inclusive. If your choices don't appear, just enter their names in the spaces provided. But, *please*, if you are voting for someone who's listed, use the number beside the name. And when you've finished side one, flip the ballot over to your choices for the Hall of Fame and Best LP categories. Only official ballots count and they must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1979. Don't just sit there—vote!



*cast your ballot for your jazz,
rhythm-and-blues, pop/rock and
country-and-western favorites*

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1980 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL
ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. Marty Balin
2. Stephen Bishop
3. David Bowie
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jimmy Buffett
6. Elvis Costello
7. Roger Daltrey
8. Neil Diamond
9. Bob Dylan
10. Walter Egan
11. Steve Forbert
12. Art Garfunkel
13. Mick Jagger
14. Billy Joel
15. David Johansen
16. Elton John
17. Mark Knopfler
18. Meat Loaf
19. Kenny Loggins
20. Nick Lowe
21. Barry Manilow
22. Paul McCartney
23. Delbert McClinton
24. Eddie Money
25. Ted Nugent
26. Robert Palmer
27. Tom Petty
28. Robert Plant
29. Gerry Rafferty
30. Tom Robinson
31. Leon Russell
32. Boz Scaggs
33. Neil Sedaka
34. Paul Simon
35. Bruce Springsteen
36. Cat Stevens
37. John Stewart
38. Rod Stewart
39. James Taylor
40. George Thorogood
41. Neil Young
42. Warren Zevon

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Baez
2. Karla Bonoff
3. Bonnie Bramlett
4. Carlene Carter
5. Marshall Chapman
6. Judy Collins
7. Yvonne Elliman
8. Louise Goffin
9. Deborah Harry
10. Janis Ian
11. Rickie Lee Jones
12. Carole King
13. Nicolette Larson
14. Melissa Manchester
15. Christine McVie
16. Bette Midler
17. Joni Mitchell
18. Olivia Newton-John
19. Bonnie Raitt
20. Helen Reddy
21. Linda Ronstadt
22. Carly Simon
23. Grace Slick
24. Patti Smith
25. Phoebe Snow
26. Barbra Streisand
27. Donna Summer
28. Rachel Sweet
29. Jennifer Warnes
30. Ann Wilson

Guitar

1. Jeff Beck
2. Chuck Berry
3. Dickey Betts
4. Eric Clapton
5. Peter Frampton
6. Glenn Frey
7. Jerry Garcia
8. Mark Knopfler
9. Rick Nielsen
10. Ted Nugent
11. Jimmy Page
12. Bonnie Raitt
13. Keith Richards
14. Robbie Robertson
15. Carlos Santana

Keyboards

1. Gregg Allman
2. Brian Auger
3. Roy Bittan
4. Booker T.
5. Jackson Browne
6. Keith Emerson
7. Danny Federici
8. Andrew Gold
9. Nicky Hopkins
10. Garth Hudson
11. Joe Jackson
12. Billy Joel
13. Elton John
14. Robert Lamm
15. Chuck Leavell
16. Barry Manilow
17. Bill Payne
18. Billy Preston
19. Todd Rundgren
20. Leon Russell
21. Allen Toussaint
22. Rick Wakeman
23. Edgar Winter
24. Gary Wright
25. Neil Young

Drums

1. Carmine Appice
2. Ginger Baker
3. John Bonham
4. Bill Bruford
5. Jim Capaldi
6. Karen Carpenter
7. Bobby Colomby
8. Peter Criss
9. Aynsley Dunbar
10. Mick Fleetwood
11. Levon Helm
12. Johnny "Jaimae" Johanson
13. Bill Kreutzmann
14. Russ Kunkel
15. Nigel Olsson
16. Carl Palmer
17. Danny Seraphine
18. Ringo Starr
19. Charlie Watts
20. Max Weinberg
21. Pick Withers
22. Stevie Wonder

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Peter Cetera
4. Rick Danko
5. Donald "Duck" Dunn
6. John Entwistle
7. Wilton Felder
8. Freebo
9. Larry Graham
10. John Illsley
11. John Paul Jones
12. Greg Lake
13. Phil Lesh
14. Paul McCartney
15. John McVie
16. Carl Radle
17. Chuck Rainey
18. Gene Simmons
19. Lee Sklar
20. Chris Squire
21. Garry Tallent
22. Klaus Voormann
23. Willie Weeks
24. Bill Wyman

Composer

1. Ian Anderson
2. Becker/Fagen
3. Karla Bonoff
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jimmy Buffett
6. Elvis Costello
7. Neil Diamond
8. Bob Dylan
9. Steve Forbert
10. Barry Gibb
11. Billy Joel
12. Elton John
13. Tonio K
14. Mark Knopfler
15. John Lennon
16. Kenny Loggins
17. Nick Lowe
18. Paul McCartney
19. Michael McDonald
20. Joni Mitchell
21. Randy Newman
22. Graham Parker
23. Neil Sedaka
24. Bob Seger
25. Paul Simon
26. Patti Smith
27. Bruce Springsteen
28. Cat Stevens
29. Bernie Taupin
30. James Taylor
31. Peter Townshend
32. Stevie Wonder
33. Neil Young
34. Frank Zappa
35. Warren Zevon

Group

1. Abba
2. Aerosmith
3. Allman Brothers
4. Amazing Rhythm Aces
5. Atlanta Rhythm Section
6. Beach Boys
7. Bee Gees
8. Blondie
9. Boston
10. Cars
11. Cheap Trick
12. Chicago
13. Crosby, Stills & Nash
14. Devo
15. Dire Straits
16. Doobie Brothers
17. Eagles
18. Electric Light Orchestra
19. Fleetwood Mac
20. Foreigner
21. Heart
22. Jefferson Starship
23. Journey
24. Kansas
25. Kinks
26. Knack
27. Led Zeppelin
28. Steve Miller Band
29. Pink Floyd
30. Queen
31. Renaissance
32. Rockpile
33. Rolling Stones
34. Santana
35. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
36. Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes
37. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
38. Steely Dan
39. Supertramp
40. Talking Heads
41. Toto
42. Van Halen
43. Wings

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. George Benson
2. Bobby Bland
3. James Brown
4. Peabo Bryson
5. Ray Charles
6. George Clinton

BALLOT

Put down the *NUMBERS* of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

GUITAR

KEYBOARDS

DRUMS

BASS

COMPOSER

GROUP

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER

GROUP

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

BRASS

WOODWINDS

KEYBOARDS

VIBES

GUITAR

BASS

PERCUSSION

COMPOSER

GROUP

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

PICKER

COMPOSER

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES.



PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Ringo Starr, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

7. Bootsy Collins
8. Bo Diddley
9. Marvin Gaye
10. Al Green
11. Isaac Hayes
12. Rick James
13. B. B. King
14. Bob Marley
15. Curtis Mayfield
16. Billy Paul
17. Teddy Pendergrass
18. Smokey Robinson
19. Sam & Dave
20. Joe Simon
21. Sly Stone
22. Sylvester
23. Johnnie Taylor
24. Barry White
25. Bill Withers
26. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Armatrading
2. Linda Clifford
3. Natalie Cole
4. Sarah Dash
5. Roberta Flack
6. Aretha Franklin
7. Gloria Gaynor
8. Nona Hendryx
9. Thelma Houston
10. Millie Jackson
11. Chaka Khan
12. Gladys Knight
13. Patti Labelle
14. Stephanie Mills
15. Melba Moore
16. Maxine Nightingale
17. Esther Phillips
18. Bonnie Pointer
19. Diana Ross
20. Donna Summer
21. Tina Turner
22. Dionne Warwick
23. Deniece Williams

Composer

1. Nicholas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. Johnny Bristol
4. James Brown
5. George Clinton
6. Bobby Eli
7. Kenny Gamble-Leon Huff
8. Al Green
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Willie Hutch
11. Bob Marley
12. Curtis Mayfield
13. Eugene McDaniels
14. Smokey Robinson
15. Allen Toussaint
16. Barry White
17. Norman Whitfield
18. Frank Wilson
19. Bill Withers
20. Bobby Womack
21. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Blues Brothers
2. Boney M
3. Chanson
4. Chic
5. Commodores
6. Con Funk Shun
7. Earth, Wind & Fire
8. Emotions
9. GQ
10. Isley Brothers
11. Gladys Knight & the Pips
12. Love Unlimited Orchestra
13. Bob Marley & The Wailers
14. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
15. Ohio Players
16. O'Jays
17. Parliament/Funkadelic
18. Peaches & Herb
19. Pointer Sisters
20. Raydio
21. Sister Sledge
22. Stylistics
23. Temptations
24. Wonderlove

JAZZ Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Brook Benton
5. Ray Charles
6. Sammy Davis Jr.
7. Bob Dorrough
8. Billy Eckstine
9. Johnny Hartman
10. Jon Hendricks
11. Al Jarreau
12. Johnny Mathis
13. Milton Nascimento
14. Lou Rawls
15. Gil Scott-Heron
16. Frank Sinatra
17. Grady Tate
18. Leon Thomas
19. Mel Tormé
20. Joe Williams
21. Jimmy Witherspoon

Female Vocalist

1. Angela Bofill
2. Dee Dee Bridgewater
3. Betty Carter
4. Ursula Dudziak
5. Ella Fitzgerald
6. Roberta Flack
7. Lena Horne
8. Rickie Lee Jones
9. Cleo Laine
10. Peggy Lee
11. Carmen McRae
12. Liza Minnelli
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Melba Moore
15. Esther Phillips
16. Flora Purim
17. Della Reese
18. Esther Satterfield
19. Phoebe Snow
20. Barbra Streisand
21. Sarah Vaughan
22. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Randy Brecker
5. Donald Byrd
6. Miles Davis
7. Jon Faddis
8. Art Farmer
9. Maynard Ferguson
10. Dizzy Gillespie
11. Urbie Green
12. Al Grey
13. Wayne Henderson
14. Freddie Hubbard
15. J. J. Johnson
16. Thad Jones
17. Chuck Mangione
18. James Pankow
19. Doc Severinsen
20. Woody Shaw
21. Clark Terry
22. Junior Walker
23. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Joe Farrell
2. Frank Foster
3. Stan Getz
4. Benny Goodman
5. Dexter Gordon
6. Scott Hamilton
7. Eddie Harris
8. Woody Herman
9. Bobbi Humphrey
10. Yusef Lateef
11. Hubert Laws
12. Ronnie Laws
13. Herbie Mann
14. Gerry Mulligan
15. Sam Rivers
16. Sonny Rollins
17. Tom Scott
18. Wayne Shorter
19. Zoot Sims
20. Stanley Turrentine
21. Junior Walker
22. Grover Washington, Jr.

23. Edgar Winter
24. Phil Woods

Keyboards

1. Muhal Richard Abrams
2. Eubie Blake
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Chick Corea
5. Eumir Deodato
6. George Duke
7. Bill Evans
8. Jan Hammer
9. Herbie Hancock
10. Barry Harris
11. Earl "Fatha" Hines
12. Ahmad Jamal
13. Bob James
14. Keith Jarrett
15. Ramsey Lewis
16. Les McCann
17. Marian McPartland
18. Sergio Mendes
19. Thelonious Monk
20. Oscar Peterson
21. Cecil Taylor
22. McCoy Tyner
23. Mary Lou Williams
24. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. Terry Gibbs
5. Lionel Hampton
6. Bobby Hutcherson
7. Milt Jackson
8. Mike Mainieri
9. Buddy Montgomery
10. Red Norvo
11. Emil Richards
12. Cal Tjader
13. Keith Underwood
14. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. Jeff Beck
3. George Benson
4. Kenny Burrell
5. Charlie Byrd
6. Larry Coryell
7. Al DiMeola
8. Herb Ellis
9. Eric Gale
10. Grant Green
11. Jim Hall
12. Barney Kessel
13. Earl Klugh
14. John McLaughlin
15. Pat Metheny
16. Tony Mottola
17. Joe Pass
18. Bucky Pizzarelli
19. Melvin Sparks
20. Gabor Szabo
21. Phil Upchurch

Bass

1. Keter Betts
2. Walter Booker
3. Ray Brown
4. Mike Bruce
5. Joe Byrd
6. Ron Carter
7. Stanley Clarke
8. Bob Cranshaw
9. Art Davis
10. Cleveland Eaton
11. Jim Fielder
12. Eddie Gomez
13. Bob Haggart
14. Percy Heath
15. Dave Holland
16. Carol Kaye
17. Monk Montgomery
18. Jaco Pastorius
19. Carl Radle
20. Rufus Reid
21. Miroslav Vitous

Percussion

1. Art Blakey
2. Willie Bobo
3. Jimmy Cobb
4. Billy Cobham

5. Jack DeJohnette
6. John Guerin
7. Stix Hooper
8. Elvin Jones
9. Jo Jones
10. Mel Lewis
11. Ralph MacDonald
12. Harvey Mason
13. Airto Moreira
14. Joe Morello
15. Alphonse Mouzon
16. Buddy Rich
17. Max Roach
18. Mongo Santamaria
19. Lenny White
20. Tony Williams

Composer

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi
2. Carla Bley
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Stanley Clarke
5. Ornette Coleman
6. Chick Corea
7. Miles Davis
8. Eumir Deodato
9. Herbie Hancock
10. Bob James
11. Keith Jarrett
12. Antonio Carlos Jobim
13. Quincy Jones
14. Thad Jones
15. Michel Legrand
16. Chuck Mangione
17. Thelonious Monk
18. Gil Scott-Heron-
Brian Jackson

19. Wayne Shorter
20. Horace Silver
21. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin
Big Band
2. Count Basie
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Ray Charles
5. Larry Coryell &
the Eleventh House
6. Crusaders
7. Miles Davis
8. Maynard Ferguson
9. Jan Hammer
10. Herbie Hancock
11. Ramsey Lewis
12. Chuck Mangione
13. John McLaughlin
14. Sergio Mendes &
Brasil '88
15. Return to Forever
16. Buddy Rich
17. Tom Scott &
the L.A. Express
18. Doc Severinsen
19. Spyro Gyra
20. Weather Report

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. Moe Bandy
2. David Bromberg

3. Glen Campbell
4. Johnny Cash
5. Roy Clark
6. John Denver
7. Freddy Fender
8. Kinky Friedman
9. Larry Gatlin
10. Mickey Gilley
11. Merle Haggard
12. Waylon Jennings
13. George Jones
14. Kris Kristofferson
15. Jerry Lee Lewis
16. Gordon Lightfoot
17. Roger Miller
18. Ronnie Milsap
19. Michael Murphey
20. Willie Nelson
21. Johnny Paycheck
22. Ray Price
23. Charley Pride
24. Eddie Rabbitt
25. Jerry Reed
26. Charlie Rich
27. Marty Robbins
28. Johnny Rodriguez
29. Kenny Rogers
30. Joe Stampley
31. Ray Stevens
32. Mel Tillis
33. Conway Twitty
34. Jerry Jeff Walker
35. Don Williams
36. Hank Williams, Jr.

Female Vocalist

1. Barbi Benton
2. Judy Collins
3. Jessi Colter
4. Rita Coolidge
5. Donna Fargo
6. Crystal Gayle
7. Linda Hargrove
8. Emmylou Harris
9. Brenda Lee
10. Loretta Lynn
11. Barbara Mandrell
12. Anne Murray
13. Tracy Nelson
14. Olivia Newton-John
15. Dolly Parton
16. Stella Parton
17. Jeanne Pruett
18. Linda Ronstadt
19. Connie Smith
20. Tanya Tucker
21. Dottie West
22. Tammy Wynette

Picker

1. Chet Atkins
2. David Bromberg
3. Roy Clark
4. Ry Cooder
5. Pete Drake
6. John Fahey
7. Amos Garrett
8. Johnny Gimble
9. Lloyd Green
10. David Grisman

11. John Hartford
12. Sonny James
13. Leo Kottke
14. Charlie McCoy
15. Jerry Reed
16. Earl Scruggs
17. Ralph Stanley
18. Tut Taylor
19. Doc Watson
20. Reggie Young

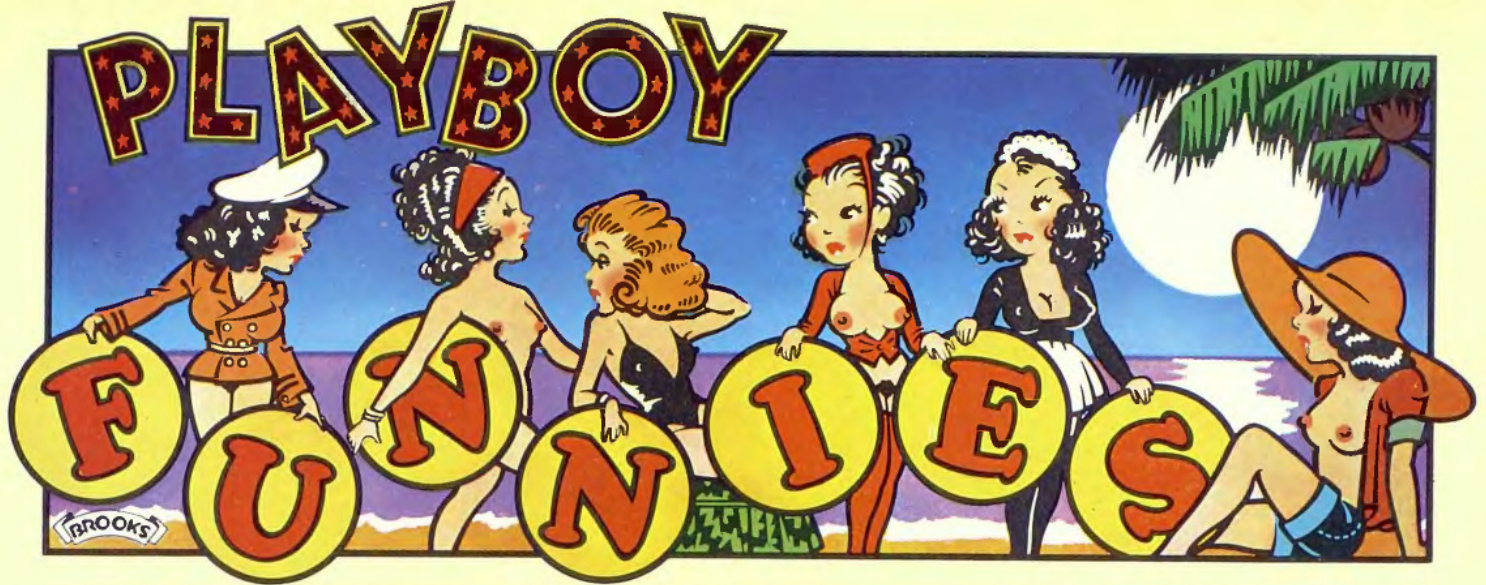
Composer

1. Hoyt Axton
2. John Denver
3. Steve Goodman
4. Merle Haggard
5. Tom T. Hall
6. John Hartford
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Kris Kristofferson
9. Gordon Lightfoot
10. Roger Miller
11. Michael Murphey
12. Willie Nelson
13. Dolly Parton
14. John Prine
15. Marty Robbins
16. Johnny Rodriguez
17. Kenny Rogers
18. Billy Joe Shaver
19. Shel Silverstein
20. Townes Van Zandt
21. Hank Williams, Jr.





DRAMBUIE OVER ICE WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS.



TOM MORROW

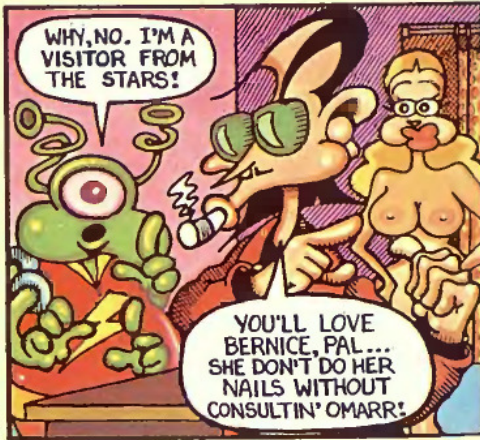
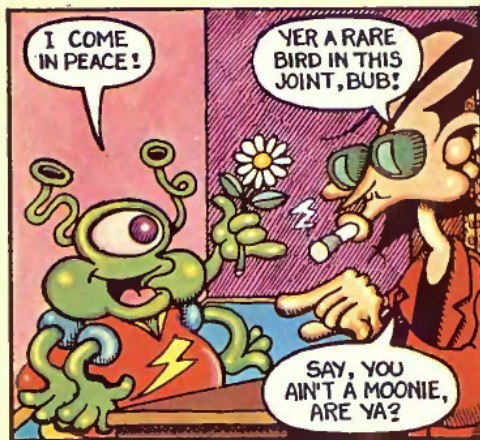
by Christopher Browne



5 CENT MARY

BY E N D S





BUN-HILDA

by HOWARD CRUSE



SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



VAGINELLA

DREAM GIRL OF THE STARNWAYS

BY JIM LAWRENCE & GRAY MORROW

OUR STORY THUS FAR:
ON THE DREAD PLANET
POONTANG—OUR FEARLESS
ASTRONAUT, VAGINELLA,
HAS BEEN FELLED BY THE
GIANT ANDROID SLAVE OF
CUMQUAT, KING OF THE
TEENIE-WEENIES!

WHEEE! MOUNTAINS
OF ASS—AND IT'S
MINE, ALL MINE! ♪

AH! REVIVING, IS SHE?... QUICKLY,
THEN! STRIP HER AND STAKE
HER OUT!

NOW—SEARCH HER
THOROUGHLY, MEN!

PRESENTLY—

THE
LEAST YOU
GUYS COULD
DO IS TAKE
OFF THOSE
HORNED
HELMETS
!

WE'VE FOUND
SOMETHING, SIRE!

BY THE MOONS OF ISHTAR!
IT'S CAPTAIN METEOR'S
MAGIC FINGER RING! SO
THAT'S WHERE HE LOST IT!

I FEEL
LIKE A
PRICK
DOING
THIS...

HI-HO, HI-HO... IT'S OFF
TO WORK WE GO...

BONEHEAD BETTING

(continued from page 236)

HOW DEEP IS EMOTION?

"The betting public likes to go with a winner, which is why the betting public is a loser."

that bookmakers collect on losing bets. The more bets, the more vigorish there is for the bookie.

The public prints have put forth a wealth of misinformation about how bookies make their money, so allow me to set the matter straight. Point spreads are designed to attract a more or less equal amount of betting money on both teams involved in a game. For years, it's been thought that just before kickoff time, bookmakers lay off any surplus money bet on either side of the betting line. Thus, if a bookie has \$14,000 in bets on the Los Angeles Rams to defeat the San Francisco 49ers by, say, six and a half points, and if he has only \$9000 on the 49ers to cover the spread, it's assumed he'll call another betting office and lay off his \$5000 overage. With his books now neatly balanced, he doesn't care who wins: The bookmaker will pay \$9000 to the winners and will collect \$9000, plus \$900—his profit—in vigorish, from the losers.

It just doesn't work like that. For one thing, bettors will keep phoning in wagers right up to the opening whistle; and for another, bookies are far too cunning to settle for a mere ten percent of one side of the action. Instead, they leverage that ten percent into one of the gambling world's greatest hustles.

Let's stay with the Ram-49er figures. Rather than lay off \$5000, any bookie who's not a total nickel-and-dimer will lay off only \$4000, leaving him with \$10,000 on the Rams, \$9000 on the 49ers. If the Rams win by at least seven points, he pays out \$10,000 to Los Angeles bettors and collects \$9900 (\$9000, plus \$900 in vigorish) from 49er backers, for a net loss of \$100. A San Francisco point-spread victory, however, will result in the bookmakers' paying out \$9000 to the 49er faction and collecting \$11,000 (\$10,000, plus \$1000 vig) from Ram bettors, for a net win of \$2000. Intriguing, isn't it? What you're looking at is the loss of a little cigarette money as opposed to a possible 20-1 payoff on a 50-50 betting proposition. And since football bets are 50-50 propositions—rather like coin flips shaded slightly in the bookies' favor—there's no way the bookie won't soon have you in his pocket. Bettors eventually get ground down by the 11-10 odds they lay, but still, there are far more winning N.F.L. bettors than prosperous track bums.

In any event, begin with the knowledge that the bookies' ten percent commission means that you have to win about 52 and a half percent of your bets just to stay even.

THE 16-GAME SYNDROME: MEDIOCRITY ON THE MARCH

Last season may well have been the most turbulent in National Football League history, and the reason can be traced directly to the league's expanded 16-game schedule. The substitution of two regular-season games for two exhibition games resulted in many of pro football's strongest clubs not quite putting forth that mythical 110 percent effort coaches are so fond of prattling on about.

Danny Sheridan, the Alabama-based publisher of the nation's most expensive football newsletter, was quick to foresee the ramifications of the 16-game schedule: Before the start of last season, he said that underdogs would do extraordinarily well in '78, and he was right—they covered the spread in 58 percent of all regular-season contests. Sheridan, incidentally, wound up correctly predicting the point-spread results of better than 70 percent of the regular-season pro games he touted, and more than 90 percent of the time he went with the underdog. "That's because so many of the power teams realized they could make the play-offs without killing themselves every week. Before 1978, it almost always took a 10-4 record to get into the play-offs, but last season, all you needed was 10-6. And if you think about the extra two wild-card spots that were added, it's now possible to lose your division contest but still make the play-offs with a 9-7 record, as the Eagles and the Falcons did."

If you want a quicker take on those extra two games and extra two wild-card berths, consider this: In 1977, the last year of the 14-game schedule, play-off teams compiled an average winning percentage of just over 73. Last season, that figure fell to 66.6 percent. What it finally means is that instead of needing to win nearly three of every four games to make the play-offs, N.F.L. teams now need to win only two of every three. And with just four of pro football's 14 winning teams eliminated from post-season play last year, the object of the regular season—for Super Bowl contenders, anyway—has become to stay healthy for the play-offs. That doesn't make for sterling football on a week-to-week basis.

It does, however, make for a sterling way to begin plotting a betting pattern.

Joe Mikolas, whose theory on college-football wagering—*The Mikolas Method*—appeared in *PLAYBOY* three years ago, flatly states that N.F.L. football is a game of emotion. "The majority of pro players were college All-Americans or close to it, which means there's very little difference among the teams in terms of talent," he says. "What really separates them is one club aching to beat the piss out of another."

That's not to deny that some teams are more talented than others. The Pittsburgh Steelers' passing game is light-years ahead of the Chicago Bears', primarily because Terry Bradshaw and his receivers are better players than Mike Phipps, Bob Avellini, Vince Evans—take your pick—and their receivers.

Still, in many situations, emotion can lift a team to inspired heights of achievement. In the third weekend of last season, for example, the injury-plagued Baltimore Colts, 17-point underdogs to the Patriots, upset New England 34-27; and later on in the year, the New Orleans Saints, 13-point underdogs to the Rams, beat them 10-3 in L.A. How could two of the weakest teams in pro football beat two of the N.F.L.'s strongest clubs?

The answer is *emotion*. Power teams do, indeed, play well in big games, but they often enough let the little ones slip away. In the examples mentioned, the Rams were coming off an impressive 34-17 road victory over the Vikings and were pointing toward their coming Monday-night game against Atlanta. At that point in the season, the Rams' record was 7-0, they were assured of repeating as N.F.C. Western Division champions and they just forgot all about the Saints. New England, meanwhile, was less concerned about the wounded Colts than about its nationally televised Sunday-night game against Oakland, which would take place the following week. The Colts, however, had lost their first two games of the season by scores of 38-0 and 42-0 and *needed* to make a superior effort their third time out.

The point spread is supposed to provide for all contingencies, including the ones I've indicated. But the point spread isn't writ on stone. Like the stock market, it is totally affected by the betting public's opinion. The betting public likes to go with a winner, which is why the betting public is a loser.

BEWARE OF FAVORITES

Last year, only one of the N.F.L.'s six division champions—the 8-7-1 Denver Broncos—had a winning record against the point spread. Three division winners turned in truly abysmal point-spread performances: Los Angeles, Minnesota

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The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

and New England were all 6-10 against the betting line. Since these are also "public" teams—teams that are heavily backed by the betting public—it should dawn on you that N.F.L. favorites often receive too many points from odds makers. Odds makers always know what they're doing: About two thirds of all football bets are placed on favorites, which is why they are overpriced—or did you think it was just bad karma that caused the Steelers, the N.F.L.'s finest team last year, to wind up 7-8-1 against the spread?

Overall, the N.F.L.'s six division winners finished the '78 season with 68 wins, 27 losses and one tie against opponents, yet they were a feeble 41-53-2 against the point spread. How could teams that won 71 percent of their games manage to win for bettors only 43.6 percent of the time? The answer is obvious: The betting public is paying a premium to back winners. "Every week," says L.A. bookmaker Sid West, "I wind up having to pull for garbage teams like Buffalo and Tampa Bay and Green Bay. You know what? I ain't complaining."

TAKE UNDERDOGS EARLY IN THE SEASON BUT LATE IN THE WEEK

Underdogs tend to do exceedingly well at the start of each season, when favorites are often overpriced. On opening day of this season, the Steelers and the Cowboys each figured to go off at a minimum of two and a half to three and a half points higher than they deserved, but that's what happens when the betting public persists in getting down heavily on the Super Bowl teams—and not just for one game but for an entire season. Additionally, the Super Bowl teams and other N.F.L. powers dominate national TV coverage of the sport, which reinforces their hold on bettors' hearts, minds and checkbooks. Really, which team would you rather bet on when settling down in front of the tube—the Cowboys or the Cardinals? The Steelers or the Browns? It's almost a test of character to back underdogs, who are undervalued by bettors as a result.

Another element in the mix is the home-team premium that bookmakers will charge you. If you live in an N.F.L. city whose team began the '79 season as a favorite, bookies have tacked on an extra point to the already inflated spread by way of making you pay dearly for the privilege of backing the local franchise. Thus, in Pittsburgh and Dallas, the Steelers and the Cowboys are probably overpriced by three and a half to four and a half points each.

Which is why underdogs are strong bets early in the season. But don't plunk your money down early in the week. Since favorites attract the majority of

betting money, point spreads generally are at their highest on the day of a game.

TAKE FAVORITES LATE IN THE SEASON BUT EARLY IN THE WEEK

When the price is right and when favorites aren't coasting because they have a three-game lead in their division, and when they aren't looking past a weak opponent toward a crucial game the following week, then of course you'll want to get on them. But make certain they seem ready to play full-bore. Case in point: For better than half of the '78 season, Dallas was an awful choice for bettors. After ten games, the Cowboys were 2-8 against the spread and 6-4 against their opponents—and Tom Landry was so bummed out he was ashamed to wear his Super Bowl ring. What followed was typical of what can happen once the big guys get their backs up. The Cowboys suddenly realized that with the Philadelphia Eagles playing so well, it was possible they might fail to make the play-offs. From then on, Dallas was simply awesome. In the last six weeks of the season, the Cowboys were undefeated and covered the point spread every time out, leveling opponents by the combined score of 184-61. When betting a favorite, phone the bet in as soon as your bookie opens for business. By getting down early, you'll often enough end up laying a half point to a point less than will be the case if you make your bet on Sunday.

COME HOME, AMERICA

Not only should you root for the home team, you should bet on it as well. N.F.L. home teams last year checked in with a winning record against the point spread of about 55 percent. The best bet you can make on a home team is also the best bet you can make in pro football—home underdogs. Last year, they beat the point spread 52 times against only 26 losses. Any time you can consistently win at a 66.6 percent pace, you're entitled to whisper the unmentionable into your bookie's ear: that you've discovered a system—or at least a winning ploy. If you'd bet \$100 a game on N.F.L. home underdogs last season, you'd have walked off with a net profit of \$2340. Not too shabby.

To be sure, bookies are hip to what's happening, but as long as the public continues to back winners, you'll be able to clean up on home underdogs. The absolute worst bet you can make is to take a favorite on the road, which should be obvious after again checking out the point-spread performance of home underdogs.

THE INTRADIVISIONAL RIVALRY GAMBIT

Intradivision games make for the N.F.L.'s most heated rivalries. The an-

nual wars waged twice each autumn between such teams as the Vikings and the Bears, the Cowboys and the Redskins, the Steelers and the Browns, and the Patriots and the Dolphins produce football at its most exciting. These games also produce an intriguing fact of point-spread betting: In the majority of cases, the team that fails to cover the point spread in the first game will do so the second time around. Last season, 65 percent of these two-game series ended with each of the rivals winning one and losing one to the spread. To employ this gambit, simply check out the betting results of the first game and go with the losing side in the rematch. Aside from backing home underdogs, this is the next-best bet you can make in pro football. Trust it.

YOU DON'T HAVE HOWARD TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE

For many years, the betting world has honored Humble Howard by naming an aberration after him: The Cosell Factor has long signified the curious malaise that has caused *Monday Night Football* participants to lose to the point spread the following Sunday. From 1974 through 1977, the teams appearing on *Monday Night Football* won 30 and lost 66 times against the spread the following Sundays. Bookies attributed it to the teams' losing 14 percent of their preparation time for upcoming Sunday games.

With the advent of the 16-game season, the Cosell Factor is no longer operative. In '78, Monday-night teams posted a 15-14-1 record against the spread the following Sundays. The reason may be that although a team coming off a Monday-night game is only 86 percent ready to do battle, it may well meet up with a club that's coasting and is therefore putting out an 85 percent effort. Howard will be relieved to hear it.

THREE ULTRABONEHEAD MISTAKES

Being boneheads, many of you will have great difficulty remembering all the simple things you've read here. As a last resort, I offer you the following concise advice, which I suggest you clip out and tape to your telephone, so you'll see it each time you call your bookie. If you don't remember anything else, remember not to commit these three fatal mistakes:

1. Don't try to get even on Monday night.
2. Don't bet on more than four pro games a weekend.
3. Don't risk more than twice as much as you normally bet on games you fall in love with.

I'd like to think that what I've told you will do some good. But I wouldn't bet on it.



WE INVENTED THE COMPETITION.



There are two leading kinds of Home Videotape Recording Systems on the market today. One uses the Beta tape-loading system, and the other uses the VHS tape-loading system. Sony invented both of them. But ever since we did, there have been lots of imitators making lots of different and sometimes confusing claims. So if you happen to be interested in buying one, here are some things you should know.

Both the Betamax SL-5400 and the competition offer over four hours of recording time. They both can be programmed to record several days in advance. They both have remote control.

The big difference is the Beta tape-loading system. It enables Sony to offer remarkable features like BetaScan. BetaScan is like fast-forward and fast-reverse. But you can actually see what you're looking for. And stop when you find it. And Sony even makes videotape especially for the Beta System.

Now the fact that the other tape-loading system doesn't have BetaScan doesn't mean it's a bad system. In fact, it's a very good one. And we should know. Because before we invented our system, the Beta System, we invented theirs. And since we did invent both systems, we're in a rather unique position to judge which one is superior.

We believe that the Beta System is the state of the art in home videotape recorders. Even the competition uses the Beta tape-loading system for their professional machines, acknowledging its superiority for really demanding applications. And that's why we invented it.

So if you're thinking about buying a home videotape recorder, think about that.

SONY®
THE ONE AND ONLY



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If you have ever taken a luxury sports car through a tight turn, you know the feeling. It's the sense of supreme precision with which this trim, compact camera proclaims its Nikon heritage. A feeling that is borne out by the professional quality pictures the Nikon FE delivers with automatic ease. And one that, unlike other fine things in life, is readily affordable.

With the Nikon FE, you can simply focus and shoot... and rely on its Nikon electronics to give you sharp, magnificently exposed photographs, automatically. Or, switch to manual operation and enjoy complete creative control over every exposure, more easily than you ever thought possible.

Above all, this is a camera that makes no compromise in its supreme Nikon quality. Stroke the advance lever, and feel the smoothness of precision gearing machined to microscopic tolerances. Press the exposure button, and hear the shutter respond with hushed precision. Look through the bright, silver-coated viewfinder, and see your picture snap into sharp focus with a fingertip touch.

Know, too, that the world's greatest photographic system stands behind your Nikon FE. Add the dynamic firepower of motor drive, at up to 3.5 shots a second. Banish darkness with the ingenious automatic thyristor flash. Explore new perspectives through more than 60 Nikkor lenses, the same superb optics chosen by most professionals for their sharpness and color fidelity.

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For those who prefer only manual exposure control, the Nikon FM offers the reliable guidance of one-step electronic metering. It's as compact and precisely responsive as the FE and costs even less. At your Nikon dealer.

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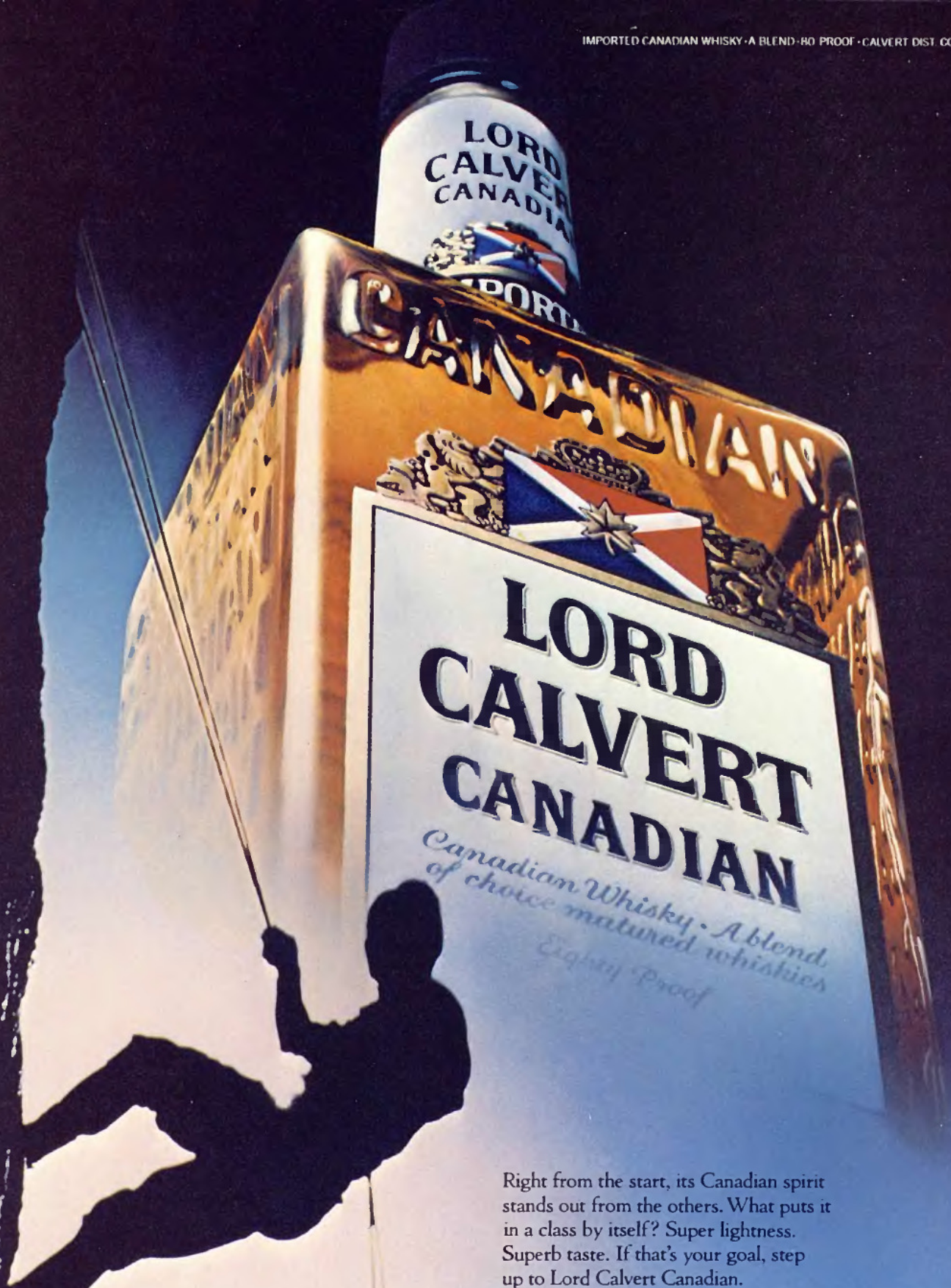


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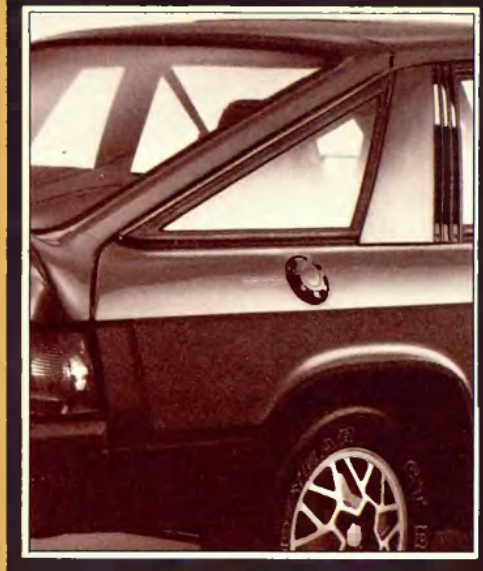
\$35 CASH REBATE WHEN YOU BUY THE NIKON FE.

See your Nikon dealer for details. Rebate offer from Nov. 1, 1979 to Jan. 31, 1980



Right from the start, its Canadian spirit stands out from the others. What puts it in a class by itself? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's your goal, step up to Lord Calvert Canadian.

The spirit of Canada:
We bottled it.



WHAT'S NEW IN AMERICAN CARS FOR 1980

New is probably the most overused word in marketing today. And no industry is more adept at the art of creating artificial newness than the auto biz. G.M. isn't going to tell you its "New!" 1980 Camaro and Firebird will celebrate their tenth anniversary in the same basic form. Ford isn't hinting that its "New!" Pinto has entered its ninth year virtually unchanged.

But there are some genuinely "New!" and important automotive products every year, especially now that Washington's corporate average-fuel-economy requirements are forcing auto makers to redesign everything.

So what's really "New!" and significant for 1980?

GENERAL MOTORS

The General jumped into the new decade early last April with the introduction of a series of front-wheel-drive compacts—X-cars in industry jargon. These little beauties feature excellent ride, handling, comfort and quietness, room for four adults, option lists as long as Wilt the Stilt's arm and superior fuel economy from 2.5-liter four-cylinder or 2.8-liter V6 cross-mounted engines. Look for them at Chevy, Pontiac, Olds and Buick dealers filed under Citation, Phoenix, Omega and Skylark, respectively.

Nicely downsized three years ago, G.M.'s big cars undergo major engineering revisions for 1980 to squeeze out another 100–200 pounds of weight and build in an additional mpg or so of fuel economy. Hood lines are lower, deck lids higher and roof lines more squared off for improved aerodynamics and a longer, leaner look. Chevrolet (Impala and Caprice), Pontiac (Catalina and Bonneville) and Buick (LeSabre and Electra) get the Olds-built diesel engine in certain models, while Oldsmobile (88 and 98) and Cadillac (DeVille and Brougham) feature new 5.0-liter and 6.0-liter gas engines, in that order.

Top of the Cadillac line is an all-new Seville four-door sedan on the front-wheel-drive Eldorado chassis. A Rolls-Royce-look rear deck and sophisticated features such as four-wheel disc brakes, fully independent suspension and automatic level control are in keeping with its \$20,000 price tag.

Chevy's Corvette is mildly restyled and significantly lightened for 1980, while both Pontiac's Firebird Trans Am and Chevy's Monte Carlo offer new turbocharged-engine options. Buick and Olds have new four-door notchback versions of their mid-size Century and Cutlass.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford Thunderbird and Mercury Cougar XR-7 retain their traditional flavor, but a much-improved European-

type chassis sits underneath. Handling and fuel economy are significantly better than last year. A new 4.2-liter V8 is standard; four-speed overdrive automatic transmission is a fuel-saving option.

Lincoln Continental and Mark VI are all-new, smaller, lighter and more efficient luxury entries. Advanced electronic engine control, four-speed overdrive automatic transmission and other improvements make these the most fuel-slinging gas-powered big luxury cars in America. Electronic instrumentation and a computerized information center make them among the most interesting inside as well. A step up from the Continental four-door is the new four-door Mark VI.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Chrysler Cordoba and Dodge Mirada (formerly Magnum and Charger) get the downsizing treatment and sleek new styling that should make them more competitive in the tough personal-coupe market. Like most domestic Chrysler products, they offer the added fuel-saving benefit of a "lock-up" torque converter with their automatic transmissions. Chrysler LeBaron and Dodge Diplomat two-door coupes also are downsized and nicely face-lifted, and there's a classy wire-mesh grille on a new LeBaron LS model that looks Thirties vintage.

AMERICAN MOTORS

The big news from A.M. is the full-time four-wheel-drive Eagle, in two-door, four-door and wagon body styles. This slick combination of Jeep and luxury compact sedan will let you forget the weather and never mind the road. Eagle has only a 4.2-liter six-cylinder engine and automatic transmission for the time being, but A.M.'s Concord (on which the Eagle is based) and subcompact Spirit offer a peppy and fuel-efficient 2.5-liter four-cylinder replacing the previous buzzy 2.0-liter four as standard engine. This same Pontiac-built four-banger is offered in Jeep CJ models, giving the rugged off-roader surprising fuel economy with no sacrifice in performance or utility. It's the first four-cylinder Jeep since 1971.

VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA

The country's newest auto maker has been churning out front-drive Rabbit subcompacts in Pennsylvania for over a year, and this season adds the diesel Rabbit and a handy Rabbit pickup to the domestic line. A new convertible model will be imported from Germany, as are the up-market Dasher series, the sporty Scirocco and a redesigned VW bus/camper. —GARY WITZENBURG



BERSERK ANGEL

(continued from page 248)

"In Pryor's bedroom hangs his first gold album. It has a bullet hole in it."

goaded, unmerciful. "He will go for your soul, just personally assassinate you," the same person says.

He may also go for your face. Pryor's past is littered with assault-and-battery charges. He stabbed a soldier in the Army in Germany, punched out a nightclub singer in 1963, slugged a Hollywood motel clerk in 1967 (for which he was fined and put on probation; later, he paid an uncontested \$75,000 claim), broke the leg of one of his four wives (resulting in an \$1800 medical claim), went for the pistol on New Year's Eve 1977 and has engaged in countless fist-fights and altercations that never made the police blotters.

At such times, there is no way to outdo him, to take the floor or the dagger from him. It is simply best to back off and, if your face is white, to leave. I was warned more than once not to stay at Pryor's place if such a situation arose. "Don't think that who you are or whom you represent means a damn thing. Don't think you can control the situation. Just get out."

That his home contains guns and that he uses them is a matter of record. It may be funny afterward, even grist for a routine—"And the vodka was tellin' me, 'Go ahead, shoot something else!'" But it isn't funny at the time. Those who've encountered him at such times admit to being terrified.

After such spree—the highs, the violence, the emotional pillaging of friends and lovers—a pervasive remorse inevitably sets in and Pryor is full of regret. "Every time I get in trouble," he says, "it's because I end up drinking too much, or I end up snorting too much, or smoking too much." Then, suitably penitent, he reverts to being lovable, funny, benevolent, inspired Richard. He goes back to work, recaptures his brilliant caricatures, interweaves those bizarre, soul-baring episodes into his routines and wins back the people he has alienated and hurt.

"I took the button off," he assured me during our talk. "I have self-control now, because that's the way I want it."

He sounds sincere, as he always has in the past, and such assurances are enough for most of his circle to return to him, laugh and forgive. They always wait for his angel half to reappear and take note of the scars. And there are always scars: In Pryor's bedroom hangs his first gold album. It has a bullet hole in it.

hood in which most of the city's blacks still live. They were drawn to Peoria to work in the Hiram Walker distillery, the Caterpillar plant or the grain markets along the Illinois River. The town has always been a decent place for blacks to live, as long as they put in a day's work and are content to go home to their side of town.

In the Fifties, 618 Sixth was the site of Pop's Poolroom, a pretty hot joint run by Thomas and Marie Bryant, the latter a tough old black woman with a head for business and an iron rule over the family. If you had walked into Pop's almost any time of the day or night back then, you would have heard the balls clicking, and you would have found Marie's sons, Buck and Richard, playing eight ball. Racking the balls for pennies was Buck's son Richie, a skinny, nervy runt who looked a lot younger than he was. Most of the poolroom regulars didn't pay much attention to Richie, except when he started cutting up, telling jokes, doing routines and aping things people said and did. He was pretty funny, but then, a lot of people around Pop's were funny. Laughter was cheap—one of the best things going in a town like Peoria.

Every so often, though, a graceful, stern lady would walk into Pop's and dress down the place with her eyes. When that happened, things would go dead-silent. "Where's Richie?" she'd ask.

Grandma Bryant's son Richard E. would growl, "Here he is. Take him."

And the woman would walk out with Richie in hand and head for the Carver Community Center. The woman was Juliette Whittaker, daughter of a lawyer, graduate in drama from the University of Iowa. She was in Pop's because she had productions rehearsing at the center, and little Richie Pryor, pool-hall racker, truant, cutup, son of Leroy "Buck" Pryor, was one of her leading players. And no star of Miss Whittaker's was going to miss a rehearsal.

She had first spotted him hanging around the junior production of *Rumplestiltskin*.

"He was about thirteen but looked ten," she says. She offered him the part of a servant and gave him the script.

"He came back with the whole script memorized, every part," she says. "And when the boy playing the king was absent, Richard took his place. Well, he brought so much new business—new lines and expressions—to the part everybody was amazed. And when the boy playing the king returned and saw him,

he let him keep the part. So Richard stayed on the throne. And he hasn't come down since."

In the coming years, Pryor became a fixture in the Carver productions, particularly as emcee of talent shows. He did some of his bits, routines he'd developed on the streets and in the pool hall, and the audiences ate them up. Soon the talent acts were fill-ins until Pryor came back onstage.

"At that time, he did comedy in self-defense," Whittaker says. "He was small and to keep kids from beating on him, he cracked them up. I remember a family named Clark always pushed people around, but not Richard. Because he kept them laughing."

Even when he entered Peoria's Golden Gloves a few years later, people claimed his best punch was a one-liner. "He won his first fight in the first round," his father told a newspaper reporter. "And I think he did it by telling a joke, which made the guy double up. And then he punched him out."

A few months later, young Pryor joined a fight outside the ring—with two neighborhood gangs called the Love Licks and the Love Veedles. He and a dozen others were arrested, relieved of knives and rubber hoses and locked up. When he got out, Pryor decided life would be more peaceful in the Army over in Germany.

It took a slow, painful professional hazing before he finally understood his real sense of humor. After his Army discharge in 1960, Pryor went back to Peoria and emcee/comic jobs at Harold's Club and Bris Collin's Corner. From there he swung around the country, working small clubs and strip joints. He was young and unpolished, still learning. In 1963, he turned up in Greenwich Village, haunting the stage doors of clubs such as Café Wha? and The Improvisation. Rudy Vallee spotted him and put him on a summer TV show called *On Broadway Tonight*. The Ed Sullivan, Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson shows followed, and Pryor was on his way.

By the late Sixties, though, a time when more people than just comics were having personal doubts, Pryor became disenchanted with his act. He was doing routines out of jokebooks, the stuff of Bob Hope, and it bothered him. He always knew he was funniest when he related to life—that his best stuff came from the street, "Jump Street," and the people on it. The stuff he'd made his name on wasn't even in the same neighborhood.

Slowly he began to insert new, riskier material into his act, skits and scenes about niggers, a word he was told wasn't funny. He didn't go over. He was censured by fellow blacks, hassled by audiences, banned from clubs. He found work, but nothing like before, and his income and popularity foundered. He

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was told that he would never again work in the mainstream of the industry if he kept trying to be Supernigger.

Pryor reacted with schizophrenic performances onstage and a lot of drugs offstage. "Like I owned half of Peru, you know," he said, and proceeded to go through what he termed "a walking nervous breakdown."

It culminated with a sudden exit from the stage of the Aladdin Hotel in 1970 in mid-performance. He simply had had it. Even that story carries a typical Pryor embellishment. When telling a *Rolling Stone* writer in 1974 about the incident, Pryor said he walked off the wrong wing of the stage and had to squeeze past a panel to get out. In 1977, however, *Newsweek* writer Maureen Orth wrote that not only did he walk offstage, he also stripped and jumped onto a table in the hotel's casino and yelled, "Blackjack!"

"That's a joke I always told," he says now. "She must have believed it."

Blackjack or no blackjack, Pryor's personal and professional straits couldn't have been worse. And that is precisely when he reverted to the tough racial street humor, the material that made him the comic he is today.

Now, in a seeming attempt to make that humor appear more authentic, Pryor has turned his childhood in Peoria toward the sordid, with whorehouses, oppressive racism and his mother turning tricks for drunken white men. The voice drops, the pain, the deep-seated traumas are called to the surface almost with relish.

Actually, his background is a fairly common one: a sharp kid from a tough neighborhood, with parents and kin who kept track of him, even when he got into trouble, and an understanding mentor who encouraged him to use his talents.

It's as though he were intent on putting the same element of myth and intrigue into his past that he finds for his present. He seems to want to match the aching characters in his sketches with a personal past of prostitutes and racism and dead babies.

"No," he said when I asked him about it, "it never was that bad. I just look back at it more harshly. It depresses me. I wasn't aware of the sophisticated subtleties of racism when I was a kid. I just knew there was no future for me in Peoria. Not for a lot of people."

After his ghettoized night-club material in the early Seventies had blackballed him from several clubs—he was arrested for obscenity in Richmond, Virginia—his career was actually rescued by the movies. His portrayal of Piano Man in *Lady Sings the Blues* nearly stole the movie, and it started a steady schedule of roles in films such as *Bingo Long*, *Car Wash*, *Silver Streak* and many others.

He was hot, and he mixed writing—coscripting *Blazing Saddles*, Lily Tomlin and *Sanford and Son* shows—with an album, *That Nigger's Crazy*. The album turned gold and won him his first Grammy. He had by then become too popular, too good, to be kept down.

It was as if Richard Pryor, with his mischievous smile, his swimming eyes, his "business," could get away with anything. And anything included ready use of nigger, motherfucker and other Jump Street passwords.

But they would have been only window dressing without Pryor's talent for making them a part of his material and synthesizing them with his upbringing, his racial consciousness and his anger. Material people a few years earlier had said would ruin him became his staple: the rough, vulgar, unsparing ragging of the ghetto—cut with a wit and insight that made even cuticle-biting white people laugh.

"You can't gear your show to kiss somebody's ass," he told me. "I make sure my material doesn't let me down. Only I know the magic of my art."

Most people in Hollywood will tell you that Pryor is no trouble on the job. On the set of *Bingo Long*, I saw him work well with everybody; and of the several movies and television shows he's done, only one was known for any real difficulties.

But that was a doozy. *Blue Collar* was a severe movie written and directed by Paul Schrader, in which Pryor played the part of an auto worker who sells out his fellow workers to a corrupt union. It was a role with anger and racism built into it, and Pryor carried along all his own excess baggage.

His foil was Harvey Keitel, another less-than-amiable actor, and the two proceeded to tear at each other's throats. According to Schrader, both Keitel and Pryor intermittently felt that they were playing each other's straight men; when the pressure became too great, the two had to be separated. Schrader, who considers the filming the worst professional experience of his life, tried to anticipate Pryor's blowups in a vain effort to keep his irascibility from infecting the whole set.

Then a third star was dragged into the spat. Yaphet Kotto attempted to combat Pryor by being blacker than he was. Kotto and Pryor went at it after Pryor threw a chair at Kotto.

Only Pryor's friend, employee and spiritual mentor, Rashan Kahan, was able to settle Pryor down when things erupted. "Without Rashan," says Schrader, "the film never would have been completed." And Rashan continues to play that role: He lives on Pryor's estate and he is credited with bringing the karma needed to quell most outbursts there.

After *Blue Collar* was finished, Pryor's remorse set in on schedule. He has apologized to Schrader several times, stating that he didn't realize how childish and scared he was.

"I carry no negative shit about that movie," Pryor told me. "There was a lot of pressure, the script demanded it." Both Pryor and *Blue Collar* gained fine reviews, and the movie now stands as one of his most dimensional performances.

His success in the Seventies brought in the money to pay off the debts of the Sixties, a sum he once claimed to be \$600,000. In 1974, however, he served ten days in prison and was fined \$2500 for not filing income taxes from 1967 through 1970. Yet even the tax court let him off in view of his rising career, the obvious fact that he was taking care of business.

In 1976, he dropped a small fortune on a Spanish-style home in Northridge in the San Fernando Valley. The place includes guesthouses, eight acres of fruit trees, a pool, a tennis court, a gym, and a staff to maintain it. The estate makes for an awesome overhead, yet Pryor still cannot resist impulsively pledging, as he did recently, \$100,000 to the Jerry Lewis muscular-dystrophy telethon.

He has a reputation for being generous to a fault, a soft touch to friends and family. He gives his kids (four with four women) lavish gifts—a Mercedes 450 SL to his daughter Renee—and has bought homes and cars for his relatives. On another level, after one of his Lily Tomlin shows won him an Emmy, he went back to Peoria and gave it to Juliette Whitaker.

Officials of black charities, who've grumbled about the number of black millionaires who stiff black causes, consider Pryor a reliable supporter, both spiritually and financially. Occasionally, he is comfortable with that image, with what he means to his own and to black people. He even goes so far as to say that if he had only black popularity, that would be enough. "Maybe that's my lot . . . 25,000,000 black people. That's enough for me," he has said.

At least it's an audience he can count on. One hot afternoon in 1977—soon after Pryor's ballyhooed ten-program contract with NBC was cut back to four largely because of disagreements over what material he could use on the air—Pryor was picked up at his hotel in New York City by Rob Cohen, then of Motown Productions, and driven to the set of *The Wiz*. Cohen, who'd produced *Bingo Long*, immediately saw that Pryor was subdued, even morose. Once inside the car, however, Pryor started talking, slowly becoming more and more intense, insisting that he'd been betrayed by many people, that television wasn't ready for truth of any kind.

Cohen drove and said little, letting the steam escape. He decided not to take Pryor directly to the brass of *The Wiz*, the same fraternity Pryor was presently reaming. Instead, he took him to see *The Wiz*'s 300 black dancers rehearsing in the giant



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ballroom of the St. George Hotel.

The two of them walked into a panoply of arms and legs, hundreds of them flailing and pirouetting in preparation for the movie's biggest numbers. Then a few dancers spotted Pryor. He said nothing, but they stopped what they were doing. One of them began to applaud. Others took notice and stopped what they were doing, and also began clapping. More and more joined in. Then, in a scene out of a Thirties MGM spectacular, the applause rippled through the hall until the comedian was overwhelmed by it. For producer Cohen, it was one of the most moving, spontaneous gestures he'd ever witnessed.

Pryor stood and nodded, smiled, forgot what was on his mind and gazed at the crowd. When the applause subsided, he went into character, screaming, "We are gathered here today . . ." and the place broke up.

He had made them laugh many times before. Now he was grateful that they had returned the favor.

Not even the most reckless of Hollywood prognosticators will venture guesses about Richard Pryor's future. They can list projects—a movie called *Family Dream*, which he wrote and starred in with Cicely Tyson, and a long-range, multimillion-dollar contract with Universal. Pryor himself will talk about the fact that *he* controls most of the things he's now involved in.

His latest, most intimate female companion has been Jennifer Lee, an actress. "She's first," he told me last summer.

But a most significant influence in his life is David Franklin, a black, Atlanta-based attorney considered one of the top lawyers in show business today. Pryor personally credits Franklin with saving his financial life and points to

their meeting as a pivotal point in his life. "I'm a different person," he says.

He exudes resilience. "I'd be funny no matter where I was or what I did. If the bubble bursts, I'm still alive and I'll start all over again. I wouldn't have it any other way. It made me what I am, whatever I am. I'll be that way till I die. When they bury me, they better dig the hole deep, because I may get out of that, too."

Professionally, he can do almost anything. He is an expert at improvisation, a master mimic, the possessor of an aural memory that enables him to impersonate anybody. His humor isn't restricted to racial routines—he can be as funny and silly mimicking his pets or his kids as he can his rough-edged street characters.

In Pryor's very successful *Live in Concert* film, there's a scene in which he tearfully tells the vicious German shepherd next door that his two pet monkeys have died.

PRYOR: I was in the back yard and I was crying . . . the dog jumped the fence and I felt something moving in my hand and I started pettin' him. And he looked up at me.

DOG: Wuzza matter, Rich?

PRYOR (weeping): My monkeys died.

DOG: Say what? Yer monkeys died? Ain't that a bitch. You mean the two monkeys used to be in the trees, they died?

PRYOR: Yeah, they died.

DOG: Shit. I'se gonna eat them, too. (Pause) Now, don't linger on that shit too long, you know, it fuck widja.

PRYOR: I'll try.

DOG: Yeah, you take care.

PRYOR (to audience): And he went back and jumped over the fence. But just before he jumped, he

looked back at me and said, "Now, you know I'm gonna be chasin' you again tomorrow."

It's humor even Whitey can play, no matter how Pryor laces it. Pets and kids have always been a part of his life, as has his late grandmother, and bits about them show him to be as gentle and touching as his racism is coarse.

And yet his anger continues to surface. On *The Tonight Show* last May, Pryor said to the audience: "If you want to do anything, if you're black and still here in America, get a gun and go to South Africa and kill some white people." Incredibly, not only was it not censored by NBC but the statement raised nary a response from viewers.

Maybe they thought he was joking. That's the problem with Pryor: We never know when the laughter will stop and he will turn and hiss. "What you laughin' at, fool?"

He may complain, as he did to Barbara Walters, that racism prevents him from being the biggest comedian in the business. But the obvious reply is that were it not for racism, he wouldn't be a big comedian today.

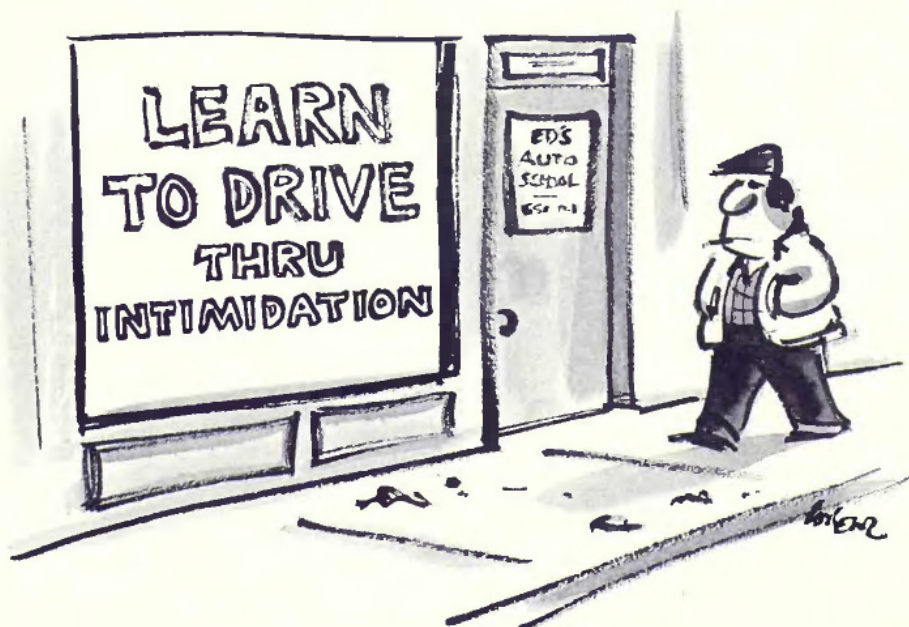
He intimately knows people's fears, particularly white fear of black faces, their uneasiness and sense of inferiority, and he exploits that with maniacal glee. He hasn't a dumb bone in his body. But beneath the surface, in the folds of that troubled, complex psyche, is an erratic malice, a menacing force that sooner or later cannot help but hurt somebody.

Being around Pryor, say those who have experienced it, is like sleeping in the company of a viper, of a presence that will slither lovingly next to your skin as you breathe, gently caressing your eyelids, hurting you not at all—then suddenly strike and cut you as nobody and nothing has before.

Some close to him fear that one day he will push things too far—that probably in the wee hours of morning in the smog of the drugs and the booze, a scene will go out of control and he will push someone to go after him. It won't be a case of the whimpering, suicidal Freddy Prinze, or the O.D. blues of Joplin, Hendrix or Bruce. Rather, a trigger Pryor will force someone else to pull.

Or that may all be baloney. Richard Pryor turns 40 in 1980. "I'm just happy to be alive," he told me. "It's a lot easier for me to purge myself now, to clean out the old evils."

I'd like to believe him, as difficult as that might be. He's the one who once said about blacks in general, but really about none other than Richard Pryor: "Oh, boy, I know where that nigger came from. He's not fooling me with those niceties he may have now . . . you know that any time you push that right button, he'll jump right to his stuff."



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"Indiana's major liability through a grueling season could be coach Knight's belligerent personality."

four starters returning, will have stronger teams. Ronnie Perry will again be the Crusaders' main man. Incoming freshman forward Chris Logan could be a starter by midseason.

Penn State has pulled out of the Eastern Eight to go it alone as a major national independent (à la football). This is a fortuitous year for the Nittany Lions to strike out on their own, because they could be one of the most improved teams in the country. Last season's top six scorers return (three are only sophomores) and the incoming class of recruits will add quality bench strength.

Despite a serious lack of height, the Navy team could have a winning season. Army, however, was wiped out by graduation and the incoming recruits won't be much help.

The Big Ten has supplanted the Atlantic Coast Conference as the nation's strongest basketball loop. At least five of the teams have an excellent chance to wind up in the top 20 standings at season's end. Obviously, they'll spend the winter knocking one another off. The survivors will likely be determined by injuries, luck and last-second baskets.

Ohio State looks to us like the best bet to take the conference laurels, with the N.C.A.A. championship a distinct possibility. Had they had only one more excellent player to supplement the play of stalwarts Herb Williams and Kelvin Ransley, the Buckeyes could have challenged national champion Michigan State last year. Williams and Ransley both return this season, and the needed third man has arrived in the person of superstar freshman Clark Kellogg, one of those gem-quality recruits who can make a dramatic impact their first season. He will give the Buckeyes additional scoring potential, rebounding strength and the slick passing that was absent last year.

Like Ohio State, Indiana bordered on greatness last season and has solved its most obvious skill problems with the signing of a single blue-chip freshman, guard Isaiah Thomas. Also like the Buckeyes, Indiana suffered minimal graduation losses, but the Hoosiers still don't have the overpowering big man in the middle that top championship contenders need. Indiana's major liability through a grueling season could be coach Bob Knight's belligerent personality and explosive temper. He is said to be the only man in the country who can walk into an empty room and start a fight.

The key to Purdue's success this year, as last, will be the awesome scoring and

rebounding skills of Playboy All-America center Joe Barry Carroll. Six of last year's top seven players return and are joined by flashy junior college transfer guard Kevin Stallings, who is reputed to be a passing wizard. If he can get the ball to Carroll often enough, the Boiler-makers could set some scoring records.

Playboy All-America guard Ronnie Lester returns to Iowa, as does last

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Ohio State | 6. Michigan State |
| 2. Indiana | 7. Wisconsin |
| 3. Purdue | 8. Northwestern |
| 4. Iowa | 9. Michigan |
| 5. Illinois | 10. Minnesota |

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Toledo | 7. Miami University |
| 2. Central Michigan | 8. Western Michigan |
| 3. Bowling Green | 9. Eastern Michigan |
| 4. Ohio University | 10. Northern Illinois |
| 5. Ball State | |
| 6. Kent State | |

CITY SIX

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Oral Roberts | 4. Evansville |
| 2. Oklahoma City | 5. Xavier |
| 3. Loyola | 6. Butler |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Notre Dame | 4. Marquette |
| 2. DePaul | 5. Dayton |
| 3. Detroit | 6. Illinois State |

TOP PLAYERS: Williams, Ransley, Kellogg (Ohio State); Woodson, Thomas (Indiana); Carroll, Hallman (Purdue); Lester, Boyle (Iowa); Smith (Illinois); Donnelly (Michigan State); Matthews (Wisconsin); Stack (Northwestern); McGee (Michigan); McHale (Minnesota); Swaney, Miller (Toledo); Guydon (Central Michigan); Faine (Bowling Green); Graves (Ohio University); Drews, Bradley (Ball State); Grooms (Kent State); Goins (Miami University); Cunningham (Western Michigan); Wiggins (Eastern Michigan); Rhone (Northern Illinois); Garrett (Oral Roberts); Hill (Oklahoma City); Clemons (Loyola); Kelley, Olsthoorn (Evansville); Massa (Xavier); Raker (Butler); Tripucka, Jackson, Woolridge, Hanzlik, Branning (Notre Dame); Aguirre, Bradshaw (DePaul); McCormick, Davis (Detroit); Worthen (Marquette); Kanieski (Dayton); Galvin (Illinois State).

winter's freshman sensation Kevin Boyle, and freshman Mark Gannon could be a starter by midseason. Unfortunately, the Hawkeyes have blown their cover—they won't be able to sneak up on other teams this year.

Eight of last season's ten lettermen return to the Illinois team that dashed out to a 15-0 start before collapsing in late winter. The major problem was a weak

guard corps, but that seems solved by the arrival of three prime recruits, Kevin Bontemps, Quinn Richardson and Reno Gray.

Although Michigan State lost only two of its top ten players (Earvin Johnson and Gregory Kelson), they happened to be two of the best in the country. As a result, last season's support players must become this year's key operatives. The Spartans will be a veteran club, and the addition of transfer guard Kevin Smith will help, but it will be hard to come up with an encore to last year's national-championship act.

Everyone returns to a Wisconsin team that became dynamic at season's end. Prime recruits Mike Kreklow and Greg Dandridge—instant starters at many schools—may not see much action their first year in Madison.

Northwestern could be the most improved team in the Big Ten, which isn't saying much, since the Wildcats won only six games last winter. Seven-foot center Brian Jung and forward Jim Stack have returned to health and two rookies, point guard Michael Jenkins and swingman Gaddis Rathel, will bring needed speed and jumping ability. Maybe the Wildcats can learn how to win some of the close games.

The loss of center Phil Hubbard (to the pros) will severely limit the Michigan team's prospects, because no replacement of even approximate quality is on hand. Likeliest candidates for the post position are Paul Heuerman and John Garris. Freshman Joe James's leaping ability could get him a starting job his first year.

The Minnesota team, with four freshman starters, suffered from inexperience last year. That liability has been fixed by time, and two recruits—forward Zebedee Howell and guard Carl Dale—could provide much needed rebounding and playmaking skills. This year's team will again be built around premier forward Kevin McHale.

The best recruiting class in years will provide the Toledo team with the depth it sorely needed last year. The quality of the freshmen will help the veterans keep their competitive edge, so the Rockets should return to the N.C.A.A. play-offs at season's end.

Beefy junior college transfer Mike Robinson will give the Central Michigan team the powerful inside game lacking last winter. The Chippewas will again have an explosive running edge if top freshman recruits Melvin McLaughlin and James Koger can fill in at the guard spots. The heavy turnover in the starting line-up will likely preclude much early-season success, but the Chippewas could be a major factor in the conference race by post-season tournament time.

Bowling Green could be the most improved team in the Mid-American Conference, if only because of the return to health of sharpshooter Joe Faine. Only

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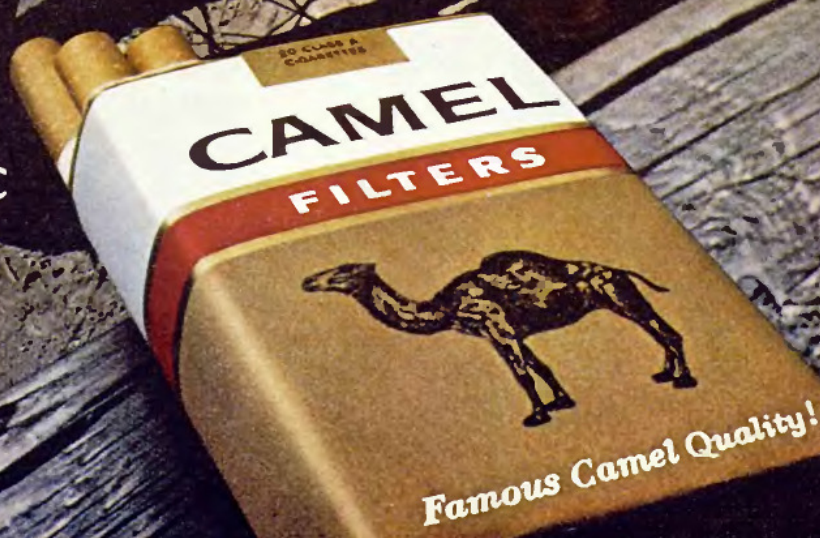
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one letterman graduated and four promising freshman recruits are in camp.

The key to Ball State's success will again be the play of Mike Drews and George Bradley, who were two of the best sophomores in the conference last winter. The Cardinals' major liability will be the lack of a strong center.

A wave of basketball enthusiasm has swept Kent State as the Flashes posted their best record last year since 1971. The optimism may be well founded, because six promising recruits join all but one of last year's top ten players.

Miami also suffered minimal graduation losses but still has the same problem that precluded success last year—lack of a good big man under the boards.

With nearly everyone returning, the Western Michigan team could be much improved if transfers Mike Kabat and Harold Triche live up to their advance billings. The Broncos' major task will be to improve last season's dreadful defensive play.

Oral Roberts University and Oklahoma City will be cofavorites to win the first championship of the newly formed Midwestern City Conference (City Six, for short). Oral Roberts will probably have the better chance, because new coach Ken Hayes will have all five starters, plus the top three reserves, back from last year's squad. Oklahoma City also has a new coach, Ken Trickey, who recruited three quality junior college players who could be immediate starters. Loyola, a much maturer team than last year, will be sorely handicapped by a lack of height.

Evansville, after making an impressive comeback last season after the plane crash that wiped out its entire squad and coaching staff two years ago, will be even stronger this year. But so will the schedule, and the Aces will still lack quickness.

Few teams in memory could match the depth of talent that Notre Dame enjoys this year. This is the most experienced Irish squad in many years and the ability is so evenly distributed that any of the 11 returning squad men could be starters. Rookie John Paxson was possibly the best prep point guard in the nation last year. The center position may be a small problem, because this is the first season in many years that the Irish haven't had a behemoth under the boards. Coach Digger Phelps's main problem this year may be figuring out how to play everyone. With all that depth and ability, the Irish look to us like the best bet to capture the N.C.A.A. championship.

DePaul's sudden success last winter was the stuff of which Hollywood scenarios are made: A small inner-city school that for decades had been playing in the shadow of more prominent Midwestern independents and the Big Ten schools, then suddenly one fabulous freshman (Playboy All-America forward Mark Aguirre) and a bit of luck brought the Blue Demons to the brink of a national

championship. The events were doubly gratifying because coach Ray Meyer, who has been tutoring the Demons since shortly after Columbus landed, probably inspires more esteem and affection from players, peers and writers than any other cage mentor in the land. Meyer's success is apparently contagious, because he enjoyed his best recruiting season ever, landing three blue chippers (Teddy Grubbs, Terry Cummings and Bernard Randolph) who could duplicate Aguirre's freshman heroics if they can get enough playing time. Meyer has a way of making players bloom early, so don't be surprised if his team winds up in the N.C.A.A. finals next March.

The Detroit team, under new coach Willie McCarter, will have the same strengths as last year's squad that won 22 games. Trouble is, the schedule has been greatly beefed up. Look for transfer Tony Core to add much rebounding strength.

Playboy All-America guard Sam Worthen will be the key to whatever success Marquette enjoys this winter. He will have plenty of help among the starters, but the bench may be perilously shallow, because this was a lean recruiting year in Milwaukee.

The Dayton team could be a national power again if some added rebounding strength can be found and if rookie John Tomlinson can make up only partly for the loss of graduated guard Jim Paxson.

The Duke team disappointed its followers last winter by having a merely good year after nearly everyone—including us—picked it to win the national championship. Inconsistent play by sophomore forwards Gene Banks and Kenny Dennard—after spectacular freshman years—and a spate of late-season injuries were the main problems. An excellent crop of freshman recruits should give the Blue Devils more quality depth and better outside firepower this season. The latter improvement will keep opposing teams from ganging up on Playboy All-America center Mike Gminski. Keep an eye on the Duke-Kentucky season-opening exhibition game in Springfield, Massachusetts, on November 17; it will be an early indicator on two of the country's most promising teams.

Like Duke, the North Carolina team was only a couple of wins short of greatness last winter, graduation losses were minimal and some blue-chip recruits will add even better depth. Best of the newcomers, James Worthy, could win a starting berth before Christmas. Playboy All-America Mike O'Koren (a complete player) and Al Wood (a spectacular outside shooter) may be the best pair of forwards in the country.

Every year there are two or three teams whose fortunes skyrocket because of the arrival of one top-quality recruit. Such

should be the case at Virginia this year with the arrival of 7'4" freshman Ralph

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Duke | 5. Maryland |
| 2. North Carolina | 6. Wake Forest |
| 3. Virginia | 7. Clemson |
| 4. North Carolina State | 8. Georgia Tech |

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. Louisiana State | 6. Vanderbilt |
| 2. Kentucky | 7. Georgia |
| 3. Tennessee | 8. Auburn |
| 4. Alabama | 9. Mississippi |
| 5. Mississippi State | 10. Florida |

METRO CONFERENCE

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Louisville | 5. Cincinnati |
| 2. Florida State | 6. Tulane |
| 3. Virginia Tech | 7. Memphis State |
| 4. St. Louis | |

SUN BELT

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1. South Alabama | 5. South Florida |
| 2. Virginia Commonwealth | 6. Jacksonville |
| 3. UNCC | 7. New Orleans |
| 4. Alabama-Birmingham | 8. Georgia State |

OHIO VALLEY CONFERENCE

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Eastern Kentucky | 4. Middle Tennessee |
| 2. Western Kentucky | 5. Tennessee Tech |
| 3. Morehead State | 6. Murray State |
| | 7. Austin Peay |

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Furman | 6. Marshall |
| 2. Chattanooga | 7. Virginia Military |
| 3. The Citadel | 8. Western Carolina |
| 4. Appalachian State | 9. Davidson |
| 5. East Tennessee | |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. South Carolina | 2. East Carolina |
|-------------------|------------------|

TOP PLAYERS: Gminski, Banks (Duke); O'Koren, Wood (North Carolina); Lamp, Sampson (Virginia); Whitney, Austin (North Carolina State); King, Williams (Maryland); Johnson (Wake Forest); Williams (Clemson); Horton (Georgia Tech); Macklin, Scales (Louisiana State); Macy, Anderson, Bowie (Kentucky); Johnson (Tennessee); Phillips (Alabama); Brown (Mississippi State); Davis (Vanderbilt); Mercer (Georgia); Valavicius (Auburn); Stroud (Mississippi); Hannah (Florida); Griffith, McCray (Louisville); Brown (Florida State); Robinson, Solomon (Virginia Tech); Glass (St. Louis); Lee (Cincinnati); Holston (Tulane); Jackson (Memphis State); Rains (South Alabama); Sherod (Virginia Commonwealth); Kinch (UNCC); Spicer (Alabama-Birmingham); Azcoitia (South Florida); Ray (Jacksonville); Edwards (New Orleans); Gulmire (Georgia State); Tillman (Eastern Kentucky); Wray (Western Kentucky); Clay (Morehead State); Coleman (Middle Tennessee); Abuls (Tennessee Tech); Hammonds (Murray State); Thomas (Austin Peay); Moore (Furman); Anchrum, Parker (Chattanooga); Slawson (The Citadel); Anderson (Appalachian State); Place (East Tennessee); Washington (Marshall); Kolesar (Virginia Military); Oennis (Western Carolina); Hall (Davidson); Hordges (South Carolina); Maynor (East Carolina).

Sampson. He will cure the Cavaliers' acute rebounding problem and augment 303

the deadly accurate shooting of Jeff Lamp and Lee Raker.

North Carolina State also has a 7'4" player, sophomore Chuck Nevitt, who could be a superstar if he can gain some weight. The Wolfpack would have been among the top half dozen teams in the country last year if some midseason one-point games had gone its way. Hawkeye Whitney, who does everything well, will again be the backbone of the team.

The Maryland team's main problem is that it is a merely excellent team in the power-laden Atlantic Coast Conference. The Terps have only one discernible weakness—no proven center—but that should keep them out of the championship race. If Buck Williams moves to the post, rookie forward Mark Fothergill could win a starting job.

All of Wake Forest's top players return, so the Deacons will be a very experienced team, even though four of the starters will be sophomores. A point guard must be found to lead the attack, with newcomer Kenny Vaughns the likeliest candidate for the job.

Clemson's forward wall this winter could feature three 6'10" players. Unfortunately, after last season's success, the Tigers won't be able to waylay unsuspecting opponents as they did a year ago.

Georgia Tech joins the Atlantic Coast Conference, and it will be a baptism of fire. The Yellow Jackets will be hopelessly outclassed. Forward Lenny Horton and guard Brook Steppe are A.C.C.-caliber players, but after them the ranks are woefully thin.

Louisiana State won its first Southeastern Conference basketball championship in a quarter century last February, and, despite the loss of two starters, this year's squad looks even stronger. A massive infusion of talent comes with the return to health of Playboy All-America forward Durand Macklin and the arrival of two superrecruits, guard Mark Alcorn and forward Howard Carter. Several pro scouts insist that Macklin is the best college player in the land, and his silky inside moves are perfectly complemented by the superb outside shooting of teammate DeWayne Scales. The Tigers are among the top half-dozen teams in the nation and have an excellent shot at the national championship.

Unless, of course, they get bushwhacked by a greatly improved Kentucky team. The Wildcats' obvious deficiencies of a year ago—size, depth and experience—have been cured by the return of four starters and the arrival of perhaps the most talented group of freshmen in school history. Playboy All-America Kyle Macy leads one of the best guard corps in the country. Add two fabulous freshmen—wonderfully versatile Derrick Hord and seven-footer Sam Bowie, whose outside shooting was legend in prep circles—and Kentucky should be among the most improved teams in the land.

Forward Reggie Johnson will be the key player on an experienced Tennessee team. Two prime-quality recruits, Dale Ellis and Anthony Love, should log a lot of court time their first year.

Alabama lost only one starter from last year's fine team, but that was Reggie King—one of the premier players in school history—and there's no one on the squad who can adequately replace him. The Tide still suffers from the lack of a big man to play center, and this year's crop of recruits (except for guard Mike Davis) was a disappointment.

Center Rickey Brown will again be the fulcrum of the Mississippi State team. His may be one of the few familiar faces on the court, though, because the Bulldogs had a bonanza recruiting season. Best of the new faces are guard Kent Looney, pivot man Kalpatrick Wells and sharpshooter Spencer Richardson.

Superquick Tommy Springer was the sparkplug for Vanderbilt's surprising success last season. He and premier forward Charles Davis will again be the Commodores' top guns. But new coach Richard Schmidt must find a dependable center, and transfer Willie Jones seems to be the likeliest candidate.

In only one year, Georgia coach Hugh Durham has turned Athens into a cal-dron of basketball excitement. Under Durham, the Bulldogs—a perennial also-ran in conference cage competition—could soon become a basketball power. Last season's debilitating lack of depth has been cured by a fine group of freshman recruits, best of whom are forwards Terry Fair and Dominique Wilkins.

Both Auburn and Mississippi will have much improved teams, because neither had significant graduation losses and both picked up a couple of recruits who can help cure last season's deficiencies. Freshmen Darrell Lockhart and Byron Henson will see a lot of action at Auburn, as will rookies Carlos Clark and James Green at Mississippi.

This should be another happy winter in Louisville—the Cardinals have an abundance of talent and experience. The key man will again be guard Darrell Griffith, but most improvement could come from the added maturity and healed wounds of center Wiley Brown. Newcomer Rodney McCray (Scooter's little brother) should also add a lot of muscle under the boards.

The Florida State team will benefit greatly from the arrival of transfers Elvis Rolle (from Oral Roberts) and Don Cox (from Indiana). More help will be provided by the return to action of redshirt Mickey Dillard.

The key to Virginia Tech's season will be the ability of guard Jeff Schneider to replace graduated Marshall Ashford, who was a main ingredient in the Gobblers' astonishing success last winter. Forward Dale Solomon should be even better after his sensational freshman performance.

The St. Louis team will be stronger, if for no other reason than not having to adjust to a new coach for the first time in four years. Second-year coach Ron Ekker had a banner recruiting year, with guard David Burns and forward Willie Whittenburg being the prize catches.

After its first losing season in 24 years, the Cincinnati team faces a rebuilding season. Only six lettermen return, but they will be better attuned to coach Ed Badger's run-and-gun game style.

Tulane, with much more depth and experience than a year ago, will win more games, but Memphis State, with its top two offensive players lost through graduation, will have a tough time achieving a break-even season. Fortunately, new Tiger coach Dana Kirk has a prime crop of recruits with which to rebuild.

South Alabama will dominate the Sun Belt Conference. If the Jaguars win their opening game with Louisville, they could wind up among the nation's top 20 teams by season's end. Any serious challenge from within the conference will come from either Virginia Commonwealth or UNCC. Alabama-Birmingham, South Florida and New Orleans will all field greatly improved teams because of windfall recruiting seasons. Georgia State is also optimistic, because flashy forward Don Ross is again healthy.

Eastern Kentucky will be the premier team in the Ohio Valley Conference but could be challenged by either Western Kentucky or Morehead State, because both of the latter teams had minimal graduation losses. Morehead will also profit greatly from the arrival of transfer pivot man Albert Spencer. Middle Tennessee State, suffering severe graduation losses, faces a rebuilding campaign.

Furman, Chattanooga and The Citadel will fight it out for the Southern Conference championship. Appalachian State will have an off year, because three starters who have been mostly responsible for the App's success in recent seasons have graduated.

Despite the unfortunate sudden death of Marshall coach Stu Aberdeen last June, the future looks very bright for the Herd, because Aberdeen left a legacy—the best recruiting class in the school's history.

VMI could be the surprise team of the conference if either of two tall sophomores—Gary Mackin and Bill Nivison—can provide some desperately needed help.

South Carolina could be one of the nation's sleeper teams this winter. The entire squad returns and highly touted freshman forward Kevin Darmody could help cure last season's major weakness—a lack of team speed.

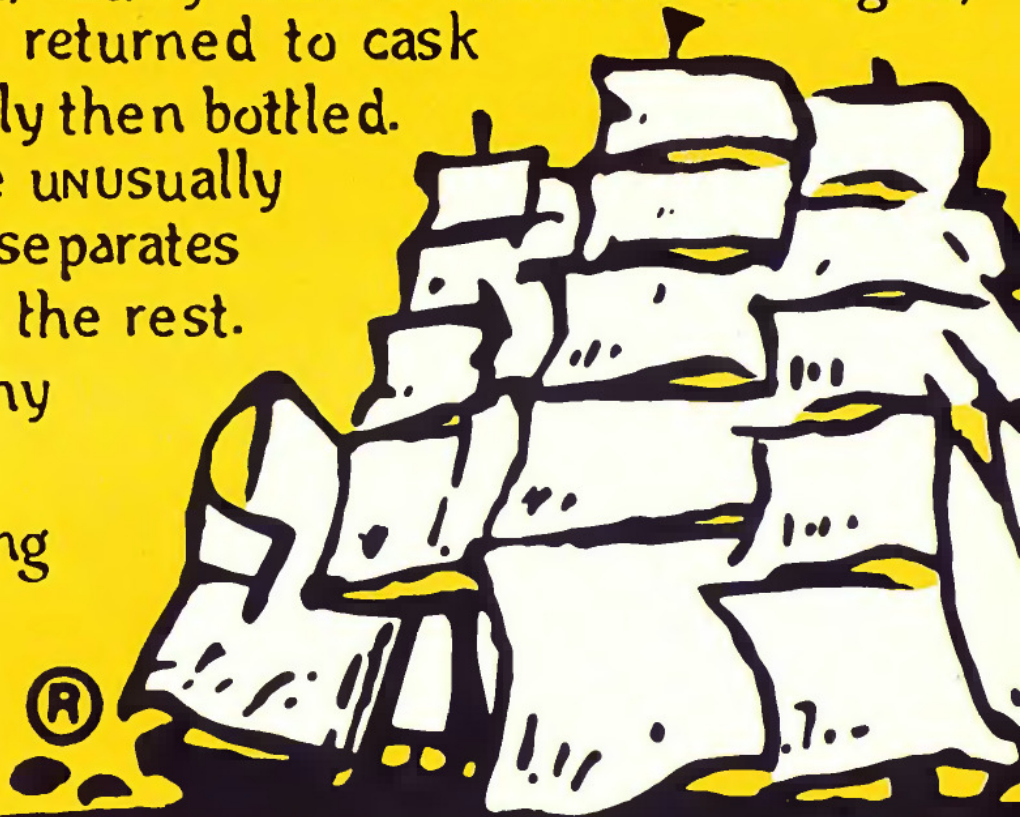
New East Carolina coach Dave Odom will try to overhaul a team that had the best talent in school history last winter but never approached its potential. This

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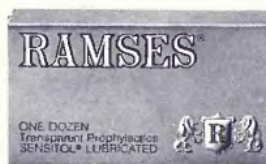
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BIG EIGHT

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Kansas | 5. Colorado |
| 2. Kansas State | 6. Iowa State |
| 3. Oklahoma | 7. Oklahoma State |
| 4. Missouri | 8. Nebraska |

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Texas A&M | 6. Baylor |
| 2. Arkansas | 7. Southern Methodist |
| 3. Texas | 8. Texas Christian |
| 4. Texas Tech | 9. Rice |
| 5. Houston | |

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. New Mexico State | 5. Southern Illinois |
| 2. Indiana State | 6. West Texas State |
| 3. Tulsa | 7. Bradley |
| 4. Wichita State | 8. Drake |
| | 9. Creighton |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------|
| 1. North Texas State | 2. Centenary |
|----------------------|--------------|

TOP PLAYERS: Valentine, Ross (Kansas); Blackman (Kansas State); Beal (Oklahoma); Drew, Berry (Missouri); Hunter, Williams (Colorado); Uthoff (Iowa State); Clark (Oklahoma State); Smith (Nebraska); Smith, Woods (Texas A&M); Reed, Hastings (Arkansas); Baxter (Texas); Williams (Texas Tech); Williams (Houston); Teagle (Baylor); Branson, Allen (Southern Methodist); Mansbury (Texas Christian); Tudor (Rice); Jones (New Mexico State); Nicks (Indiana State); Johnson (Tulsa); Carr (Wichita State); Abrams (Southern Illinois); Elmer (West Texas State); Anderson (Bradley); Wright (Drake); Honz (Creighton); Robinson (North Texas State); Lett (Centenary).

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This will be a very tight race for the Big Eight championship. Our choice for the laurels is Kansas, not only because Playboy All-America guard Darnell Valentine and three other starters return but because a bumper crop of recruits will likely fix last season's deficiencies—outside shooting and rebounding. Best of the newcomers is Ricky Ross, who does everything well (especially outside shooting). Transfer Art Housey will add muscle. Sophomore forward David Magley could be the Jayhawks' next All-America.

Rolando Blackman will no longer have to be a one-man show at Kansas State, because six talented newcomers will give the Wildcats unaccustomed depth and height. Three of the recruits are 6'10" or taller. Some of the returning starters could be displaced before the season opens. Best of the rookies is center Greg Prudhoe.

The Oklahoma team surprised everyone last March by taking the league championship. Four of the starters are back, but the Sooners have lost their surprise factor. Rookies will add quickness and rebounding strength, but no one can adequately replace graduated forward John McCullough.

Missouri may have the most improved team in the conference. Last year's squad returns almost intact and will be joined

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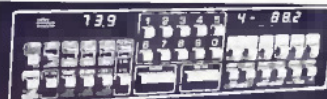


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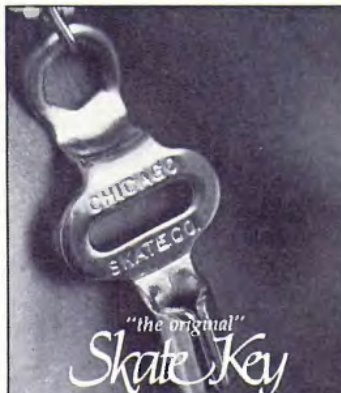
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by two prep All-Americans (center Steve Stipanovich and guard Jon Sundvold), plus sterling transfer forward Ricky Frazier. All could grab starting roles by New Year's. If all these pieces fall into place, the Tigers could easily take the conference championship.

The Colorado squad had only eight players last season, and two of them (including top scorer Emmett Lewis) have departed. The Buffs' two best players this year will likely be newcomers Jo Jo Hunter (who started two seasons at Maryland before transferring to Boulder) and Jerry Williams (a junior college All-America who is tough under the boards).

If Iowa State forward Chuck Harmison can stay healthy and center Dean Uthoff becomes a more aggressive rebounder, the Cyclones will be more successful this winter. Unfortunately, four of last year's guards have departed for assorted reasons, so the inside game will have to provide most of the scoring punch.

The key to Oklahoma State's success will be the development of seven-foot sophomore center Brad Currelly. Otherwise, the Pokes will still be hobbled by the lack of a dominant big man.

The Nebraska team, seemingly destined for the league championship when the season opened last fall, instead bombed with a 14-13 record. The squad was then decimated by graduation, leaving only center Andre Smith with established credentials. Best of the recruits is guard Eric Williams.

The Texas A&M team enjoyed the most successful season in school history last winter, and almost the entire squad is back for a try at the national championship. Rudy Woods, Vernon Smith and Rynn Wright will again form an awesome front line. Incoming blue chipper Claude Riley will add to the Aggies' already excellent bench depth.

Arkansas lost only two players from last winter's squad, but one of them was

Sidney Moncrief, who will be impossible to replace. This team will be extremely young, but there is still plenty of talent on hand and the depth (with rookies Keith Hilliard and Leroy Sutton) will be the best in many years. Look for the Razorbacks to be back to title-contention form by season's end.

The Texas team lost four starters, but the returning bench players are top quality and the recruiting season produced much needed height in Victor Mitchell and LaSalle Thompson. Another newcomer, transfer Ken Montgomery (from North Carolina State), should be an immediate starter.

Texas Tech will still be handicapped by the absence of a domineering big man under the boards and will have to rely on general sharpshooting (five of the top six scorers return) and good team quickness.

The Houston team will feature spectacular shooting, because last season's top scorers, Ken Williams and Victor Ewing, will be joined by All-America prepster Rob Williams. The incoming recruits should also add much authority to the rebounding. By season's end, after the newcomers gain some polish, Houston could be a real factor in the championship race.

Vinnie Johnson, last year's most valuable player, has departed, but the Baylor team may be improved without him. Reason: The Bears will have to learn to play as a team instead of a supporting cast. A good crop of recruits will give the squad more depth, with forward Mike Battle the best of the lot.

Southern Methodist's prime rookie is poetically yclept Ollie Hoops, a marvelous name for a basketball player. He could be an immediate starter, despite the return of nearly everyone from last season.

Deckery Johnson is this year's super-rookie at Texas Christian. He is the best of four promising junior college players

who could be starters when the season opens.

New Mexico State, runner-up in the Missouri Valley Conference a year ago, should take the championship this time. The Aggies will still be a small team, but they will be speedier and the bench is the deepest in many years. Also, ace front-court leader Slab Jones will still be around to set the pace.

Indiana State's only significant graduation loss was All-Everything Larry Bird, but the Sycamores without Bird will be like the seven dwarfs without Snow White. Still, with ten returning veterans joined by transfer Dale Brackins (a prime prospect for the center job), this will be another winning year.

Both Tulsa and Wichita State will have much improved teams, but for different reasons. Tulsa's losses were minimal, sterling center Joe Cooper is healthy again and blue-chip freshman Brad Pierce is the skilled point guard needed to make the offense click.

Wichita State lost its top three players to graduation, but a bonanza recruiting year brought in at least five players capable of winning starting jobs before the season opened. Freshman forward Antoine Carr is awesome and could win national recognition his first year. Another frosh forward, Cliff Livingston, isn't far behind. Freshman Ozell Jones (at center) and transfer Mike Jones (a swingman) should also be immediate starters.

Last season was a disappointment for Southern Illinois, because coach Joe Gottfried had serious personality clashes with several of his players and morale suffered. Those problems now have been resolved and multitallented guard Wayne Abrams returns to run the team. Another reason for optimism is the arrival of junior college center Rod Camp, who will solve the front-line weakness that has plagued the Salukis the past two years.

Both West Texas State and Bradley had windfall recruiting years. The top catch in Canyon was point guard Terry Adolph, who will join an experienced squad that features five returning starters. At least three of the incumbents could be forced to the bench by the hot-shot newcomers.

Bradley's prize recruits are transfers Hasan Houston and David Thirkill. Six other newcomers are good enough to clock a lot of floor time. With all these reinforcements, the Braves are suddenly transformed from a very thin to a very deep squad.

Drake and Creighton also landed big-splash recruits guaranteed to make lots of headlines their first year. At Drake, transfer forward Lewis Lloyd should dominate the Bulldogs' offensive play from the first game. At Creighton, transfer power forward George Morrow arrives with superstar credentials. The Bluejays still need to find a playmaking guard.



This will be another rebuilding season at North Texas State. The not-so-Mean Green will still be short on size and scoring punch. Bright spots could be the maturation of pivot man Ken Robinson and the arrival of transfer guard Chris Reynard.

Centenary was close to being a one-man team last season—that one man being forward George Lett. He will get a bit more help this year, mostly from a large contingent of rookies. Best of the new faces is center Cherokee Rhone.

This should be the first year since Halley's comet that UCLA won't dominate college basketball on the Pacific Coast. Oregon State is the likeliest candidate for the Pacific Ten championship, with Southern California not far behind. At Corvallis, everyone returns from a team that was only one top-quality player away from greatness a year ago. The needed reinforcement—an outstanding shooter—could be either of two recruits, Jamie Stangel or Vince Hinch. Center Steve Johnson is already one of the best big men in the nation and will be even more intimidating this year.

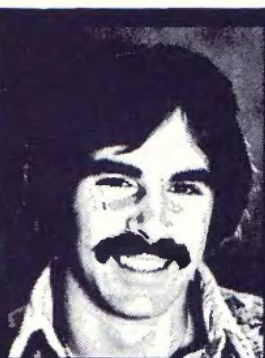
New Southern California coach Stan Morrison takes over a squad that has five dependable veteran starters but has some thin spots on the bench, especially at the center position. Forward Purvis Miller will again be the Trojans' key player.

UCLA also has a new coach, Larry Brown, and he is likely to take a lot of flak from rabid Bruin fans who aren't prone to accept such excuses as graduation losses for not winning another conference championship. But the hard truth is that the Bruins' top three players of last season are gone, and there is no one on this year's squad who can adequately replace any of them. Kiki Vandeweghe is one of the nation's better forwards, but Brown needs to find a couple of dependable guards from among a group of inexperienced freshmen and sophomores.

Arizona had perhaps the best recruiting year of any school in the country. Among the catches are four of the most sought-after prospects in the land (prolific scoring guard Leon Wood, 6'11", 230-pound freshman center David Mosebar, California junior college player of the year Ron Davis and supershooter Frank Smith). Add promising redshirt forward Robbie Dosty and blend in with a squad that lost only one of last year's starters, and the Wildcats could be one of the country's most improved teams by next March.

And if the Washington State team can overcome last year's tendency to lose games that are supposed to be laughers, it will be a factor in this year's conference-championship race. The Cougars will be more experienced and quicker than a year ago.

The Arizona State squad suffered from



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an acute attack of senioritis last season—November's enthusiasm fizzled into March's ennui. Graduation cured all that, but it left a young and much thinner squad. Sophomore guard Lafayette Lever (who could be an All-America before he graduates) will be the key performer this season. Freshman Byron Scott and redshirt Dale Cooke will be quality reinforcements.

The Oregon team spent most of last year converting to coach Jim Haney's fast-break system. The transition is now complete. Center, a problem position for the Ducks over the years, has become this season's major strength. Both of last winter's post men return but are likely to be displaced by heralded seven-foot freshman Ron Burns. Another frosh, forward Ray Whiting, could also win a starting job.

Petur Gudmundsson, Washington's 7'2" Icelandic center, has at last reached the level of excellence so long predicted for him. His entire supporting cast returns, so optimism abounds in Seattle.

Gigantic (6'10", 240 pounds) freshman David Nussbaum should fix Stanford's glaring weakness at the center position. The Cardinals must also improve their free-throw accuracy and learn how to win away from home—they won only two of 13 road games last season.

As for California, it will be vastly improved but could still end up dead last in the conference. The improved play will be provided by rookies, the best of whom are Michael Pitts, Mike Chavez, John Ritchie and Reid Poole.

For the second straight year, all five of Brigham Young's starters return, and they are reinforced by a bumper crop of recruits. Best of the newcomers is 6'11", 260-pound prep All-America Greg Kite. With all the Cougars' talent on hand, it will be difficult for any other Western Athletic Conference team to pose much of a challenge.

If Brigham Young should falter, the Utah team could usurp the laurels, largely due to the presence of Playboy All-America forward Danny Vranes. Recruits Pace Mannion, Peter Williams and Craig Bell will log a lot of floor time their first year.

New Mexico's defensive play, nonexistent at times last winter, will again be a problem. With their freewheeling, shoot-shoot-shoot offense, however, don't be surprised if the Lobos lead the nation in scoring. Watch for guard Kenny Page, who transferred from Ohio State, to make a big name for himself in Albuquerque.

Rookies Mike Jackson and Anthony Johnson will strengthen Wyoming's ineffective guard play, but it will likely be impossible to adequately replace graduated center Doug Bessert.

On the other hand, Colorado State and Texas-El Paso had minimal graduation losses. A year's added maturity and some

top-grade recruits could turn some of last year's close losses into victories for both teams.

Despite the return of four of Hawaii's starters, rookies Aaron Strayhorn and Rennie Gordon will likely win starting jobs.

At San Diego State, most of the team will be new. So will the coach (Dave

Pacific Coast Association title. Only one starter graduated and four high-quality recruits have joined the squad.

Pacific's major competition will come from Fresno State, where all of last year's key players are back. They will be joined by freshman whiz Tyrone Bradley, reputed to have been one of the country's best high school playmaking guards.

A jackpot recruiting year will give the Long Beach State team much added depth and shooting ability. Best of the new men are Craig Dykema and Kelly Johnson.

Transfer Stan Ray (from Missouri) will be Fullerton State's first bona fide center in six years. The Titans will have trouble with their backcourt play, because three of last year's top four guards have departed.

New Utah State coach Rod Tueller takes over a team with only two returning starters. The key to this season's success will be the ability of Leo Cunningham to hold down the center job. The Aggies' schedule is the toughest in memory.

Last year, the Santa Barbara team had players who could shoot but couldn't defend, and other players who were the opposite. Graduation nearly wiped out the squad, so this year's team will be very young but more versatile. Two prize freshmen, York Gross and Kim Lewis, will be starters.

San Jose State's main hope for improving last year's dismal record is the rebuilding skills of new coach Bill Berry.

Irvine's optimism for the future is based on the best recruiting year in school history. As many as four of the recruits could win starting jobs.

Graduation took the two best players at both Pepperdine and San Francisco, but both schools have some superstud recruits who could help ease the loss. Pepperdine's prime catch is seven-foot center Brett Barnett. New coach Jim Harrick will have a wealth of skilled guards, but the key to this season's success will be rebounding, or the lack thereof.

The rebuilding process at San Francisco will be hastened by rookies Mike Rice, Quintin Dailey and Raymond McCoy.

And Reggie Logan, who sat out last year, will come back this season to make Portland a much improved team.

At Santa Clara, transfer Tony Gower is the effective point guard so sorely needed.

Weber State is the favorite to win the Big Sky championship, but Northern Arizona, one of the most improved teams in the country because of a bonanza recruiting year, could easily win the title.

This is Nevada-Reno's first year in the Big Sky Conference. Ordinarily, the Wolf Pack would be an eight-to-five favorite in the casinos to take the title its first year, but graduation was a disaster—only four lettermen return.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Oregon State | 6. Arizona State |
| 2. Southern California | 7. Oregon |
| 3. UCLA | 8. Washington |
| 4. Arizona | 9. Stanford |
| 5. Washington State | 10. California |

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Brigham Young | 5. Colorado State |
| 2. Utah | 6. Texas-El Paso |
| 3. New Mexico | 7. Hawaii |
| 4. Wyoming | 8. San Diego State |

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Pacific | 5. Utah State |
| 2. Fresno State | 6. Santa Barbara |
| 3. Long Beach State | 7. San Jose State |
| 4. Fullerton State | 8. Irvine |

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Pepperdine | 6. Seattle |
| 2. San Francisco | 7. St. Mary's |
| 3. Portland | 8. Loyola Marymount |
| 4. Santa Clara | |
| 5. Gonzaga | |

BIG SKY CONFERENCE

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Weber State | 5. Montana State |
| 2. Northern Arizona | 6. Montana |
| 3. Nevada-Reno | 7. Boise State |
| 4. Idaho | 8. Idaho State |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Nevada-Las Vegas | 2. Air Force |
| | 3. Portland State |

TOP PLAYERS: Johnson, Radford (Oregon State); Miller (Southern California); Vandeweghe (UCLA); Brown, Nehls (Arizona); Collins (Washington State); Nimphius (Arizona State); Hartshorne (Oregon); Gudmundsson (Washington); Belton (Stanford); Singleton (California); Ainge (Brigham Young); Vranes (Utah); Belin (New Mexico); Bradley (Wyoming); Young (Colorado State); Wilson (Texas-El Paso); Loudon (Hawaii); Gwynn (San Diego State); Cornelius, Waldron (Pacific); Williams (Fresno State); Wiley, Wise (Long Beach State); Roberts (Fullerton State); Hunger (Utah State); Ocasio (Santa Barbara); Rank (San Jose State); Bremond (Irvine); Brown, Fuller (Pepperdine); Williams, Bryant (San Francisco); Raivio (Portland); Rambis, Theus (Santa Clara); Pierce (Gonzaga); Oldham (Seattle); Vann (St. Mary's); Johnson (Loyola Marymount); Collins (Weber State); Stevens (Northern Arizona); Arterberry (Nevada-Reno); Maben (Idaho); Heineken (Montana State); Stroeder (Montana); Richardson (Boise State); Banks (Idaho State); Williams (Nevada-Las Vegas); Harris (Air Force); Talley (Portland State).

Gaines). Newcomers who will make a big splash immediately are Drew Head (who transferred from Oklahoma) and freshman Eddy Gordon.

Pacific will be favored to retain its



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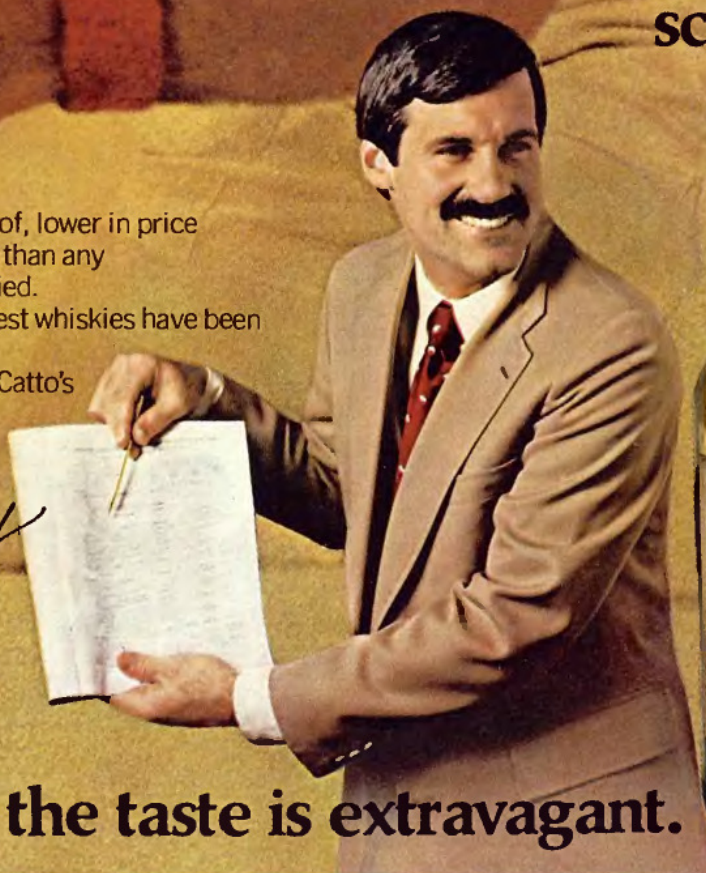
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for me."

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"The rubble on top of the corpse was lifted away until only a thick film of dust covered the body."

you were committed; to living like a hermit all your days."

The old man's lower lip moved. He ran his tongue along it. I'm getting through, thought Hanley. Not long now.

"It must have been bad, these past years," he went on. "Sitting there all alone, no friends like before it happened, just you and the knowledge that she was still there, not far away, bricked away beside the fireplace."

Something flickered in the old man's eyes. Shock at the memory? Perhaps the shock treatment would work better. He blinked twice. I'm nearly there, thought Hanley, I'm nearly there. But when the old man's eyes moved back to meet his own, they were blank again. He said nothing.

Hanley kept it up for another hour, but the old man never uttered a word.

"Please yourself," said Hanley, as he rose. "I'll be back, and we'll talk it over then."

When he arrived at Mayo Road, the scene was a hive of activity, the crowd bigger than before but able to see far less. On all four sides, the ruin of the house was surrounded by canvas screens, whipped by the wind, but enough to keep prying eyes from seeing the job going on within. Inside the hollow square that included a portion of the roadway, 20 hefty policemen in heavy boots and rummage gear were pulling the rubble to pieces by hand. Each brick and slate, each shattered timber from the stairs and banisters, each tile and ceiling joist, was carefully plucked out, examined for whatever it might show, which was nothing, and tossed out into the roadway, where the rubble mounted higher and higher. The contents of cupboards were examined, the cupboards themselves ripped out to see if there was anything behind them. All walls were tapped to see if they contained hollow cavities before they were pulled down brick by brick and thrown into the road.

Round the fireplace, two men worked with special care. The rubble on top of the corpse was lifted carefully away until only a thick film of dust covered the body. It was bent into an embryo posture, lying on its side, though in its cavity it had probably sat upright, facing sideways. Professor McCarthy, looking over what was left of the house wall, directed these two men at their work. When it was done to his satisfaction, he entered the cavity among the remaining bricks and with a soft brush, like a careful housewife, began to whisk away the creamy dust of the old mortar.

When he had cleared the majority of the dust, he examined the body more closely, tapped part of the exposed thigh and of the upper arm and emerged from the cavity.

"It's a mummy," he told Hanley.

"A mummy?"

"Just so. With a brick or concrete floor, a sealed environment on all six sides and the warmth of the fireplace two feet away, mummification has taken place. Dehydration, but with preservation. The organs may well be intact, but hard as wood. No use trying to cut tonight. I'll need the warm glycerin bath. It'll take time."

"How long?" asked Hanley.

"Twelve hours, at least. Maybe more. I've known it take days." The professor glanced at his watch. "It's nearly four. I'll have it immersed by five. Tomorrow morning around nine, I'll look in at the morgue and see if I can start."

"Blast," said Hanley. "I wanted this one sewn up."

"An unfortunate choice of words," said McCarthy. "I'll do the best I can. Actually, I don't think the organs will tell us much. From what I can see, there's a ligature round the neck."

"Strangulation, eh?"

"Maybe," said McCarthy. The undertaker who always got the city contracts had his van parked out beyond the screens. Under the state pathologist's supervision, two of his men lifted the rigid corpse, still on its side, onto a bier, covered it with a large blanket and transferred their cargo to the waiting hearse. Followed by the professor, they sped off to Store Street and the city morgue. Hanley walked over to the fingerprint man from Tech. Bureau.

"Anything here for you?" he asked.

The man shrugged. "It's all brick and rubble in there, sir. There's not a clean surface in the place."

"How about you?" Hanley asked the photographer from the same office.

"I'll need a bit more, sir. I'll wait until the boys have got it cleared down to the floor, then see if there's anything there. If not, I've got it for tonight."

The gang foreman from the contractor wandered over. He had been kept standing by at Hanley's suggestion, as a technical expert in case of hazard from falling rubble. He grinned.

"That's a lovely job you've done there," he said in his broad Dublin accent. "There'll not be much for my lads left to do."

Hanley gestured to the street, where most of the house now lay in a single

large mound of brick-and-timber debris.

"You can start shifting that, if you like. We're finished with it," he said.

The foreman glanced at his watch in the gathering gloom. "There's an hour left," he said. "We'll get most of it shifted. Can we start on the rest of the house tomorrow? The boss wants to get that park finished and fenced."

"Check with me at nine tomorrow morning. I'll let you know," he said. Before leaving, he called over his detective chief inspector, who had been organizing it all.

"There are portable lights coming," he said. "Have the lads bring it down to floor level and search the floor surface for any signs of interference since it was laid down."

The detective nodded. "So far, it's just the one hiding place," he said. "But I'll keep looking till it's clean."

Back at the station, Hanley got the first chance to look at something that might tell him about the old man in the cells. On his desk was the pile of assorted odds and ends that the bailiffs had removed from the house that morning and put into the council van. He went through each document carefully, using a magnifying glass to read the old and faded lettering.

There was a birth certificate, giving the name of the old man, his place of birth as Dublin and his age. He was 67, having been born in 1911. There were some old letters, but from people who meant nothing to Hanley, mostly from long ago, and their contents had no seeming bearing on the case. But two things were of interest. One was a faded photograph, mottled and warped, in a cheap frame but unglazed. It showed a soldier in what looked like British army uniform, smiling uncertainly into the camera. Hanley recognized a much younger version of the old man in the cells. On his arm was a plump young woman with a posy of flowers; no wedding dress but a neutral-colored two-piece suit with the high square shoulders of the mid- to late Forties.

The other item was the cigar box. It contained more letters, also irrelevant to the case, three medal ribbons clipped to a bar with a pin behind it and a British army service paybook. Hanley reached for the telephone. It was 20 past five, but he might be lucky. He was. The military attaché at the British Embassy out at Sandford was still at his desk. Hanley explained his problem. Major Dawkins said he would be glad to help if he could, unofficially, of course. Of course. Official requests have to go through channels. Officially, all contact between the Irish police force and Britain goes through channels. Unofficially, contacts are much closer than either side would be prepared to concede to the idle inquirer. Major Dawkins agreed to stop by the police station on his way home,



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even though it meant quite a detour.

Darkness had long fallen when the first of the two young detectives doing the legwork reported back. The first was the man who had been checking the register of deeds and the rating lists. Seated in front of Hanley's desk, he flicked open his notebook and recited.

The house at 38 Mayo Road had been bought, so the records of deeds showed, by Herbert James Larkin in 1954 from the estate of the previous owner, then deceased. He had paid £400 for the property, title freehold. No evidence of a mortgage, so he had had the money available. The rating list showed the house to have been owned since that date by the same Herbert James Larkin, and occupied by Mr. Herbert James Larkin and Mrs. Violet Larkin. No record of the wife's decease or departure, but then, the rating list would not show a change of occupancy, even in part, unless advised in writing by the continuing occupant, which had not happened. But a search of the death certificates over at the Custom House, going back to 1954, revealed no trace of the death of any Mrs. Violet Larkin, of that address or any other.

Department of Health and Welfare records showed Larkin drew a state pension for the past two years, never applied for supplementary benefit and, prior to pensionable retirement, was apparently a storekeeper and night watchman. One last thing, said the sergeant. His internal PAYE forms, starting in 1954, had shown a previous address in North London, England.

Hanley flicked the army paybook across the desk.

"So he was in the British army," said the sergeant.

"Nothing strange in that," said Hanley. "There were fifty thousand Irishmen in the British armed forces during the Second World War. Larkin was one of them, it seems."

"Perhaps the wife was English. He came back to Dublin in 1954 with her from North London."

"Likely she was," said Hanley, pushing over the wedding photo. "He married her in uniform."

The internal phone rang to inform him the military attaché from the British Embassy was at the front desk. Hanley nodded at his sergeant, who left. "Show him in, please," said Hanley.

Major Dawkins was Hanley's luckiest find of the day. He crossed his pinstriped legs elegantly, aimed a glittering toecap at Hanley across the desk and listened quietly. Then he studied the wedding photograph intently for a while.

Finally, he came round the desk and stood by Hanley's shoulder with the magnifying glass in one hand and his gold propelling pencil in the other. With the tip of the pencil, he tapped the cap

badge above Larkin's face in the photograph.

"King's Dragoon Guards," he said with certainty.

"How do you know that?" asked Hanley.

Major Dawkins passed Hanley the magnifying glass.

"The double-headed eagle," he said. "Cap badge of the King's Dragoon Guards. Very distinctive. None like it."

"Anything else?" asked Hanley.

Dawkins pointed to the three medals on the chest of the newlywed.

"This first one is the 1939-1945 Star," he said, "and the third one at the end is the Victory Medal. But the one in the middle is the Africa Star with what looks like the bar clasp of the Eighth Army across it. That makes sense. The King's Dragoon Guards fought against Rommel in North Africa. Armored cars, actually."

Hanley brought out the three medal ribbons. Those in the photograph were the full ceremonial medals; those on the desk were the smaller version—the miniatures on a bar—for wearing with undress uniform.

"Ah, yes," said Major Dawkins, with a glance at them. "The same pattern, see. And the Eighth Army bar."

With the glass, Hanley could make out that the pattern was the same. He passed Major Dawkins the service paybook. Dawkins' eyes lit up. He flicked through the pages.

"Volunteered at Liverpool, October 1940," he said, "probably at Burton's."

"Burton's?" asked Hanley.

"Burton, the tailors. It was the recruiting center at Liverpool during the war. A lot of the Irish volunteers arrived at Liverpool docks and were directed there by the recruiting sergeants. Demobilized January 1946. Honorable discharge. Odd."

"What?" asked Hanley.

"Volunteered in 1940. Fought in action with armored cars in North Africa. Stayed until 1946. But he stayed a trooper. Never won a stripe on his arm. Never made corporal." He tapped the uniformed arm in the wedding photograph.

"Perhaps he was a bad soldier," suggested Hanley.

"Possibly."

"Can you get me some more details of his war record?" asked Hanley.

"First thing in the morning," said Dawkins. He noted most of the details in the paybook and left.

Hanley had a canteen supper and waited for his second detective sergeant to report back. The man arrived at well past 10:30, tired but triumphant.

"I spoke with fifteen of those who knew Larkin and his wife in Mayo Road," he said, "and three came up trumps. Mrs. Moran, the next-door neighbor. She's been there for thirty

years and remembers the Larkins' moving in. The postman, now retired, who served Mayo Road up till last year, and Father Byrne, also retired, now living in a priests' retired home out at Inchicore. I've just got back from there; hence, the delay."

Hanley sat back as the detective flicked back to the start of his notebook and began to report.

"Mrs. Moran recalled that in 1954 the widower who had lived there, at number 38, died and shortly afterward, a FOR SALE notice went up on the house. It was only there a fortnight, then it came down. A fortnight later, the Larkins moved in. Larkin was then about 43, his wife much younger. She was English, a Londoner, and told Mrs. Moran they had moved from London, where her husband had been a store clerk. One summer, Mrs. Larkin disappeared; Mrs. Moran put the year at 1963."

"How is she so certain?" asked Hanley.

"That November, Kennedy was killed," said the detective sergeant. "The news came from the lounge bar up the street, where there was a television set. Within twenty minutes, everyone in Mayo Road was on the pavement discussing it. Mrs. Moran was so excited she burst into Larkin's house next door to tell him. She didn't knock, just walked into the sitting room. Larkin was dozing in a chair. He jumped up in great alarm and couldn't wait to get her out of the house. Mrs. Larkin had left by then. But she was there in the spring and summer; she used to baby-sit for the Morans on a Saturday night; Mrs. Moran's second baby was born in January 1963. So it was the late summer of Sixty-three that Mrs. Larkin disappeared."

"What was the reason given?" asked Hanley.

"Walked out on him," said the detective without hesitation. "No one doubted it. He worked hard, but never wanted to go out in the evening, not even Saturday; hence, Mrs. Larkin's availability as a baby sitter. There were rows about it. Something else; she was flighty, a bit of a flirt. When she packed her bags and left him, no one was surprised. Some of the women reckoned he deserved it for not treating her better. No one suspected anything."

"After that, Larkin kept himself even more to himself. Hardly ever went out, ceased to care much for himself or the house. People offered to help out, as they do in small communities, but he rejected all offers. Eventually, people left him alone. A couple of years later, he lost his job as a storeman and became a night watchman, leaving after dark and returning at sunrise. Kept the door bolted on the inside, at night because he was out, by day because he wanted to sleep. So he said. He also started keeping pets. First ferrets, in a shed in the back garden. But they escaped. Then pigeons, but they

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flew off or were shot elsewhere. Finally chickens, for the past ten years."

The parish priest confirmed much of Mrs. Moran's recollections. Mrs. Larkin had been English, but a Catholic and a churchgoer. She had confessed regularly. Then, in August 1963, she had gone off, most people said with a man friend, and Father Byrne had had no reason to doubt. He would not break the confessional oath, but he would go as far as to say he did not doubt it. He had called at the house several times, but Larkin was not a churchgoer and refused all spiritual comfort. He had called his departed wife a tart.

"It all fits," mused Hanley. "She could well have been about to leave him when he found out and thumped her a bit too hard. God knows, it's happened enough times."

The postman had little more to add. He was a local man and used the local bar. Mrs. Larkin had liked to have her noggin on a Saturday night, had even helped out as a barmaid one summer, but her husband soon put a stop to that. He recalled she was much younger than Larkin, bright and bubbly, not averse to a bit of flirting.

"Description?" asked Hanley.

"She was short, about five feet, three inches. Rather plump, well rounded, anyway. Curling dark hair. Giggled a lot. Plenty of chest. Postman recalled when she pulled a pint of ale from those old-style beer pumps they used to have, it was worth watching. But Larkin went wild when he found out. Came in and pulled her home. She left him, or disappeared, soon afterward."

Hanley rose and stretched. It was nearly midnight. He clapped a hand on the young detective's shoulder.

"It's late. Get yourself home. Write it all up in the morning."

Hanley's last visitor of the night was his chief inspector, the scene-of-crime investigator.

"It's clean," he told Hanley. "The last brick removed, and not a sign of anything else that might be helpful."

"Then it's up to the poor woman's body to tell us the rest of what we want to know," said Hanley. "Or Larkin himself."

"Has he talked yet?" asked the chief inspector.

"Not yet," said Hanley, "but he will. They all talk in the end."

The chief inspector went home. Hanley called his wife and told her he would be spending the night at the station. Just after midnight, he went down to the cells. The old man was awake, sitting on the edge of his bunk, staring at the opposite wall. Hanley jerked his head at the police officer with him and they all trooped up to the interview room. The policeman sat in a corner with his notebook at the ready. Hanley faced the old man and read him the caution:

"Herbert James Larkin, you are not obliged to say anything, but anything you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence."

Then he sat down opposite the old man.

"Fifteen years, Mr. Larkin. That's a long time to live with a thing like that. August of 1963, wasn't it? The neighbors remember it; the priest remembers it; even the postman remembers it. Now, why don't you tell me about it?"

The old man raised his eyes, held Hanley's gaze for a few seconds, then lowered his eyes to the table. He said nothing. Hanley kept it up almost until dawn. Larkin seemed not to tire, although the policeman in the corner yawned repeatedly. Larkin had been a night watchman for years, Hanley recalled. Probably more awake at night now than during the day.

There was a gray light filtering through the frosted-glass window of the interview room.

"Have it your own way," he said. "You may not talk, but your Violet will. Strange, that, eh? Talking back from the grave behind the wall, fifteen years later. But she'll talk to the state pathologist, in a few hours now. She'll talk. She'll tell him in his laboratory what happened to her, when it happened, maybe even why it happened. Then we'll come here again and I'll charge you."

Slow to anger though he was, he was becoming irritated by the silence of the old man. It was not that he said little; he said absolutely nothing. Just stared back at Hanley with that strange look in his eyes. What *was* that look? Hanley asked himself. Trepidation? Fear of him, Hanley? Remorse? Relief? Murderers were often relieved, but then they usually spoke. Mockery? No, not mockery. The man's number was up.

Finally, he rose, rubbed a large hand round the stubble on his chin and went back to his office. Larkin went back to the cell.

Hanley snatched three hours' sleep in his chair, head tilted back, feet out, snoring loudly. At eight, he rose, went to the rest room and washed and shaved. Two startled young police cadets surprised him there at half-past eight as they came on duty and went about their business like two dormice in carpet slippers. At nine, he was breakfasted and working his way through a mountain of accumulated paperwork. At 9:30, the contractor's foreman at the Mayo Road job came on the line. Hanley considered his request.

"All right," he said at last, "you can fence it in and concrete over."

Twenty minutes later, Professor McCarthy was on the line.

"I've got the limbs straightened out," he said cheerfully. "And the skin is soft enough to take the scalpel. We're drain-

ing and drying it off now. I'll begin in an hour."

"When can you give me a report?" asked Hanley.

"Depends what you mean," came the voice down the line. "The official report will take two to three days. Unofficially, I should have something just after lunch. Cause of death, at least. We've confirmed the ligature round the neck. It was a nylon stocking, as I suspected yesterday."

The pathologist agreed to come the mile from the Store Street morgue to Hanley's office by 2:30.

The morning was uninterrupted, save by Major Dawkins, who phoned at midday.

"Bit of luck," he said. "Found an old friend of mine in the Records Office at the War House. He gave me priority."

"Thank you, Major," said Hanley. "I'm taking notes; go ahead."

"There's not too much, but it confirms what we thought yesterday."

What *you* thought yesterday, Hanley said to himself. This laborious English courtesy.

"Trooper Herbert James Larkin arrived on the Dublin ferry at Liverpool, October 1940, and volunteered for the army. Basic training at Catterick Camp, Yorkshire. Transferred to the King's Dragoon Guards. Sent by troopship to join the regiment in Egypt in March 1941. Then we come to the reason he never made corporal."

"Which was?"

"He was captured. Taken prisoner by the Germans in Rommel's autumn offensive of that year. Spent the rest of the war as a farm worker at a POW camp in Silesia, eastern end of the Third Reich. Liberated by the Russians, October 1944. Repatriated April 1945, just in time for the end of the war in Europe in May."

"Anything about his marriage?" asked Hanley.

"Certainly," said Major Dawkins. "He was married while a serving soldier, so the army has that on file, too. Married at Saint Mary Saviour's Catholic Church, Edmonton, North London, fourteenth of November, 1945. Bride, Violet Mary Smith, hotel chambermaid. She was seventeen at the time. As you know, he got an honorable discharge in January 1946 and stayed on in Edmonton, working as a storekeeper, until 1954. That's when the army has its last address for him."

Hanley thanked Dawkins profusely and hung up. Larkin was 34, turning 35, when he married a young girl of 17. She would have been a lively 26 when they came to live in Mayo Road, and he a perhaps not-so-lively 43. By the time she died in August 1963, she would have been a still attractive and possibly sexy 35, while he would have been a perhaps very uninteresting and uninterested 52. Yes, that might have caused problems. He

waited with impatience for the visit of Professor McCarthy.

The state pathologist was as good as his word and was seated in the chair facing Hanley by 2:30. He took out his pipe and began leisurely to fill it.

"Can't smoke in the lab," he apologized. "Anyway, the smoke covers the formaldehyde. You should appreciate it."

He puffed contentedly.

"Got what you wanted," said Professor McCarthy easily. "Murder beyond a doubt. Manual strangulation with the use of a nylon stocking, causing asphyxiation; coupled with shock. The hyoid bone here"—he pointed to the area between chin and Adam's apple—"was fractured in three places. Prior to death, a blow to the head was administered, causing scalp laceration but not death. Probably enough to stun the victim and permit the strangulation to take place."

Hanley leaned back. "Marvelous," he said. "Anything on year of death?"

"Ah," said the professor, reaching for his attaché case. "I have a little present for you." He reached into the case and produced a polythene bag containing what appeared to be a six-inch-by-four-inch fragment of yellowed and faded newspaper.

"The scalp wound must have bled a bit. To prevent a mess on the carpet, our murderer must have wrapped the area of the scalp wound in newspaper. While he built his oubliette behind the false wall, no doubt. By good fortune, it's recognizable as a piece of a daily newspaper, with the date still discernible on it."

Hanley took the polythene bag and

through the transparent material, with the aid of his reading spotlight and magnifying glass, studied the newsprint fragment. Then he sat up sharply.

"Of course, this was an old piece of newspaper," he said.

"Of course it's old," said McCarthy.

"It was an old piece, a back number, when it was used to wrap the wound in the head," insisted Hanley.

McCarthy shrugged.

"You could be right," he agreed. "With this kind of mummy, one can't be accurate as to the exact year of death. But reasonably so."

Hanley relaxed.

"That's what I meant," he said with relief. "Larkin must have grabbed the newspaper lining a drawer, or a cupboard, that had been there for years untouched. That's why the date on the paper goes back to March thirteenth, 1943."

"So does the corpse," said McCarthy. "I put death at between 1941 and 1945. Probably within a few weeks of the date of that piece of newspaper."

Hanley stared at him, long and hard.

"Mrs. Violet Mary Larkin died during August 1963," he said.

McCarthy stared at him and held the stare while he relit his pipe.

"I think," he said gently, "we're talking at cross-purposes."

"I'm talking about the body in the morgue," said Hanley.

"So am I," said McCarthy.

"Larkin and his wife arrived from London in 1954," said Hanley slowly.

"They bought number 38, Mayo Road,

following the death of the previous owner/occupant. Mrs. Larkin was announced as having run away and left her husband in August 1963. Yesterday, we found her body bricked up behind a false wall while the house was being demolished."

"You didn't tell me how long the Larkins had been at that house," McCarthy pointed out reasonably. "You asked me to do a pathological examination of a virtually mummified body. Which I have done."

"But it *was* mummified," insisted Hanley. "Surely, in those conditions, there could be a wide range in the possible year of death."

"Not twenty years," said McCarthy equably. "There is no way that body was alive after 1945. The tests on the internal organs are beyond much doubt. The nylon stockings can be analyzed, of course. And the newsprint. But, as you say, both could have been twenty years old at the time of use. But the hair, the nails, the organs—they couldn't."

Hanley felt as though he were living, while awake, his only nightmare. He was bulldozing his way toward the goal line, using his strength to cut a path through the English defenders during that last Triple Crown final match in 1951. He was almost there, and the ball began slipping from his hands. Try as he might, he could not hold on to it. . . .

He recovered himself.

"Age apart, what else?" he asked. "The woman was short, about five feet, three inches?"

McCarthy shook his head. "Sorry, bones don't alter in length, even after thirty-five years behind a brick wall. She was five feet, ten to eleven inches tall, bony and angular."

"Black hair, curly?" asked Hanley.

"Dead straight and ginger in color. It's still attached to the head."

"She was about thirty-five at the age of death?"

"No," said McCarthy, "she was well over fifty and she had had children, two I'd say, and there had been remedial surgery done, following the second."

"Do you mean to say," asked Hanley, "that from 1954 until Violet Larkin walked out, and Larkin alone for the past fifteen years, have been sitting in their living room six feet from a walled-up corpse?"

"Must have done," said McCarthy. "A body in a state of mummification, which itself would occur within a short time in such a warm environment, would emit no odor. By 1954, assuming she was killed, as I think, in 1943, the body would long since have achieved exactly the same state as that in which we found her yesterday. Incidentally, where was your man Larkin in 1943?"

"In a prisoner-of-war camp in Silesia," said Hanley.

"Then," said the professor, rising, "he



"You got it. I'm only visiting
E.R.A. states this year."

did not kill that woman and brick her up beside the fireplace. So who did?"

Hanley picked up the internal phone and called the detectives' room. The young sergeant came on the line.

"Who," asked Hanley with deliberation, "was the man who owned and occupied the house in Mayo Road prior to 1954 and died in that year?"

"I don't know, sir," said the young man.

"How long had he been in it?"

"I didn't take notes about that, sir. But I recall the previous occupant had been there for thirty years. He was a widower."

"He certainly was," growled Hanley. "What was his name?"

There was a pause.

"I never thought to ask, sir."

The old man was released two hours later, through the back door, in case of anyone from the press hanging around the front lobby. This time, there was no police car, no escort. He had the address of a council hostel in his pocket. Without saying a word, he shuffled off down the pavement and into the mean streets of the Diamond.

At Mayo Road, the missing section of chain link fence where the house had once been was in place, closing off the entire car park. Within the area, on the spot where the house and garden had stood, was a sheet of level concrete in the last stages of drying. In the gathering dusk, the foreman was stomping over the concrete with two of his workers.

Every now and then, he hacked at the surface with the steel-capped heel of one of his boots.

"Sure it's dry enough," he said. "The boss wants it finished and tarmacked over by tonight."

On the other side of the road, in the rubble field, a bonfire burned up the last of a pile of banisters, stairs, roof joists, ceiling beams, cupboards, window frames and doors, the remnants of the plank fence, the old privy and the chicken house. Even by its light, none of the workers noticed the old figure that stared at them through the chain link wire.

The foreman finished prowling over the rectangle of new concrete and came to the far end of the plot, up against where the old back fence had been. He looked down at his feet.

"What's this?" he asked. "This isn't new. This is old."

The area he was pointing at was a slab of concrete about six feet by two.

"It was the floor of the old chicken house," said the worker who had spread the ready-mix concrete that morning by hand.

"Did you not put a fresh layer over it?" asked the foreman.

"I did not. It would have raised the level too high at that spot. There'd have

been a fierce hump in the tarmac if I had."

"If there's any subsidence here, the boss'll have us do it again, and pay for it," said the foreman darkly. He went a few feet away and came back with a heavy pointed steel bar. Raising it high above his head, he brought it down, point first, on the old concrete slab. The bar bounced back. The foreman grunted.

"All right, it's solid enough," he conceded. Turning toward the waiting bulldozer, he beckoned. "Fill it in, Michael."

The bulldozer blade came down right behind the pile of steaming fresh tarmac and began to push the hot mountain,

crumbling like soft, damp sugar, toward the rectangle of concrete. Within minutes, the area had turned from gray to black, the tar raked flat and even, before the mechanical roller, waiting behind the spreaders, finished the job. As the last light faded from the sky, the men left for home and the car park was at last complete.

Beyond the wire, the old man turned and shuffled away. He said nothing, nothing at all. But for the first time, he smiled, a long, happy smile of pure relief.



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COMIC HEROES

(continued from page 178)

"Wertham warned America that comic books were making our youths into illiterates and perverts."

- Who put the silver glaze on the Silver Surfer?
- The dubious distinction of the weirdest superhero origin has to go to the justly little-known Whizzer. What gave him his superspeed?

SAY THE MAGIC WORD

- Where did Mandrake learn his tricks?
- What *two* unlikely magic words did Captain Marvel Jr. say to turn super—or, rather, marvel-ous?
- What made Zatara's spells special?
- This will be no mystery at all to the fans of Dr. Strange: To whom did the hoary hosts belong?

SEX AND THE SINGLE HERO

- Adam had Eve, Superman had Lois Lane. What red-haired girl reporter was Batman saddled with for a time?
- Who married Dick Tracy?
- The women were the true stars of *Terry and the Pirates*, not Terry and Pat Ryan. Give the name—she had only one (sigh!)—of the lovely blonde who was on the side of the angels.
- What month is Sadie Hawkins Day always scheduled? A big ten-point bonus if you know the date of the very first race for matrimony in *Li'l Abner*.
- In 1940, DC Comics banned a certain innocuous five-letter word from its pages for fear it might blur into a nasty four-letter word. What was it, kids?
- Dr. Fredric Wertham's 1954 book *Seduction of the Innocent* warned America that comic books were making our youths into juvenile delinquents, illiterates and—especially—perverts. What famous superhero duo did he describe as "like a wish dream of two homosexuals living together"?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN, I PRESUME?

Match each mad scientist to his sane hero:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Dr. Wonnug | a. Captain America |
| 2. Dr. Hans Zarkov | b. Alley Oop |
| 3. Prof. Reinstein | c. Buck Rogers |
| 4. Professor Horton | d. Flash Gordon |
| 5. Dr. Huer | e. The Human Torch |

JUNGLE FUNNIES

- Jungle Jim was a dashing man about Africa, of course, not a back-yard plaything. But does anyone recall his last name?
- Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, had her own male version of Lois Lane—always following her around, always needing saving from snacking croc-

diles and cannibals. What was his name?

- How about the name of Tarzan's son? If you answered Boy, you've been watching too many movies; go to your room and read some comic books.
- Before the name became associated with black militancy, Marvel Comics created the Black Panther, leader of a hidden, superscientific African kingdom. What was the Black Panther's tribe called?

LOVE AND HISSES

- Can you name the schizoid Batman foe who always flipped a coin to decide whether he'd keep his ill-gotten loot or give it to charity?
- Of course you know Captain America's grim archenemy—a Nazi, not a Communist, despite his name. Don't you?
- Who was the prankster from another dimension who gave Superman fits? Yes, spelling counts. And count ten points extra if you know what the little villain had to be tricked into saying to get rid of him.
- The Riddler's punny real name?
- He himself was frequently featured as a villain in American comics, but Hirohito said a tried-and-true U. S. good guy was his own favorite fictional character. Who was it?
- What's the newspaper published by J. Jonah Jameson, Spider-Man's eternal pain in the neck?
- This Dick Tracy nemesis used killing as an admittedly offbeat substitute for tranquilizers. Name him.
- And who was the only supervillain who was literally a worm?

HANDICAPPED PARKING

- Which horny (horns on his costume, that is) hero compensated for his blindness with "radar senses"?
- Who came down to earth as lame doctor Donald Blake?
- More than one hero has had to overcome the rather severe handicap of being, well, dead. Name the ghostly guardian who was detective Jim Corrigan in life?
- OK, how short *was* the Doll Man?

MAKING THE CONNECTION

- Lois Flagston, of *Hi and Lois* fame, has an even more famous brother. Who is he?
- What do Superman's girlfriend, Superboy's sweetheart, Superman's worst enemy, Supergirl's alter ego (preadop-

tion) and Jimmy Olsen's sometime flame all have in common?

- Who was the movie-serial star who portrayed both Blackhawk and Superman?
- What well-known actor served as the model for Captain Marvel's face?
- Captain America and The Hulk had ladyfriends with the same name. (Presumably not the same woman—two-timing The Hulk would be an exceptionally dangerous dalliance.) Who was she? (Were she?)

CHIC CRUSADERS

- What was added to Batman's costume when he became a Sixties TV star?
- What was Flash Gordon's alma mater? Ten points extra if you remember his favorite collegiate sport.
- Clark Kent has gone through a lot of changes, but two things have always remained the same—his glasses and his tie. What color is Clark's tie?
- Which hero pioneered the pointy-eared look, long before Mr. Spock?

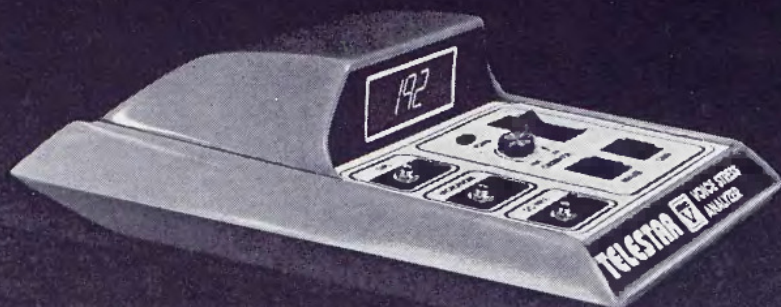
HEROES BY ANY OTHER NAME

- Henry Pym alone kept the costume designers working overtime. Can you name fickle Hank's four superhero identities, in order?
- Even Jimmy Olsen, Superman's pesky best friend, got into the superhero game now and then. What did he call himself?
- Give the full monicker of Popeye's hamburger-eating pal.
- You know him as Pappy Yokum in *Li'l Abner*. But what's his real name?
- Smilin' Jack's elusive last name?
- In the original book (*Armageddon 2419*) by Philip Nowlan, what was Buck Rogers' first name?
- Who became Terry's commanding officer when he switched from fighting pirates to squaring off against the Japanese?

INITIAL HERE, PLEASE

- Billy Batson had but to say "SHA-ZAM!" and a bolt of lightning would change him into the mighty Captain Marvel. What six names did S-H-A-Z-A-M stand for?
- To help us remember their meek, mild-mannered identities, all these heroes were saddled with double-initial names. Score ten points for each monotonous-monogrammed alter ego you can come up with.
 - Spider-Man
 - Daredevil
 - Mr. Fantastic
 - The Hulk (comics, now, not some bastardized TV version)
- The comics contributed THUNDER to the Sixties' secret-agent alphabet soup (UNCLE, SPECTRE, KAOS, etc.). What was it an acronym for?
- What were the call letters of the radio

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- * Is this your lowest price... your best offer?
- * Have you mailed that check to me yet?
- * Can you deliver my order on time?
- * Have you told me everything I need to know?
- * Can I depend on you?
- * Are these figures correct?
- * Are you confident about this investment?
- * Will they settle out of court?

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It's simply a fast, efficient way to verify the truth and protect yourself against dishonesty. And after all, which is immoral - for a person to be deceitful or to have their dishonesty uncovered? There is nothing unethical about uncovering deceit and deception. In fact, you can usually prevent dishonesty simply by letting everyone know that you own the Truth Machine. It's a powerful deterrent for anyone who is tempted to mislead you or tell you less than the truth!

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Like many technological discoveries, voice stress analyzers grew out of military research during the Vietnam war. Army intelligence needed something better than the standard polygraph to interrogate prisoners. A simple method that could be used without the subject's knowledge. The voice stress analyzer was the result!

The principle is remarkably simple. Scientists already knew lying produced unconscious and uncontrollable stress that could be recorded by a polygraph. Researchers soon discovered that this stress also affected the muscles controlling the vocal cords, and caused an inaud-

ible "microtremor" in the voice. All that was needed was a device sensitive enough to pick up and record these inaudible vibrations. And that was a relatively easy accomplishment considering the state of modern electronic technology.

BUSINESSMEN BECOME MIND READERS

In addition to police and intelligence agencies, many of the "Fortune 500" corporations have quietly been using voice stress analyzers for several years. Large industrial and retail companies use it to control employee theft and screen job applicants. And dozens of large insurance companies have been using voice stress analyzers to uncover false claims. They simply tape an interview with anyone filing a suspicious claim, then play back the recording and monitor it with a voice stress analyzer.

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Because it can pick up and analyze any audible statement, use of the Truth Machine is limited only to your imagination. Seeing the stress reading go wild when politicians and celebrities give their "candid" views during television press conferences and talk shows can provide you with hours of amusement, and some very important insight. You can have the satisfaction of knowing the real truth about the energy crisis... what people in power really expect from the economy... how safe experts actually think you are from a nuclear power plant... and you'll find the real truth behind many intriguing and controversial people in the news. You may be surprised!

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Unlike the polygraph, there are no sophisticated operating techniques to learn. With our easy, step-by-step instruction manual you can easily master the Truth Machine with only a few hours of practice. You simply turn it on and adjust the sensitivity calibrator knob for average stress in the speaker's voice. Then sit back and watch the LED display. When the numbers on the digital read-out reach the stress area, you know you're hearing less than the truth. And it's versatile. You can pick up the speaker's voice with the Truth Machine's ultra-sensitive microphone. Or use the special sensor that connects it to your telephone.

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The Truth Machine from Telestar is the ultimate voice stress analyzer. It features solid state electronics and is manufactured to the highest technological standards. Even its tough shatterproof case was designed to withstand the roughest handling. The Truth Machine is designed and built to guarantee you years of dependable use. It should never need servicing. But if anything ever does go wrong, we will repair it through our service-by-mail center and return it to you in a matter of days.

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station Alan Scott, alias the Green Lantern, worked for?

THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

1. In her pre-Daddy Warbucks days, Little Orphan Annie always dragged around a doll. What was the doll's name?
2. Which American space mission literally put Charlie Brown and Snoopy into orbit?
3. What was the title of the very first Classic Comics?
4. Why couldn't Clark Kent get into the Army in World War Two?

ANSWERS

Who Said . . .

1. Bruce Wayne
2. Captain Marvel
3. Green Lantern
4. Blackhawk
5. Pogo
6. Sandy

Geography Lesson

1. In an iceberg
2. Paradise Island
3. The corner of Oak and Main
4. Greenwich Village
5. Illinois

Words and Music

1. Dashiell Hammett
2. Billy Rose and Con Conrad
3. The polygraph

In the Beginning

1. *Thimble Theatre*
2. Thor, Iron Man, The Wasp, Ant-Man, The Hulk

3. Blondie Boopadoop
4. They won the Irish Sweepstakes
5. Joe Chill; aged ten
6. Circus trapeze artists
7. Galactus
8. A transfusion of mongoose blood

Say the Magic Word

1. Tibet
2. "Captain Marvel"
3. He spoke them backward
4. Hoggoth

Sex and the Single Hero

1. Vicki Vale
2. Tess Trueheart
3. Burma
4. November; November 13, 1937
5. FLICK
6. Batman and Robin

Dr. Frankenstein, I Presume?

1. b
2. d
3. a
4. c
5. c

Jungle Funnies

1. Bradley
2. Bob
3. Korak
4. The Wakanda

Love and Hisses

1. Two-Face
2. The Red Skull
3. Mr. Mxyzptlk (Mxyzptlk from 1950 on—after a typo in DC Comics); he was tricked into saying his own name,

backward

4. E. Nigma
5. Superman
6. *The Daily Bugle*
7. Shaky
8. Mr. Mind

Handicapped Parking

1. Daredevil
2. Thor
3. The Spectre
4. Five inches

Making the Connection

1. Beetle Bailey
2. "L.L." initials: Lois Lane, Lana Lang, Lex Luthor, Linda Lee, Lucy Lane
3. Kirk Alyn
4. Fred MacMurray
5. Betty Ross

Chic Crusaders

1. A yellow oval behind the bat insignia on his chest
2. Yale; polo
3. Red
4. The Sub-Mariner

Heroes by Any Other Name

1. Ant-Man, Giant-Man, Goliath, Yellowjacket
2. Elastic Lad
3. J. Wellington Wimpy
4. Lucifer Ornamental Yokum
5. Martin
6. Anthony
7. Colonel Flip Corkin

Initial Here, Please

1. Solomon, Hercules, Atlas, Zeus, Achilles, Mercury
2. a. Peter Parker; b. Matt Murdock; c. Reed Richards; d. Bruce Banner
3. The Higher United Nations Defense Enforcement Reserves
4. WXYZ

The Head of the Class

1. Emily Marie
2. Apollo 10
3. *The Three Musketeers*
4. He was 4-F—Clark flunked the eye test when he mistakenly used his X-ray vision to read the eye chart in the next room

SCORING

700 points or more—Super. You'll knock 'em dead at the next party.

550–690—Able to leap tall buildings with two bounds.

400–540—You might still be a hero. Memorize the names of the Three Lieutenant Marvels (Tall Marvel, Fat Marvel, Hillbilly Marvel) and fake it.

250–390—No superpowers. You need a bottle of Vitamin 2X (the Blue Beetle).

100–240—Merely mortal. Try a crash! course.

Under 100—Holy schnook! Don't go out of the house without your secret decoder ring.



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SEX IN LOS ANGELES

(continued from page 266)

"'Anything that's natural and nice,' says Nancy. 'OK, but please—don't swallow, OK?'"

attraction. Out here, public admission is for the movies, not sex."

The atmosphere is somewhat better at the A-Frame, where the couples-only group relaxes in and around the Jacuzzi on a big cedar deck cantilevered over a Hollywood cliff. Like most of the party houses that advertise in the sex tabloids, it's first names only. By ten P.M., the non-conversations start to become more fur-tive: It is crucial that everyone be spent, dressed and ready to hit the road by closing time at two.

"My husband and I are sitting with a couple you might enjoy," Nancy says. "Why don't you come join us?"

Nancy's husband, Fred, is an assistant supermarket manager. Nancy herself owns a dress boutique. It gives them special pleasure to imagine what their neighbors would think if they knew

about these occasional outings that have become so important to their marriage. Indeed, an earnest belief in the preservation of marriage is an attitude voiced by most swinging couples—it's the one alternative to cheating and lying that at the same time allows married couples to explore their fantasies and enlarge their awareness, even of each other. "Sometimes Fred and I just make it with each other and nobody else," Nancy purrs. "It's a turn-on. It's beautiful. We've been married 12 years."

The other couple is beginning to stir with impatience. "Hey, we gonna sit here and talk all night, or we gonna get it on?" the husband finally says.

"OK with you, dear?" Nancy asks Fred.

Fred eyes the next woman in his life with the eye of an assistant manager who's worked his way up from the prod-

uce department. "OK, sure, let's do it."

At this, the two women put their heads together, and it takes a minute to realize that their whispered conversation is a laying down of ground rules.

"Anything that's natural and nice," says Nancy.

"OK, but please—don't swallow, OK?"

"OK," says Nancy.

In effect, a victory of sisterhood over swinging, of wives over husbands: delimiting their husbands' pleasure even in the act of getting them laid.

As they leave to join the array of bodies in the double-long bedroom, Nancy consoles the newcomers:

"You'll enjoy it more next time. The first time we came, two years ago, we both had to get totally blasted on vodka before we could even start. Now we both just take a Valium and it's great."

GAYS

It's estimated that ten percent, or 700,000, of Los Angeles County's 7,000,000 population is gay. Among the homosexual men, distinctions are drawn between the leathermen, the *machos*, the nellys, the chicken hawks drawn by the young chickens cruising East Hollywood. The biggest group of all is the traditional businessmen and -women who make no attempt to distinguish themselves from the straight community. They don't assert their gayness.

The geographic dispersion of the town, the homogenized nature of this many-celled city, makes it easy to hide. The closet homosexual returning home from work can pull off the freeway to visit a public rest room for a quick and anonymous blow job, only to zip up and return to his straight family life in the Valley, the South Bay, wherever. Given the attitude of the local police, anonymity is understandable.

When the Christopher Street West organization first applied for a parade permit in 1970 to celebrate the first anniversary of the Stonewall Riots in New York with a Gay Pride Parade down Hollywood Boulevard, then-Chief of Police Edward Davis commented that it was like granting a permit for a parade of felons.

In 1968, the Reverend Troy Perry founded the first Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles for gay Christians. For those people who were not accepted *openly* in their traditional churches, keeping the faith had not been easy. Two years later, the first Gay Community Services Center opened and, along with it, the first gay V.D. clinic. Both the church and the community center were models for the country.

The new activists received basic training from the old ones, mainly through organizations such as Christopher Street West, the Stonewall Democratic Club and now a newly formed Gay Rights Chapter of the Southern California



A.C.L.U. Shortly after, the first gay elitist group got its very special act together. Known as the Municipal Elections Committee of Los Angeles (MECLA), a group of affluent gays was organizing to raise money to contribute to progay political candidates. Gay power had at last arrived.

With the state's passage of the Consenting Adults Act in 1976, private homosexual activity became legal. And with last year's defeat of the antigay Briggs initiative at the polls, California is considered a safe place to live—and be left alone—if you are gay.

The gay visitor to L.A. can drop into the Unicorn Bookstore on Santa Monica Boulevard and pick up copies of *Bob Damron's Address Book* or the *Gayel-low Pages*. A look through the selection of tabloids will introduce him to the variety of places the town has to offer.

Young gays are now enjoying a freer, more permissive lifestyle. As disco fever broke loose, the first gay discos cautiously opened. West Hollywood's renowned Studio One became number one of all L.A.'s discos. It's a well-known secret that management does all it can to keep it gay by making entry for straights a complicated business. The discos are not considered cruise areas, but people are making out in them every night. They have not replaced the "hard-cruise" bars, but they are the first major alternatives.

A gay bathhouse called the 8709 opened, an emporium of unprecedented splendor for a house of pleasure. It is frequented mostly by a younger generation of gays who are devoid of the previous generation's covertness about being seen in yesterday's squalid bathhouses. Its plain-brown-wrapper exterior gives no hint of the activities within. Two new gay bars, the Blue Parrot and Rascals, have opened their doors on West Hollywood's Santa Monica Boulevard, but even more significantly, they've opened their windows wide. Their daytime drinkers are bathed in the California sunshine.

PROSTITUTION

In L.A., prostitution is abundant but subtle. The woman in black silk with the Gucci belt pausing beside you on Rodeo Drive may be a working girl or may not. The two blondes at the next table in the Polo Lounge may be or may not. They might be for free. You can't tell right off—the hooker who looks like one is rare.

"That's the beauty of it," one businessman chuckles. "You might make contact with someone whose husband is out of town for a few days, getting out a little herself. Russian roulette, Polo Lounge style."

There are an estimated 20,000 hookers working L.A., based on a local perception that five times as many exist as get arrested in the city and county each year. And those are the obvious ones, the



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PLAYBOY'S LOS ANGELES TELEPHONE SURVEY

Los Angeles is one American city where community standards seem to change with every exit ramp on the freeway. The staid John Birchers down near Disneyland coexist with the bare-assed beach folk near Malibu and the wealthy hedonists of Beverly Hills. Over in Hollywood, the dream merchants unroll a stream of jiggle epics, taking sex (and violence) off the streets and putting it into the homes of millions. Is there a single, real Los Angeles? When we asked 552 randomly selected people between the ages of 18 and 40 to rate the sexual temperature of their city, we discovered an unusual consensus. Angelenos think they're sexy: They rated themselves a tropical 79 (only Miamians rated themselves higher). L.A.'s opinion of the rest of the country was somewhat more conservative: It rated Miami a mere 64, Chicago a 71, New York a 77 and Las Vegas an 83. The average of the ratings (75) is higher than those we obtained in New Orleans (71) and Chicago (74) but much lower than the average we obtained in Miami (83). The war between our two sunshine states heats up.

Municipal pride is somewhat lower in L.A. than in the other cities surveyed. While 82 percent thought that there was a lot to do, only 23 percent thought that L.A. was a great place to live; 38 percent thought that, in general, things were good. There's room for improvement, and the change is on its way. Some 60 percent think that Los Angeles has become more sexually permissive in the past five years, while 68 percent think the sexual temperature has risen. When we asked the citizens of Los Angeles to agree or disagree with certain statements about L.A., we found that the natives had a relatively risqué view of their city.

Fifty-four percent thought that organized crime had a free hand in the Los Angeles area.

Eighty-eight percent thought that drug use had increased over the past five years.

Eighty-six percent thought that if a person wanted to gamble in the L.A. area, he could find some action.

Seventy-one percent thought that there had been an increase in the number of adult bookstores.

Ninety-four percent acknowledged the existence of gay bars in the area.

Eighty-one percent thought prostitution was on the increase, with 59 percent citing the increase in the number of massage parlors over the past five years. Only 34 percent thought the police were closing their eyes to the oldest profession.

These figures give a rough idea of the moral climate of the area. How comfortable are Angelenos with this perceived reality? Our survey revealed that the citizens of Southern California are fairly liberal; a majority condoned homosexuality, prostitution and porn. (In contrast, neither Chicago nor New Orleans was completely accepting of the entire spectrum of adult sexuality.) What's more, the citizens of L.A. were more likely to participate in the activities they condoned. Consider:

Adult Movies: Fifty-seven percent of the people we polled thought that adult movies should be allowed in the Los Angeles area. An astonishing 72 percent knew someone who had been to an X-rated flick, while 54 percent had gone themselves (a survey high). Slightly fewer than a third of those (29 percent) reported that they enjoyed the experience.

Pornography: A slight majority (51 percent) of the people thought that adult bookstores should be allowed in Los Angeles. The same number said they knew someone who had visited a porn shop, while 39 percent reported having browsed in one. Only 31 percent of those reported having purchased erotic material, but of those, a healthy 52 percent found the material stimulating. People in Los Angeles take their sex seriously: Thirty percent had read a sex manual such as *The Joy of Sex*.

Prostitution: Fifty-two percent of the people surveyed thought that massage parlors should be allowed to operate in Los Angeles; another 31 percent thought that the oldest profession should be allowed to operate in the streets. Twenty-nine percent knew someone who had been to a massage parlor, while a surprising ten percent had engaged in such an experience themselves.

Homosexuality: Fifty-three percent of the people thought that gay bars should be allowed to exist. Thirty-seven percent knew someone who had been to a gay bar, while 18 percent had gone to one themselves.

streetwalkers, the kinkies, doing dominance, infant parties, golden shower work and the massage-parlor-nude-model types. Nobody knows how many part-timers there are or how many high-class ones with closed books, hard to meet unless you know how.

Only a small percentage work the streets, and, given the geography of the town, that makes sense. In L.A., everything, including sex, is decentralized. Like any other business in L.A., it's generally dependent on phones and cars.

The most obvious way to pay for sex is through the streetwalkers and massage-parlor girls. Street hookers take to Whore's Walk, as it's known, a stretch along the south side of Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood and West Hollywood. Their trade runs mostly to blow jobs or hand jobs for \$15 to \$25. Good-looking white hookers tend to walk west between Fairfax Avenue and Harper, while older white as well as black hookers walk east, into the heart of Hollywood.

There are a few dozen massage parlors, a great many using Asian women. They advertise in the sex tabloids and even the Yellow Pages, with going rates of \$15 to \$25 for a massage with a hand job, not including tip; a blow job would run \$10 to \$30 more.

Roughly a dozen madams operate outcall services, not counting the ones advertising in the sex tabloids as "nude modeling" outcalls. The latter charge about \$35 to \$45 to get the girl to your door. The rest is negotiable and can run an additional \$60.

The madams accept clients by referrals only from men they know. Many of their girls work for two or three at once, depending on who has the most business at any particular time. Price is set by time, usually \$50 a half hour for an average-looking hooker, \$100 and up per half hour for the best-looking.

Pamela, a long-haired blonde in her early 30s, became a madam five years ago, when she bought one book for \$4000 from a girl moving out of town, and another for \$1500 from a bail bondsman who had a client skip out on him but left the book behind as collateral. Pamela began working the book names, at first with a few friends to help. By word of mouth, other women heard of her. Now she has 15 girls.

The biggest madam in town has about 40. Like many working women in Los Angeles, she began as a free-lancer, working bars. "I started off in the Century Plaza Hotel bar, with a friend who had a full-time technician's job." In L.A., that's not unusual, she adds. "About half my gals have full-time jobs—as a schoolteacher, nurse—and moonlight."

Hookers hang out in bars of restaurants such as Sneaky Pete's on Sunset Boulevard, the Luau or the Swiss Cafe in Beverly Hills. They go to the Polo

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SEX AND THE LAW IN LOS ANGELES

Despite its image, Los Angeles is not permissive legally when it comes to sex. During the past decade, sex became a political issue; from strong community pressure came new local laws and staunch new prosecutorial efforts. L.A. is a town in which laws are enforced, vice cops do their jobs with almost demonic zeal.

"Some cities out West have the image of being hands off on vice matters," Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney Mike Carroll says. "That's not our position. Ours is one of continued pressure. We keep a high profile."

The state passed a Consenting Adults Act, legalizing all private sex acts between consenting adults, in 1976. But Los Angeles presses on. For prostitutes and their customers: soliciting. For gays whenever possible: disturbing the peace. For porn-film makers: pandering. For swing-party operators: operating a social club without a social-club license. For madams: pimping and pandering.

"We make 51 sex-offense arrests a week," says L.A.P.D.'s Lieutenant Dan Cooke. "Obviously, you can't eliminate it. You just shuffle 'em around a bit."

Local newspaper stories tell of periodic "sweeps": *Summer crackdown on prostitution in Hollywood nets 640 arrests. . . . Inglewood police arrests 76 men for soliciting undercover policewoman at Hollywood Park race track. . . .*

Vice cops, both L.A.P.D. and L.A. Sheriff's Office, are so vigilant that porn-film makers prefer to film in San Francisco rather than in L.A. "If you're doing it behind closed doors and using adults, San Francisco cops won't bother you," says an attorney for a film maker recently arrested for pandering. "Here they answer ads in the paper for talent, they just about hide in the rafters, then they arrest everybody. I've been around the country and I've never seen it like it is here."

"We're sensitive to the fact we're thought the porn capital of the world," Deputy D.A. Carroll says. "We don't want those people here. We want those people to go elsewhere."

There was a period, in the late Sixties and early Seventies, when porn businesses, topless/bottomless clubs, massage parlors and other sex-encounter centers—for "modeling," "picture" taking, nude wrestling—openly flourished. Those days are over. Community pressure got too strong.

"It wasn't as if we made a campaign to eradicate, say, prostitution," says Mike Sims, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce head whose name became almost synonymous with "Hollywood cleanup" over the past three years. Through groups like his and local homeowner groups, porn bookstores and theaters found themselves picketed and pressured. The aim was, and is still, Sims says, to hold down the numbers.

Pressure soon reached city hall. In 1976, the city council passed a massage-parlor ordinance that required health inspections, "training" and "testing" of massage technicians.

In 1978, both the city and the county passed ordinances forbidding adult-entertainment businesses, whether peep shows, bookstores, theaters, massage or nude-modeling places, from locating within 1000 feet of one another.

But the most interesting legal tool has been the use of the Red Light Abatement Act, a state law passed in 1913 and virtually forgotten for 60 years. That law can shut down any premises used for prostitution or lewd conduct for a year on the grounds of community nuisance. Not only is the illegal activity shut down but the location may remain padlocked, without income, for that year.

Los Angeles began resuscitating that law about five years ago, says a spokesman for the city attorney. Since that time, cases filed for court have averaged one a month, but most don't get that far, because landlords get the "nuisance" removed to protect their properties.

A combination of police vigilance with the city's new zoning ordinance and the Red Light Abatement law have worked against Plato's Retreat West, a swingers' club opened in Hollywood last March. Los Angeles police raided the place twice, arresting several patrons for "lewd conduct." The city attorney, however, filed no charges against customers, announcing that his office would seek to use the two laws to close the club itself.

Using R.L.A., the police have closed down a dozen businesses in the past year and a half. The number of massage parlors operating in the city dropped from about 300 in 1976 to roughly 80 in 1979. One man cruising Sunset Boulevard summed up the situation:

"All in all, you know, it's easier here to get laid free."

Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel and El Padrino at the Beverly Wilshire, often bribing personnel, they say, to be allowed to stay. But they can also be in less obvious places. One dark, statuesque hooker who dresses very expensively says she window-shops along Rodeo Drive or goes "shopping" for groceries, and meets men that way.

Although prostitution is clearly prevalent, there's a certain amount of snobbery about it in L.A. Men can tick off places where they are, all the while insisting they never buy. "I never pay for a piece of ass," one wealthy businessman insists in a typical line. This is a town where so much is out there free that hiring a hooker, or admitting you do, is like having a chauffeur drive your Porsche. "Of course," the businessman continues, "I'll spend a lot of money on a meal. And I've cosigned loans on cars, lent young actresses money. But that's not the same as paying."

Managers of private clubs such as Pips or El Privado say hookers aren't allowed. "We are very strict," says a representative of El Privado. But the girls smile when they hear that repeated, and he adds, "It's very hard to tell. A girl comes in dressed fairly nicely and decently, and who knows? They don't have a sign. There's not a fine restaurant in Hollywood that doesn't have them."

Pamela, for example, says she goes to Pips a lot, but when she does, she says she's not working. She is someone else. "I have two names," she explains, "two completely different lives." Of course, the madam's part takes most of her time, but when she assumes her other identity, Pips is one of the places where she'll go. "I'll say I work in a doctor's office or something. I go to have a good time, fall in love, whatever."

Implicit in its very look—in its palm-lined boulevards, its vague horizons, the pools, the cars, the names of the stars, its sense of illusion in the pale light—is the message that things had better work out here. This is the last-chance city, the end of the line for every kind of seeker; beyond L.A., there is only turning back.

Maybe dreams come true for the special people; the rest get hurt, fall in love, drop out, move, die, are reborn. And the planes keep landing, the dream persists. A good town for the marginally talented, marginally hung, marginally suicidal. It must be. You're pretty enough for pictures, come on out, the land of perpetual sunshine, you won't have any trouble, take it easy, the check is in the mail, I won't come in your mouth. L.A. would be perfect for someone like you, who likes to have a good time. L.A. is laid back, hip, casual, sunny, full of pussy and full of cock. Take it easy. Have a nice day.

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Some Hair Preparations claim that they can stop hair loss and grow new hair by metabolizing and neutralizing the "excessive" levels of the male sex hormone androgen (testosterone) in the scalp.

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Given these facts, What does SyG38 have to offer?

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You may write for a copy of these reports if you wish. (Please enclose \$2.00 for postage and handling)

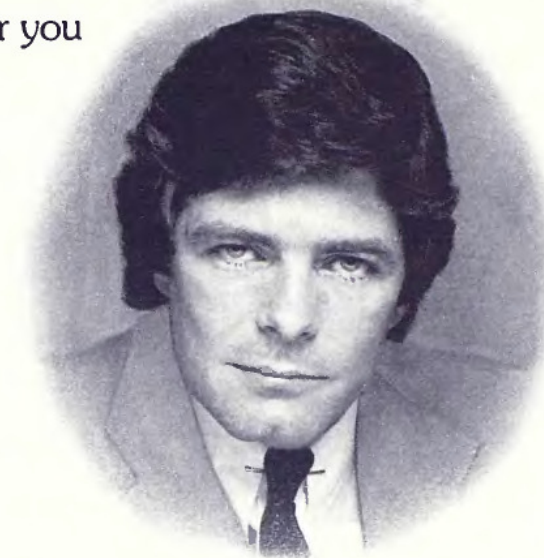
- **SyG38** is presently undergoing extensive scientifically controlled tests for efficacy
 Fortkan International has complete confidence in SyG38 and is making a substantial investment in an extensive, scientific testing program to substantiate the efficacy of SyG38 and prove its unique value as a Hair Treatment product. The results of these tests will be made public as soon as they are available.

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P-129

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SEX IN HOLLYWOOD (continued from page 181)

"He was taking a Middle East version of a Hollywood siesta. With harem, cocaine and Quaaludes."

he can help. It is incredibly tacky action, most reflective of the incredible ego and drive of the producer and the standard operating procedures of the aspirants. The first lady has reapplied her lipstick and is looking for insurance in the form of a different heavy.

The producer must be in his 60s. Maybe the parties are aging him. Either way, it gives me hope for the future.

There are in Los Angeles six major studios, about 25 bankable stars whose presence ensures a deal being struck, a picture made, 20,000 dues-paying members of the Screen Actors Guild (only 13 percent of whom earn enough money acting to pay their freight), 3000 members of the Directors Guild, 2500 members of the Writers Guild of America, West, 22,000 members of I.A.T.S.E., the union that controls the technicians.

In a metropolitan area of 9,000,000 people, that whole number makes for one small town. But the lure of Hollywood is so great, the rewards so extraordinary that you are constantly running into people who boast in all seriousness that they were balling a certain hairdresser who recently worked on the very head of this or that very recognizable star.

It is popular to portray this peripheral action as pathetic—all those failed dreams working their way through the

parking lots and check-out counters of L.A. But that (essentially snobbish, essentially Eastern) view fails to recognize what all the people who know someone who knows someone who's *that* close to the head writer on *Mork & Mindy* know for sure: Today's down-and-out is tomorrow's cash buyer of a Mercedes.

In New York, the very successful publisher of a new magazine is having drinks with some friends at The Four Seasons. Everyone in the place knows the guy, they're all glad-handing him, but all he really wants to talk about is a friend of his who flogged a script through *eight years* in Hollywood, and \$700,000 worth of high-living debt (the last two years spent dodging the people owed the \$700,000). And then, whammo! The script was sold and made and the friend owns a major portion of it, and it's doing great business, and he's paid off the \$700,000. The magazine mogul can look forward to a nice train ride to his house in the country, but his pal is making real money, *and* enjoying a world in which all the little aspiring talents are there for him. So woe to anyone who counted him out those last eight years! It could happen to you! To anyone!

The entertainment business, the "industry," pervades the L.A. atmosphere, transcends the sleaziness, shines through

the smog and cracks the real world across the bridge of the nose with dreams. The industry—movies, television, records and publishing—exists as a result of our gluttony for diversion. Big dollars go to people, whether talents or in production. Here there is power and money in massive doses. They are powerful aphrodisiacs for the Hollywood women.

There are men hitting on the women, intent shining out through megabuck eyes. These women smell wealth, suck in power. They are searching for the Hollywood thing, beautiful women drawn to the light, living in the dark.

A belly-dancer friend of mine from Albuquerque had a thing for one of the fighter pilots on *Battlestar Galactica*. Or was it one of the crewmen on *Star Trek*? It doesn't matter. She left her sex-pot python at home and stayed here with me while she tracked him down. It took her two days and a ticket to a celebrity basketball game before his cowboy boots were by her bed. He looked like a hundred other guys, bleary from the night race that everybody wins. And he was gone quick.

In Hollywood, a name is enough. These chicks are proud of conquests, large and small. They *study* the credits. Outside the Roxy—L.A.'s showcase music club—I hear a girl tell another girl, "I used to have a boyfriend who used to work for Shelter Records," in a tone that easily could have conveyed news of the Second Coming. You have to repeat her words in that tone to pick up in your mind that which she felt was a brush with greatness.

That thrill of propinquity to the industry is hard to fathom. I knew an L.A. expatriate in Hawaii who had baseball-hard silicone breast implants. She once told me, "My mother lost her virginity under the H in the Hollywood sign." That sign sits on a hillside the climbing of which would give Sir Edmund Hillary pause. But it was there, and years after the event, the location of that first copulation was sufficiently memorable to warrant a place in family lore. The birds, the bees and the B movies.

It is not really possible to get a perspective on the powers of seduction of the Hollywood men in terms of age, personality or physical attributes. Beauty is only skin-deep, but money and power go right to the bone. Methuselah, Cyclops and King Kong will score here with equal regularity given money and power, the heating elements that are most endearing to Hollywood.

Money and power are sought after with perhaps the only honest sexual energy (text continued on page 336, following "Sex in Hollywood Meets the Playboy Interview" on page 334)



"You mean this is the year-end Christmas bonus?"

The car stereo buyer's guide to the Audiovox range* of sound systems for 1980:



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and Quartz Clock



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player with AM/FM/Stereo
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Model TPB-4000
Super Power 8-Track player with
AM/FM/Stereo pushbutton
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Model CP-750
Stereo Cassette player with
pushbutton AM/FM/Stereo
radio. 4-Way balance



Model ID-900
Digital Display AM/FM/Stereo
radio with Cassette player and
Quartz Clock



Model ID-800
Digital Display AM/FM/Stereo
radio with 8-Track player and
Quartz Clock



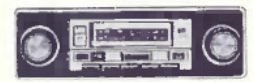
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radio. 40 Watt output



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player with AM/FM/Stereo
radio. 4-Way balance



Model ID-500E
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Pushbutton AM/FM/Stereo
radio. 4-Way balance



Model ID-725
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4-Way balance



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Model ID-610
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Model C-977A
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AM/FM/Stereo radio. Special
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AM/FM/Stereo radio. Locking
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Model ID-400C
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Nosepiece. Track lights



Model ID-300B
AM/FM/Stereo Pushbutton
Tuning radio. Stereo Balance
control. Slide-Bar band selector



Model C-575C
Pushbutton Tuning AM/FM/
Stereo radio with "500" nose-
piece designed for Import Cars



Model ID-200B
Pushbutton Tuning AM/FM
radio with Slide-Bar AM-FM
Band selector. 4½" deep chassis



Model C-506B
AM/FM Pushbutton Tuning
radio with "500" nosepiece
designed for Import Cars



Model ID-100B
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SEX IN HOLLYWOOD MEETS THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

a collection of confessions from our most candid conversations

FRANCIS COPPOLA—July 1975

PLAYBOY: A lot of men in the movie industry use their power and their status as celebrities to play around sexually. Have you ever been tempted along those lines?

COPPOLA: I'd like to point out that it's not only the men who play around, as you put it. I know a female casting executive who uses her position just as a man might. It's incredible how this woman operates. She uses her position to keep five or six men going at one time and she's just as exploitive of her position as any man might be.

PLAYBOY: Pardon us for mentioning it, but you didn't really answer our question about playing around. Would you rather not?

COPPOLA: What can I say? I love women. I can be walking down the street with my wife, and I'll see a beautiful woman and I'll pat my wife on the shoulder and say, "Hey, look at her!" But to some extent, the myth about famous movie directors' being pursued by women is not quite accurate. For one thing, there's so little time and so much work to be done. I once asked one of my assistants, who's always with beautiful girls, how he met so many of them. He said, "Easy: I tell them I'm going to introduce them to you." But he never does.

HENRY WINKLER—August 1977

PLAYBOY: What are some of the things women say to you?

WINKLER: "I want to see you later." "Give me your hotel key." You know, "I want to sit on you." But what happens is that you can't go for it. It's very empty. I've had my share, you understand. I'm not saying that I cannot do it. There have been times on the road when I've lived the sort of life I used to read about in the orthodontist's office when I was 13 years old. You know: chicks knocking on my door at six in the morning; I open it up and there's this beautiful girl going, "Hi, are you asleep?" "No, actually, I'm writing out the Magna Charta from memory." Am I asleep? It's six o'clock in the morning! So I just go, "Now that you're here, why don't you just come in?"

PLAYBOY: Does that sort of thing put pressure on you to perform like a sexual athlete?

WINKLER: If I had done everybody I was supposed to have done just in

this town, it would have fallen off a long time ago.

JOHN TRAVOLTA—December 1978

PLAYBOY: You obviously encounter your share of groupies. Have you ever taken advantage?

TRAVOLTA: No, there are enough people I already know that I'm attracted to. I don't pick up strangers.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a girlfriend?

TRAVOLTA: A couple.

PLAYBOY: We're still amazed that you haven't just grabbed—

TRAVOLTA: I've *been* grabbed.

PLAYBOY: Has success changed your sexual attitudes or habits?

TRAVOLTA: I've probably become a little freer. I guess I feel like I'm OK. Maybe I'm more in tune with expressing myself sexually. But who cares? If you really think about it, do you spend a whole lot of time thinking about other people's sex lives? I don't. I sure don't go around thinking about stars' sex lives. I just don't. I may fantasize having sex with someone, though.

PLAYBOY: Whom have you had sexual fantasies about?

TRAVOLTA: Well, Jane Fonda, for one. I don't necessarily like to think of Jane Fonda's sex life, but I may like to think of *having* sex with Jane Fonda. . . . You have a lot of sex in this interview, don't you?

JACK NICHOLSON—April 1972

NICHOLSON: The fact that I'm fulfilled in other areas makes me feel less compelled to find ego gratification through seduction or conquest. Therefore, if I see a twist I like walking down the street, I'm not automatically going to go over and say, who's that, what's her phone number, call her up on the phone, how do you do, I'm doing OK, how are you, can I come over. And by the time I'm over there, I'm already coming in my pants. I don't have that experience anymore. I've had it. . . . I'm not after all the women anymore. That's a definite change. I've had days in my life, or three or four days at a time, or weeks, when I've been with more than four women. I found that to be an internal lie. . . . It's unrealistic—like going for some record.

ROMAN POLANSKI—December 1971

POLANSKI: I found out I like sex. How about that? I like fucking. . . . I separate love from sex. For many people, fornication is immoral.

Strangely enough, it seems supremely moral to me to have sex with a girl I've met in the harbor at St-Tropez. Sex is beautiful. No one gets hurt. Just the opposite. It's simple, isn't it? So if it's true that I'm a playboy, it's only in this respect. The rest of being a playboy doesn't have much attraction for me.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever bother you that some people are more interested in your image as a playboy than in your films?

POLANSKI: I think it's great.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you rather be known as a film director whose personal life is of little curiosity?

POLANSKI: Do you mean like Walt Disney? My only disappointment is that people created this conception of me as a decadent man of excess without my active participation. . . . I prefer to seem frivolous, a guy who socializes all the time. For one thing, I realized that this reputation helps me in my relations with women. I've noticed that as my reputation grows worse, my success with women increases.

RAQUEL WELCH—January 1970

PLAYBOY: Aren't you ever tempted to pursue extramarital affairs when you're separated from your husband by professional commitments?

WELCH: On *100 Rifles*, it was obvious that members of the crew were pairing off. In fact, it seemed as if they'd just discovered fucking when they got to Spain. But when I'm working 16 hours a day on location, I don't lie awake pining for romance—I just work hard. . . . It's taken for granted by the public that because you do a love scene with someone, you're balling him offscreen. To them, all actresses get screwed left, right and center, front and back—all the way to the top and then all the way back to the bottom. That may be the way a lot of actresses play it, and I don't really give a damn, but I hate to get junked in with all the rest. These girls get the mistaken idea that the only way to succeed in this town is to ball the right people; to me that seems like a pretty bleak way to live. Is it really worth it to bang a bunch of people you're not interested in, just to get your face on the screen? An actress might chart a path to the top, marking the way with people she ought to sleep with; but if she's that cold and calculating about sex, she's not really having sex; she's just doing business. I see it happening all around me.

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expended here. Everyone knows the game and no one cares much that it is one. Because we see it every day.

We see it at The Beverly Hills Hotel, an elegant halfway house for the hitters. It has a bar called the Polo Lounge, where, depending on the tide, the gamut of Hollywood females may be found, talked up and either made or passed by the producers, the money men, the would-bes and the once-weres. The women are there, from aspiring starlets to \$250 hookers. The boundary lines tend to be elusive in the ranks of the mercenaries of both sexes.

Just behind the Polo Lounge, on the grounds of The Beverly Hills Hotel, there is a group of small houses, generally referred to as the bungalows. I was a few days into the scene and in the company of six-foot-something of Finnish model-starlet named Ulla. We were at the hotel for Sunday brunch. We were asked to join a party in one of the bungalows. Probably, the fellow who invited us had overheard my lively conversation and attractive wit and had directed the invitation to my ladyfriend only because he didn't want to come off a sycophant, since I am a new boy.

We wandered back to one of the large bungalows. An Arab oil magnate had inhabited it for two months at that time, with his mostly female, all-American entourage, at a cost of \$689 a day. He was taking a Middle East version of a Hollywood siesta. With harem, cocaine and Quaaludes.

Maybe eight or ten fluffies are sitting around. Fluffy is my word for a beautiful young girl with few skills and high ambitions who is generally unemployed; who doesn't look old enough to know where to lick you in places you never thought of; who does cocaine and Quaaludes with abandon; who is, generically, a higher order of camp follower or groupie with the attention span of a mongoose; who will grow up to live with someone in the San Fernando Valley, a wasteland of mediocrity on the border of the greatness that is Hollywood. The fluffies are waiting for someone to sweep them off their feet and into one of the bathrooms to ski. *Skiing*—a nonathletic sport involving the sudden inhalation of the white powder cocaine through a straw and onto the nasal membranes.

I never can count the fluffies, because they are amorphous, drifting crystalline motes of sexual energy in the party, the club, the bar. A gathering of snowy egrets, stilty-legged watchers. They wait for a score.

In the kitchen, an actor famous for light comedy (some 30 films) and an attempted novel or two, now 50ish, is sketching Ulla. A few deft lines and he captures her face. She is beautiful, though

I feel she is so dull she couldn't cut butter with her forehead. Her accouterments are shown off by a blouse that emphasizes the effect of air conditioning on nipples. It seems to make the artistic endeavor worth while. He's hitting hard on her the whole time. She passes and, clutching the folded portrait, sits next to me. The actor-author-artist returns to a couple of fluffies to whom he never speaks.

The only verbal visitor in the bungalow is a street-wise New Yorker who parlayed his numbers money and savvy into the Hollywood-club world. He is rapping low to me about 20 years ago, when he and Eddie Egan had a vendetta in Spanish Harlem. You know Eddie Egan—the real-life Gene Hackman in *The French Connection*?

"We all took off from this alley, right? Egan was makin' the move for a big bust. Fuckin' 14-year-old kids playin' craps. He chased me and tried to take me out."

He rolls up his sleeve and shows me an arm that has a mean-looking bullet scar on it. I am impressed.

"I was after that fucker for three years, man, garbage cans, M-16, the works. And Egan knew it."

I believed him.

Meanwhile, the actor-author-artist, charm and name providing an inexorable attraction, taps his two fluffies. He gives Ulla a last look and walks. The fluffies follow. I've been in the presence of greatness. Those particular fluffies were about a five each, but two fives are a ten and who am I to put down book ends?

I am at a recording studio in Hollywood. The name is on one half of the records you own. It has the finest equipment for recording available, including a 32-track digital editing console. The music thumps through a booth like a 747 cockpit, where I sit with an engineer, producer, inevitable lawyer, roadies and the usual amorphous coven of fluffies. There are lots of noses going and there's so much coke in the air my skin is going numb. The cooling system is set so you could hang meat in the place. The session goes until four in the morning.

After four, it's the Jacuzzi, a piece of equipment that jets the ladies to kingdom come and is a close second in popularity to drugs in the Hollywood sex race. There are a lot of people in there—coked out, smoked out and getting sexed out. Groping in the hot water in search of *après-rock* truth. Pinching rosy nipples at the surface and exploring below. Fucking in ignorance of Archimedean hydraulic theory and in defiance of 105-degree temperatures. Then quickly to the handy water bed in relays, rising to the equation frenetically in odd numbers. Love. Ain't it grand?

The studio has other oddments for the

JBL'S NEW L150: ITS BOTTOM PUTS IT ON TOP.

JBL's new L150 takes you deeper into the low frequencies of music without taking you deeper into your budget.

This short-tower, floor-standing loudspeaker system produces bass with depth, power and transparency that comes incredibly close to a live performance.



A completely new 12" driver was created for the L150. It has an innovative magnetic assembly, the result of years of research at JBL. It

uses a stiff, heavy cone that's been coated with an exclusive damping formulation for optimum mass and density.

And it has an unusually large 3" voice coil, which aids the L150's efficiency and its ability to respond to transients



(peaks, climaxes and sudden spurts) in music.

There's even more to the L150's bottom—a 12" passive radiator. It looks like a driver but it's not. We use it to replace a large volume of air and contribute to the production of true, deep bass. Bass without boom.

If you're impressed with the L150's lows, you'll be equally impressed with its highs and mids. Its powerful 1" high-frequency

dome radiator provides wide dispersion throughout its range. And a 5" midrange transducer handles high volume levels without distorting. The maximum power recommended is 300 watts per channel.

The L150's other attributes include typical JBL accuracy—the kind that recording professionals rely on. Maximum power/flat frequency response. High efficiency. And extraordinary time/phase accuracy.

Before you believe that you can't afford a floor system, listen to an L150. While its bottom is tops, its price isn't.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., 8500 Balboa Boulevard, Northridge, CA 91329.

JBL

**FIRST
WITH THE
PROS.**





Take it ...easy

Simply focus and shoot with a Yashica FR Series camera. It's that easy!

These quality, compact SLR's are totally electronic making 35mm photography fun and foolproof. Yashica FR* Series cameras have features that make taking great photographs simple and easy. A smooth-firing shutter release for clearer, sharper photographs. A bright viewfinder that's really simple to understand. An optional auto winder offers you the creative freedom to shoot faster... along with many other Yashica innovations.

Yashica FR's are so affordable you can begin building a complete system, including Yashica and Zeiss lenses, plus more than 200 accessories. Start taking great photographs now! See the FR-I, FR-II, FR and other fine Yashica cameras at your dealer.

Free and easy.

Learn 35mm photography the easy way. Buy a new Yashica FR Series camera and get a Free "35mm World" photography course that includes a 90-minute cassette tape and full-color illustrated guide. (This limited time offer valid in Continental U.S. only). Yashica, Inc., 411 Sette Dr., Paramus, N.J. 07652



YASHICA

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D. di Vini

"Don't worry about my husband. He's out looking for gas."

convenience of musicians, crew, businessmen, friends and fluffies, not the least of which is a supply of single-edged razor blades in boxes like matches. I never saw anyone there who didn't look like he was responding to a full moon. But the blades are handy for chipping and lining the white crystal called coke on a mirror. Silver spoons and golden straws. Sniff, snort, pass the glass. Wake up and rock. Ears for the music, eyes on the lines, man; everyone waiting for the plate. Praise the Lord and pass the coke. Hit it, hurt it.

The men on the inside, the producers, the actors, the rock stars, they've earned the life. They can pay for coke. They can pay for everything. They have worked for "it." Now they have it in a way that Werner Erhard never gave anyone—money, power, instant recognition. Credibility is not an issue when you're driving a Rolls. You've got it. Or appear to have it, which is just as good. And you are "in."

Coke is a Rolls. Quaaludes are a back seat. Coke is available at \$300 a gram and illegal as hell. Everyone who's in has some. It is stepped on a lot along the way—cut with everything from baby laxative to speed and angel dust. The quality varies and a lot of people with

it go through 20 or 30 grams a month. Plus what they give their friends and marks. So what if the good guys of music and the silver screen suck enough white crystal into their noses to support the average middle-class American household? So what if they drop those little white pills on fluffies? So what? That's entertainment.

Women here are a commodity. Especially the young ones. They are everywhere, and whether they sell it or use it or give it away, they are treated the same. The appeal is to the eye. Sexuality is everywhere. Tits and ass and jiggle are gross industry references in a town in which there is physical beauty in every possible configuration. Those references start to say something about the attitude here toward women. The reaction to that attitude is a perceptible defensiveness in women that borders on paranoia. Sincerity, in all sexes, is present in the same general quality as it is perceived in the movies, with a depth approximately equal to that of the picture reflected from the silver screen. Feelings appear gutter-puddle shallow; everyone knows that, no one seems to care.

The Hollywood women are expensive, too, whether you own, lease or rent. Lee Marvin knows that. Flip Wilson, Peter Frampton, Rod Stewart all know that, because those ladies who gave want to

get. This is a town of users. People are talking about legal-release forms to put on their doors. They'll need them by the gross. I might have a friend staying with me for a few days and during that time I write another *Rocky* and *wham*, the mercenary disease hits and my ladyfriend is roaring down the fast lane with a big piece of my change, less only the one third contingency fee her lawyer got for the suit. Those kinds of bucks buy lots of miles out here, rolling.

The Hollywood types run to the private clubs—Pips and the Daisy at the top of the list; sometimes, part open, part private Carlos 'N Charlie's; rarely Julie's Place. The call of the wild is all around. Friday night, jungle dance. Find it, feel it, do it to it. Walk out with dinner, meat on the hoof; Saturday night, date night, maybe someone from Friday, probably a date arranged before, because who knows if you'll score for sure on Friday? Sunday through Wednesday is for cruisin' and R and R, get the nose in shape; Thursday night, warm up.

But always cruisin'. The jungle of bodies. Primal people. Smell it—the spoor, the stalk, *no prisoners*, but trophies, man, trophies. Alley Oop in a Maserati. 'Ludes a velvet hammer to the head. The Flintstones doing lines. It's a *hunt*; that instinct is right up front.



On second thought,
make it Dry Sack. The change of pace
drink that's second to none.

Dry Sack Sherry. Imported from Spain.

Chances are, you're accustomed to drinking the best. So when you want something lighter than your usual, such as wine or an aperitif, why not order the best?

Dry Sack is known for its superb balance. A rich, yet dry taste—with the character that can stand up to ice.

Dry Sack. The light drink with the reputation equal to your usual drink.

DRY SACK
Imported from Spain.



Get The Dry Look... and don't be a stiff.



The Dry Look® leaves hair feeling as soft and natural as it looks.

The Dry Look gives you more than a great look. It leaves your hair feeling soft and natural, too — not too stiff. The Dry Look in pump spray or aerosol — with a formula that's right for your hair. Get The Dry Look... and don't be a stiff!

©The Gillette Company, 1979



Available in pump or aerosol.

They're meat eaters, flesh rippers; all of them are one with the libido. They're all game, too, and they're all stalking one another with the finest hunting equipment in terms of drugs, camouflage suits and transportation that money can buy.

The locker-room smell of amyl nitrite pervades the Studio One disco. And, man, they dance. Black and white, the disco beat thumps and they jump. Jeans, fake climbing boots, high-heeled sneakers. Not much leather. A beautiful club. They're all men out there. Few femmes, they're gay men. There's a constant flow to the bathroom and the scene is not in quality different from the hetero moves here—all quick, sure and to the point.

Kraft-Ebing would have had a field day in this milieu. There's always been the casting couch. Now picture it draped in various B/D, S/M or fetish regalia and there, the casting director, agent or producer is balling the bejesus out of an aspiring actor who looks like Tarzan, smells like Jane and talks like Boy. I don't know whether or not he shaves his toes. Maybe. The industry is hitting on the guys, *amigo*. Just like on the chicks, and with hearts pounding as amys, the gay drug, are inhaled and two male hearts beat as one at 180 to the minute. Working it out in the dream factory.

A nice balance to the gay caballeros are the gay señoritas. Also a large minority. Then there are the bi ladies and the bi men and those who live with either homosexuals or persons of like proclivities, but only in transit to a final sexual resting ground. Where? Who knows? The sexual permutations on the scene, even forgetting group endeavors, are not susceptible of rational calculation. And I guess it's not important, as long as you are getting yours, often and easy, right?

Between the presently straight and the presently gay Hollywoodites there is a broad spectrum of fast-moving 'tweens of unclassifiable categories with respect to race, creed and sex of origin. Silicone and sex changes are making a lot of doctors here richer. The products of our space-age technology are out on the Sunset Strip or Hollywood Boulevard and industry cars pick them up along with the girls and boys who do what they do and always have done on the seamier side of the fast lane.

Hollywood people play at home, sometimes. They have every bit as much need for boredom eliminators as the consuming audiences. But their environment is different and their entertainment, therefore, more exotic. You can read about it in any number of scandal sheets. The

readership is not content with knowing who is sleeping with whom, because it is a given that industry people are screwing everyone. They want to know what it was like. A budding porn princess confesses to spending the evening with two of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors and another porn princess in a mansion located off Sunset. "It went on for hours. The girls did each other. The guys didn't. There were vibrators and video tapes. Everyone had about 20 orgasms. I fell asleep when the host showed *King Kong* on the Betamax."

Across the country, adult shops purvey what are euphemistically called marital aids. Hollywood has The Pleasure Chest, a supermarket of devices for people of all proclivities, including the \$225 variable-speed patented Accu-Jac for guess what?, dildos and other novelties in dimensions that range from sizes I consider credible to jumbo double-ended electric phalli and elephantine Arnold Schwarzenegger arm latex novelties that I suggest you drive to your love nest in something with more trunk space than a Honda Civic. There is sufficient leather gear to outfit the Hell's Angels and a large enough assortment of rubber suits, chains, whips, cuffs and clamps to provide them with many happy hours of diversion. The point is that a lot of Hollywood people

buy those things. A salesman told me that, despite the high quality of the gear, there is a constant call for replacement. Chauffeurs make a lot of pickups. The store is considering home deliveries.

The premise here is that sex is supposed to be fun, no one's supposed to get hurt, nothing should be taken past the limit of good times and good health. Every deviance is permissible as long as it doesn't offend this loosely understood code, and when it does, the ghost of Fatty Arbuckle comes back to haunt the transgressor. The latest, most celebrated expression of this restraint was the case of Roman Polanski, who two years back was accused of seducing a 13-year-old girl with promises of celebrity, with Quaaludes and champagne. Although Polanski was a sympathetic figure with powerful friends decidedly on the scene, he became an instant pariah and was visibly

anguished to see himself deserted in his hour of need. What he didn't understand about the loose standards here is that for all the fault-line morality of the place, everyone believed that the only person who should be fucking a 13-year-old girl is a 14-year-old boy—and Polanski was just about 30 years too old for the action. He sulked and pouted and was heard to say that in Europe, no one would pay attention to such a thing; but in L.A., loose as it is, attention is paid. There are, even here, a few rigid rules of conduct:

Thou shalt not be drunk at lunch.

Thou shalt not impede the flow of traffic.

Thou shalt not involve the kids.

Thou shalt not try too hard.

But the fact that the line was drawn at Polanski didn't really derive from the facts of the case. There was no strong feeling that the girl had been injured.

In our tribe, 13 can fool you. She spilled the story bragging, not complaining. Beyond which, Polanski is a childlike creature, even at 44—Shorty Arbuckle, as it were. One could not accuse him of failing to pick on someone his own size. No, the revulsion derived not from the evident sadomasochism of his movies but from his strangely lurid celebrity as the martyr left by Charlie Manson.

The Charlie Manson case tamed behavior in Los Angeles. For months afterward, reports circulated of video tapes involving the sexual extravaganzas engaged in by stars, the police were holding them, three stars all in the top ten bartered them out of police hands by putting up money for the reward. There is a certain stratum of rich and deranged society that tends to leave behind video tapes and pictures. Tinseltown has a long history of stars who died *flagrante delicto*—the Hollywood Babylon tradition, doomed explorers who never gave up searching for that nirvana where the path of money, drugs and sex takes you to the palace of peace and wisdom. Understandably, this is a heroic tradition that tempts those whose money and morals are equally loose, and no matter what you want, no matter how dangerous, funky, sick, depraved, disgusting, you can have it right now! It's all here in Hollywood.

But so is it everywhere, if you're determined. Here it is perhaps cheaper and better packaged, since, generally speaking, there's not much need for subterfuge. Baby parties. Teenage fist fuckers. Genital tattooing. Human sacrifices. If you're too weird for Hollywood, you deserve some kind of medal.

The Polanski scandal sent a shudder just a shade too delicious through even the blackest hearts, and before he fled the country for France, he was as much tormented by the dropping away of his friends as he was by the fear of prison. He simply couldn't understand why these coke-snorting, snake-fucking friends of his would take such righteous umbrage at the kind of amusing afternoon that would have gone unnoticed in France.

Had he forgotten the first lesson of Hollywood? That you're only up as long as no one thinks you're down? You make a flop or two and you can live through it as long as you believe, truly believe, that everything is all right. But if you have the tiniest murmur of doubt, or if you worry for an instant that the reason the phone isn't ringing is because you've been deserted, then the pack can smell it. It's the faint but acrid odor of flop sweat. Polanski had crossed that line, he had screwed the pooch, he had gotten to the point where he was just bad news.



"It's from the Bureau of Indian Affairs. They want to know where they can get some peyote."



Mumm's the word.

For 150 years, people who know how to live have been celebrating life with Mumm premium French Champagne.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

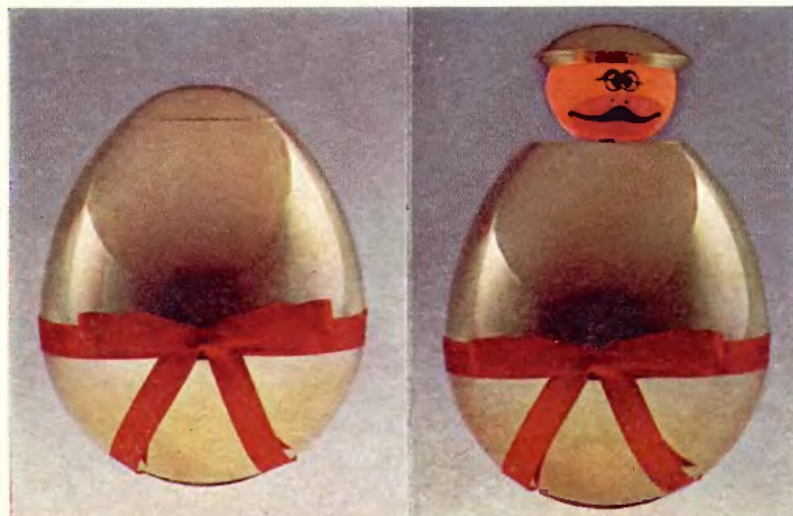
JEEZ, BLANCHE, MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER

If you're a video-tape-machine owner who digs *Gunga Din*, *Room Service*, *High Noon* or *Flying Down to Rio* and hasn't had the chance to record them off the tube, here's good news. The Nostalgia Merchant, a company at 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 1019, Hollywood, California 90028, has a catalog of Beta II and VHS recorded classic flicks priced from \$54.95 to \$110. And for serial freaks, it has *Adventures of Captain Marvel*, *Zorro's Black Whip* and *The Crimson Ghost*, too.



GETTING THE BIRD

For \$30, you can buy an excellent bottle of champagne, several good-looking ties or—get this—a battery-powered sonic ostrich egg that at the slightest peep (such as a clap or a shout) pops its top, releasing a bizarre squawking bird that bobs up and down about six times and then automatically retreats back into its shell. You've got to see it to believe it? Order your egg in gold, silver or white from Hudson Brown, 72 East Walton, Chicago, Illinois 60611, and the yolk will be on you.



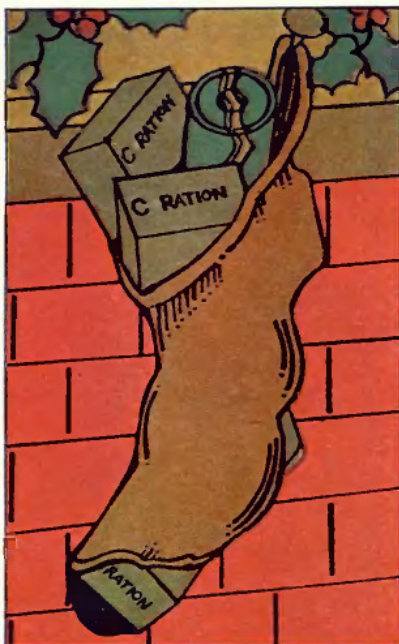
PLAYING CHICKEN

First there was Ted Giannoulas, the feathered cheerleader who fowled out, and now knit chicken hats, the wildest craze to hit the ski slopes since the invention of hot buttered rum. Chicken hats are available from United Hats-of-Chicken, 2146 East Johnson Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53704, for \$8.50, postpaid. Wear one the next time you schuss Exhibition run and see if anybody calls you chicken, man.



STRAIGHT UP, WITH A TWIST

Bernard DeVoto wrote that there are only two cocktails: One is a slug of whiskey and the other is a martini. Robert Herzbrun agrees with the second, he being the author of *The Perfect Martini Book*—a \$5.95 softcover that explores the lore and lure of that legendary libation from dozens of recipes to illustrations depicting the martini throughout its happy history. Cheers.



ANYONE FOR CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF ON TOAST?

Aside from liver, there's probably no more hated food than C rations, those hideous Army field meals that invariably contained indestructible spaghetti, half-baked beans and John Wayne crackers that tasted like the tongue from a combat boot. Bring back old memories? Order an assorted 12-meal case from a company called Brigade Quartermasters, Ltd., P.O. Box 108P, Powder Springs, Georgia 30073, for only \$27.50, freight collect, and chow down. At about \$2.50 a meal, we may all be eating C rations soon.

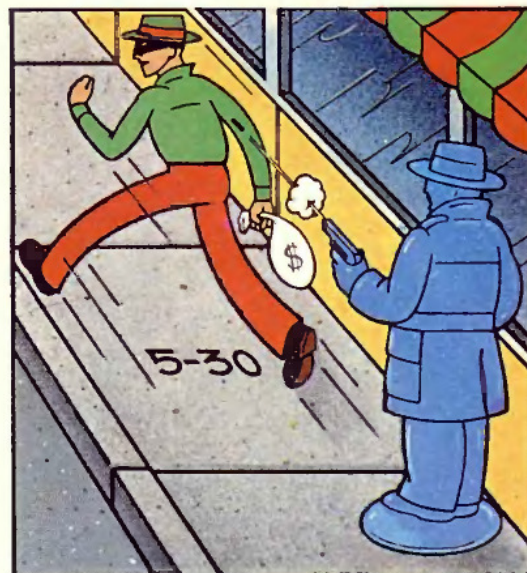


GOING TO POT

To smoke The Head pipe pictured above, you stuff your favorite smoking substance into the john, fill the bathtub half full of water, rum, Coke, bourbon or whatever, let it drain into the plumbing and fire up. The liquid cools the smoke and you, silly ass, suck away (for God's sake, don't blow!), holding dollhouse furniture up to your face. Whaling Enterprises, 25655 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, California 90265, sells The Head for \$37, postpaid. No, it doesn't come with a tiny plunger.

STANDING TOUGH

Anybody who has ever rented an apartment-house parking stall knows that sickening feeling you get when your space is taken by some other yahoo's machine. To the rescue comes Safepark, a 32"-high floor-mounted, key-operated steel pole that swings down when unlocked and stands up for your car's parking rights when you want it to. Progressive Systems Company, 6500 North California, Chicago, Illinois 60645, sells Safepark for \$65, freight included. Foil parking cheats—take the stand!



MAKING CRIME PAY

Parker Brothers, the company that made Monopoly a household word, has entered the electronic-crime-game market with a bang. Fresh from its drawing boards is Stop Thief, computerized cops and robbers in which the board is a cityscape and a hand-held Crime Scanner emits the sound of a breaking window or a squeaky floor board—audio hints that it's hoped will clue you in on where the thief is hiding. Pick up Stop Thief at a game store and see if you don't agree that the \$39.95 price is a steal.



LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Uptight? Try letting a pair of nice big fuzzy balls roll all over your tired young aching bod. The balls, of course, are attached to the, uh, shaft of the Rollo-Laxer, a massage accessory sold by Rollo-Laxer Corporation, 315-B Wilhagan, Nashville, Tennessee 37216, for \$9.90, postpaid. Incidentally, besides their therapeutic value, Rollo-Laxers have another thing going for them: We don't know why, but we've already discovered that just the sight of one drives girls wild.

Taste a Triumph. Surprising satisfaction at only 3 mg. tar.

With new Flavor-Intensified™ Triumph, the taste comes through abundantly, the smoke reaches you smoothly, pack after pack.

If you've tried one of the very low tar cigarettes, and found you just couldn't stay with it, you'll understand why Triumph is quite an achievement. The first cigarette that gives you *satisfying* taste at only 3 mg. tar.

Smooth, easy draw.

With Triumph, even the draw is a surprise. There's none of the struggle you may have experienced in other very low tar brands. You don't have to *pull*—you just *puff* on Triumph. The pleasure is effortless.

No gimmicks, no miracles.

The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists decided to take a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology further than we've ever pushed it before.

Delivering taste, limiting tar.

We found that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

That tiny "vents" in the rim of the filter work to *smooth* the taste.

That lower-leaf tobaccos tend to be milder and lower in tar than those at the top of the plant.

In short, everything we could find that might *intensify* flavor at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

Taste you can stay with.

What it all comes down to is this: Triumph, at only 3 mg. tar, gives you a taste so satisfying, we believe *you'll never want to go back to your old cigarette.*

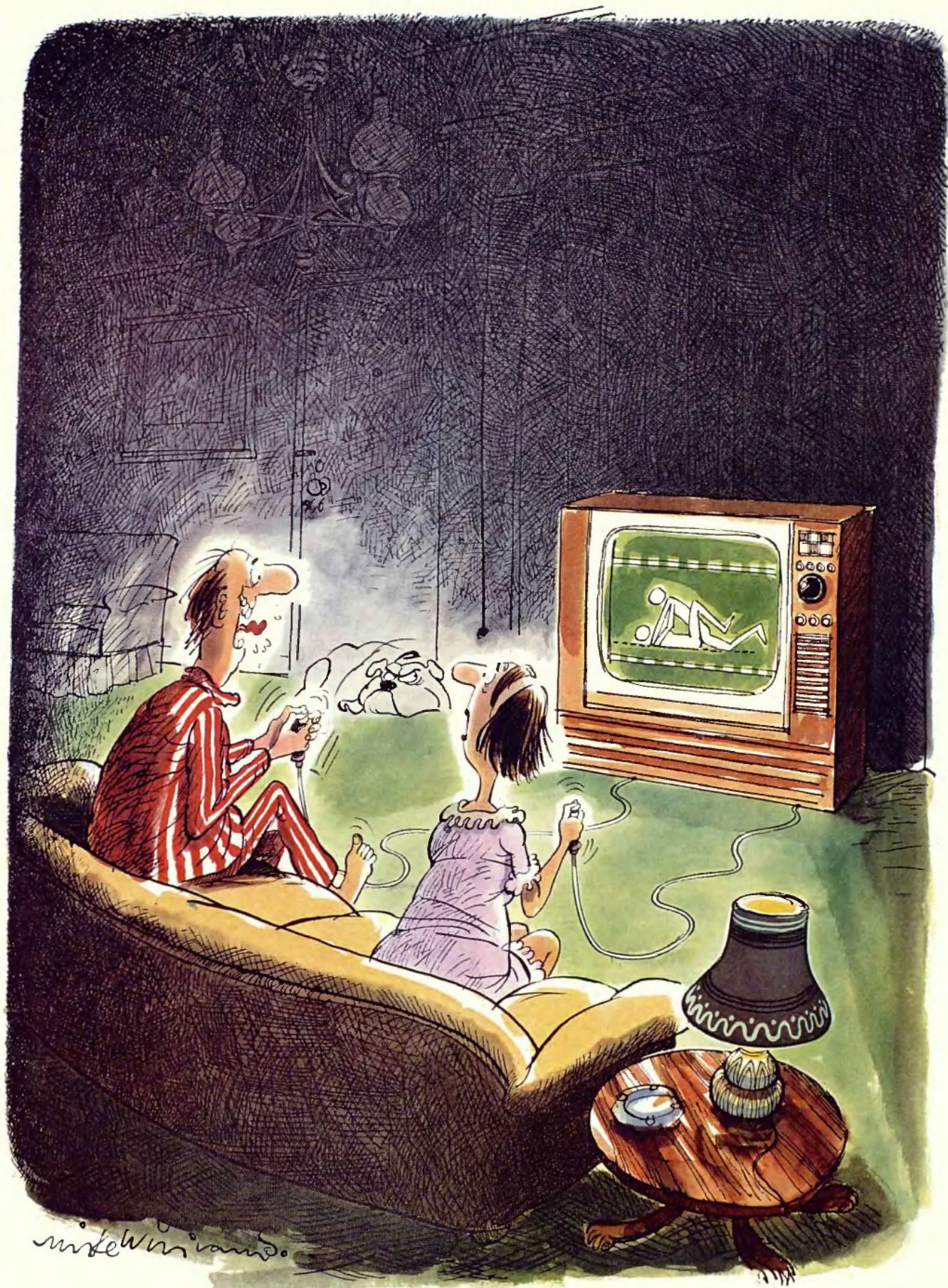


TRIUMPH®

One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.
The one with taste enough to stay with.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



*"I hate to seem old-fashioned, George, but
I think I preferred it the old way."*

IF YOU LIKE WINE,
YOU'LL LOVE CORONET.
It's the wine drinker's brandy.



There's probably a wine drinker on your Holiday list who'd love Coronet, the wine drinker's brandy. And you'll love the new, decorative gift carton at no extra cost.



© 1978 BRANDY DISTILLERS COMPANY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. EIGHTY PROOF

WHITE CHRISTMAS

(continued from page 171)

but seems a bit limiting, a mental ramble through the wealth of white or clear spirits and specialties available should erase any doubts.

Vodka, of course, is the premier white spirit. It seems to be everyone's first or second choice. That's one you have to have. Then there's gin—still the old stand-by to many bibbers—and the light, white rums from Puerto Rico and the other islands that are gaining advocates every day. Tequila is the other major white spirit.

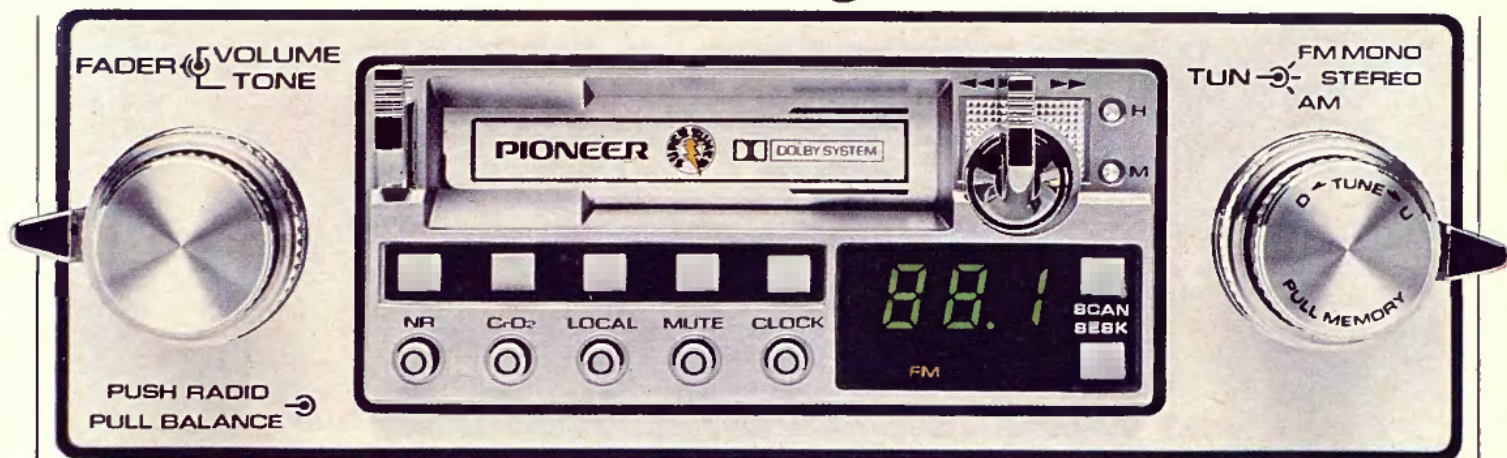
You'll also want several imported gins and vodkas—from England, the U.S.S.R., Sweden, Holland, Poland, Finland, Turkey and points east and west—on your holiday bar. The gins make super martinis (the ones from Sweden and Holland should be chilled and taken neat) and the vodkas can also be iced and taken neat—perhaps with a pinch of pepper added or poured over rocks and sipped. Aquavit, from Scandinavia, is also a kind of vodka—to which flavor, usually caraway, has been added. The standard way to serve aquavit is to immerse the bottle in a block of ice. It is an interesting way to handle the brisk imported gins and vodkas, too . . . and a clever switch on a classic theme.

Dry fruit brandies, the most enchanting of the white spirits, require no flavor additives, since they're naturally endowed. Each type reflects the scent and taste of the fruit from which it is distilled. Kirsch is very cherry, *framboise* is raspberry, *poire* is pear, *mirabelle* and *quetsch* are plum. Apricot brandy, as it happens, tends to be amber, but Zwack's Barack Palinka is clear and captivating. On the Continent, fruit brandies serve as after-dinner *digestifs*, but they're also refreshing change-of-pace sips, and delightful in mixed drinks.

Liqueur lovers needn't feel deprived at a white-Christmas bash—not with such options as triple sec, white crème de menthe and crème de cacao, kummel, peppermint schnapps, *sambuca*, anisette and pear liqueur. Sorry, no white coffee liqueur as yet, but a white Russian (vodka and white crème de cacao) should bridge that gap nicely. And don't overlook such proprietary labels as CocoRibe rum-coconut liqueur, Danziger Goldwasser—a clear liqueur flecked with gold leaf—and the relatively new Vaklova.

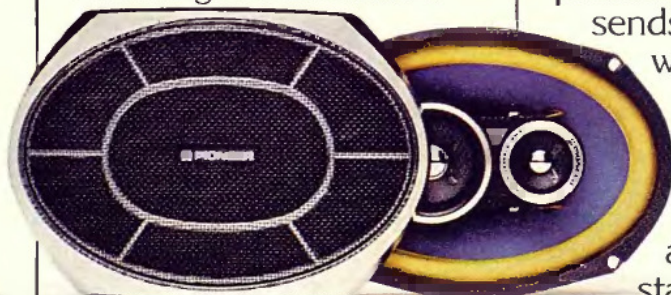
Those are the more familiar white spirits but by no means the gamut. We have yet to explore the *pastis* group—potent, anise-flavored liqueurs, popular in the Middle East and France: Ricard, Pernod, *ouzo* and *raki*, for example. Some have color in their original state, but all turn milky when mixed with water. The usual ratio is one part *pastis* to five of water. There's also marc,

This Christmas, knock somebody on their ear.



The KE-5000 Digital Electronic AM/FM Stereo with Cassette Deck.

Let's face it. Nowadays, even people you love are pretty jaded. And if you want to get more than a



TS-695 Three-Way Speakers.

patronizing peck on the cheek come Christmas morning, you've got to put something dynamite under the tree.

Something like the new Pioneer KE-5000 AM/FM Stereo with Cassette Deck. If your car could do as much for itself as the KE-5000 can, you could drive to work with your arms folded.

Almost all once-mechanical functions are han-

dled by a microprocessor that eliminates old time dial twisting. Instead, a press of the SCAN button sends it scurrying on its way, looking from station to station till it finds one you like.

The KE-5000 also features a ten-station memory, digital station display, Dolby® noise reduction, metal tape capability, and a digital clock.

Add to this a pair of our superb TS-695 three-way speakers, and you're giving a

gift to contend with.

But your buck doesn't stop here. Right now your Pioneer Car Stereo dealer can show you dozens of dashing ways to snow someone you love this Christmas.

And if that someone you love happens to be someone you share a car with, well that makes giving Pioneer Car Stereo just that much better.

PIONEER®
The Best Sound Going.

Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



Pioneer's Steve Tillack displays his Highway Library. Various titles include How To Buy Car Stereo, How I Install Car Stereo, Going To Pieces (component guide), and The Illustrated Guide to FM Car Stereo. Get them through your dealer. Or send \$1.00 to P.O. Box 9943, St. Paul, MN 55199, and we'll mail them to you.

grappa and *bagaceira*, names for a type of brandy distilled from pressed grapes—or, more precisely, grape skins. And *cachasa* and *aguardiente*, South American native distillates (one brand, Antioqueño, from Colombia is an unusual and delicious 72-proof anise-flavored cordial), *pisco* brandy from Chile and Peru and, for those who like to live dangerously—Everclear, a 190-proof grain spirit. Try that in the punch bowl—cautiously.

The following drinks are not your usual holiday roundup, which is all to the good. And a colorful garnish against the white background wouldn't hurt a thing. Consider red and green maraschino cherries, strawberries, watermelon balls, honeydew balls, lime, cucumber peel, radish, mint or water cress.

VODKA ICE HOUSE

You'll need a form in which to freeze the bottle—a 46-oz. juice can, a half-gallon milk carton or any container of similar size. Pour 1/2 in. water into container; freeze solid. Center bottle of imported vodka or gin on ice; add cold water to about shoulder of bottle. Return container to freezer and freeze hard—preferably overnight.

To serve, plunge container into hot water almost to rim for a moment. Your ice house, bottle encased, should slip out easily. Repeat hot-water bath, if necessary. Present on napkin-lined tray or platter, since ice will melt after a while. Good neat, on the rocks or to make frigid martinis.

White on White: Pour about 1 oz. premium vodka, from your ice house, into tall, thin liqueur glass. The spirit will have a thick, viscous body. Flick a bit of ground white pepper over glass—

the fine grains will drift slowly down in the glass, like snow. In Poland and the U.S.S.R., small shots of this frigid pepper vodka are knocked back, accompanied by bites of herring or smoked fish, and elaborate toasts.

NORTH POLE

3/4 oz. vodka
3/4 oz. *sambuca*
Red and green maraschino cherries

Pack round-bowled wineglass or saucer champagne with finely crushed or shaved ice, mounding top. Combine vodka and *sambuca* and pour slowly over ice. Spear cherries on pick and set on top of drink—planting your Christmas colors at the North Pole. Serve with short straws.

CHRISTMAS RICKEY

1 1/2 ozs. vodka or gin
1/2 oz. triple sec
Club soda, chilled
1/2 small lime
Pour vodka and triple sec over ice in 8-oz. wineglass. Stir. Add soda to taste. Squeeze in juice of lime; add peel; stir.

WHITE TORNADO

1 oz. tequila
1 oz. triple sec
1 oz. grapefruit juice
1/2 oz. lemon juice
Pinch salt
Canned lichee (optional)
Shake all ingredients but lichee briskly with ice. Strain into sour glass or pour unstrained into old fashioned glass. Top with lichee, if desired.

SNOWMOBILE

1 1/2 ozs. white rum
1/4 oz. anisette

1/2 oz. orgeat syrup
3/4 oz. lemon juice
Watermelon ball
Honeydew ball

Shake rum, anisette, syrup and lemon juice vigorously with cracked ice. Strain into large cocktail glass. Spear melon balls with toothpick and lay across top.

COQUITO (About 30 servings)

This is the traditional holiday-season drink of Puerto Rico. This recipe, from San Juan's venerable La Fonda Del Callejon restaurant, is like a super eggnog.

1 1/2 ozs. triple sec or other orange liqueur
1 large can (about 14 ozs.) evaporated milk (or 1 3/4 cups half-and-half)
1 can (15 ozs.) cream of coconut (Coco Lopez, Coco Casa)
6 egg yolks
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, or to taste
1 fifth white rum, chilled

Whirl all ingredients but rum in blender until completely mixed. Add rum, mix again. Pour into large bottle; cap and chill thoroughly. This is a rich drink; pour small portions—about 1 1/2 ozs. to 2 ozs. each.

WHITE SPIDER

1 1/2 ozs. vodka
3/4 oz. white crème de menthe
Ripe strawberry

Shake vodka and crème de menthe with cracked ice. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Impale berry on toothpick and place in glass.

Note: Substitute peppermint schnapps for crème de menthe and you have a schnapps whizzer!

TENN BAR SPECIAL

1 1/2 ozs. Baileys Irish Cream Liqueur
1 oz. white rum or vodka
1 1/2 ozs. milk or half-and-half
1/2 cup crushed ice
1/2 teaspoon sugar (optional)
Cinnamon

Place all ingredients in chilled blender container. Buzz until smooth. Pour into chilled tall glass; sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and serve.

WHITE LADY (For two)

3 ozs. gin
1 oz. Cointreau
1 oz. lemon juice
1 egg white

Shake vigorously with cracked ice; you should work up light foam. Strain into chilled cocktail glasses.

If there's a recalcitrant Scotch drinker in the crowd, you won't deny him, of course. Just shake the whiskey with milk, a pinch of sugar and lots of ice; serve in a tumbler. It's certain to please, and it won't mar your holiday color scheme.



"He's got disco fever."

The sayings of Chairman Malcolm

"Everybody has to be somebody to somebody to be anybody."

"Age: It should be a license, not a limitation."

"The ultimate in optimism: Confidence that there is no next world."

"Never say die until you've done it."

"People who never get carried away should be."

"Souls are not for walking on."



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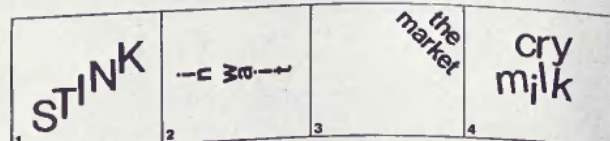
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a. The gleam in your eye.



b. Pass the word.

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1.
I THINK YACHT TO EVADED AWHILE

2. WHAT SUMATRA JAVA FIGHT

3.
DIMENSION IT OLD PSYCHIC UTAH
DUNDEE SAME FOR ME

4. LOVE ENCASES FOREIGN ICE GIRL

5.
ARTISAN JAIL AGAIN WORMY
ALIMONY YUKON TO BALAM OUT

6.
SAHARA WING EXPERIENCE
AL RIGHT

The Tarsier is a five-inch long relative of man, related by its opposable thumb, big toe, and relatively large brain. Like the owl, the Tarsier is able to look completely backwards over either shoulder.



The Midget is a small boneless tropical fish, considered a delicacy by many. It is nicknamed Camel fish for the double raised ridges or "humps" along the spine.

Arrange thirteen paper matches to make a dog that faces to the left as in the diagram above. By lowering the dog's tail to the top dotted line, then moving the bottom match of the dog's head to the other dotted line, you have changed the picture so that the dog is looking the opposite way. Unfortunately, this leaves the dog's tail (now on the left) slanting down instead of up.

Can you move just two matches to make the dog face to the right, but with his tail pointing upward as before?

Y O N O M O O N E
E O N E O O N E M
Y E N E N O M Y O
O O E E E O M N N
Y E Y O N M O N N
E Y M E N O M O E
N C Y E N H O M Y
M E N E Y O N O N
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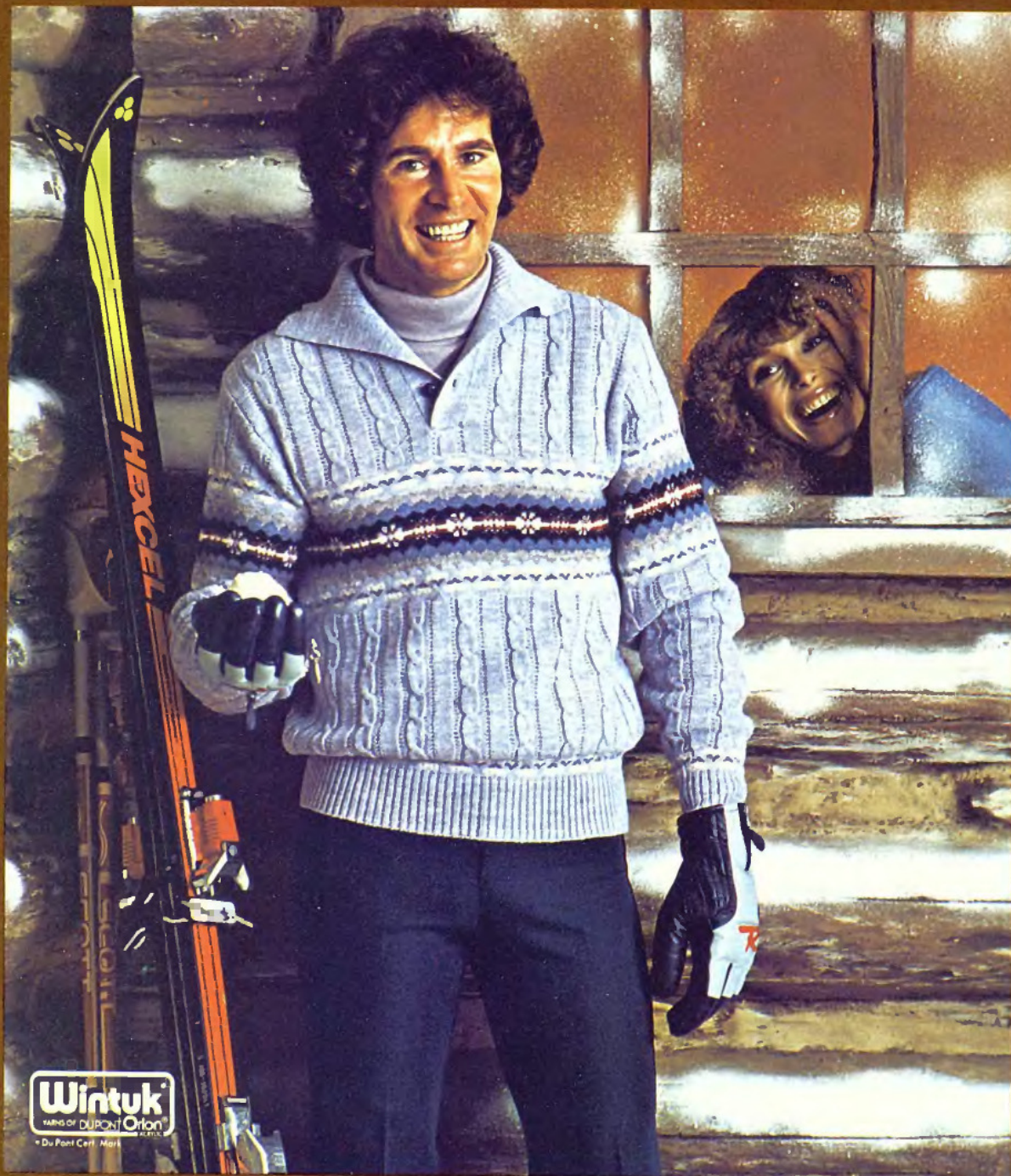
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You know who.

AL PACINO (continued from page 155)

"It grates me to minimize anybody in any way, to move on anybody else's territory."

how you might have played a certain role? Some actors will go down a list of what they passed up.

PACINO: Well, that's not really very nice. I just don't like it; it grates me to minimize anybody in any way, to move on anybody else's territory. When I talk about this, it puts other actors in another light, in a lesser light, and it just isn't true. Can you understand that?

PLAYBOY: Absolutely. Now let's talk about it. Let's take something like *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Were you offered that?

PACINO: See, we've had a long period of decent talk, but now you're back to, "How long a prick do you have?" I just wait for it and it comes.

PLAYBOY: We don't want to keep you waiting.

PACINO: There were times in my life when I didn't even read what was being offered me. Sometimes I can smell something that's not right for me.

PLAYBOY: You obviously felt that with *Kramer vs. Kramer*.

PACINO: It was a book, it wasn't a screen-

play yet. I didn't get into the book. I had a feeling it was not for me.

PLAYBOY: You mean because it's about a married man and his son?

PACINO: And the divorce courts and stuff. I didn't feel, at this point, it would be useful.

PLAYBOY: What other films caused conflict for you?

PACINO: I don't know. *Days of Heaven*. I love Terrence Malick and I love the picture. And *Coming Home*. I was making *Born on the Fourth of July* at that time. It was too close.

PLAYBOY: Whatever happened to that project?

PACINO: That was a go project. Billy Friedkin and Oliver Stone wrote a terrific screenplay, but Billy couldn't do it for some reason. Apparently, there was a studio that wouldn't let him out of a commitment. When a director is taking on a picture of that size and dimension, it's his picture. I had an interest in making it with Billy. So, suddenly, Friedkin is out of the picture—now what? I wasn't going to make that movie.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever consider directing a film yourself?

PACINO: Everybody seems to be doing it. It's very hard to do. I've directed plays, but only when I felt strongly about the play, and I did it all, I did the sets, the costumes. If I wanted to make a movie and really take over, I would do it. But I believe very much that directors are directors and actors are actors. I'd very much like to keep maintaining the independence I have as an actor: You pay me a salary, I come and do a job. The last three pictures I've made have been that kind of thing.

PLAYBOY: Did Coppola come to you for *Apocalypse Now*?

PACINO: Yes, he wanted me to do it. I told him I hadn't been in the Army and I didn't intend to go in the Army now—and if I were to go, I wouldn't want to go to war with him. He said to someone later, "Al would do the film if we could film it in his apartment."

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the Army, how did you stay out?

PACINO: The first time, I was made 1-Y. That meant I had to go back in a year. I guess I wasn't ready then.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean you weren't ready?

PACINO: I failed the tests. Who knows?

PLAYBOY: Do you know or don't you know?

PACINO: Look, I might have gone into



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the Army at 18 or 19, but by the time they called me up, I was 23—and too much had already happened to me. Among other things, I had just lost my mother and my grandfather in the same year. I certainly wasn't ready for the Army and the Army wasn't ready for me.

PLAYBOY: That was before Vietnam, right?

PACINO: Yes, it was peacetime. I guess that's why they were so lenient with me.

PLAYBOY: So it wasn't that war you were against but the system's telling you where to go for the next two years.

PACINO: Yeah; that was the most impossible thing. You know, I still have a thing about that. I feel they could somehow call me up again—at the age of 39. I *know* I'll pass my physical and I *know* they'll take me into the Army. [Laughs] But, as Charlie said to me, "Al, don't worry about it, they don't *want* you. Believe me, they don't *want* you."

PLAYBOY: Enough about traumatic matters; let's talk about money. In 1972, you said that you've done a lot of things in your life for money, but the one thing you haven't done for money is act. Would you retract that now?

PACINO: I won't act for money. I don't think I ever will. The big item when I do

off-Broadway is the fact that I'm getting only \$250 a week. In that area, you can anger people to no end—you start talking about how you don't care about money and there you are, pulling in \$1,000,000 or whatever. I feel kind of funny about that, because it really can grate on people's nerves. When you're dealing with money, people change, they go a little strange. I know because I've been there. I asked this guy once for five bucks. Before that, it was, "Hey, how're ya doing? Haven't seen you for so long, fantastic." I say, "Pretty good, you know," and finally I ask for the five dollars. He goes, "See you tomorrow, man, we'll meet at this time." He makes arrangements and you get there and he's not there. People go crazy with money.

PLAYBOY: Do friends borrow from you now?

PACINO: Naturally. But there's nothing like that to ruin a relationship. If friends need some money, I'll lend it to them, sure. When I'm lending it, I preface it by saying, "Look, if this affects the relationship in any way, forget it." Invariably, it does, though.

PLAYBOY: Are there any projects you'd like to do that you haven't signed up for yet?

PACINO: There's one thing I'd like to do and that's the life of Modigliani. Paris in that time, the changing of the Romantic period, I thought that would make a good movie. I had a friend who went to Paris to write a first-draft screenplay. It's a little subjective. I've given it to Coppola. If he doesn't like it, I'll give it to Bertolucci or Scorsese.

PLAYBOY: What about plays?

PACINO: I will do *Richard III* again, naturally. And Brecht on Broadway.

PLAYBOY: After your successes in film, you returned to the theater—was that a way of coping with what happened to you?

PACINO: I went back to the stage because it was my way of dealing with the success I had, my way of coping. It was a way of escaping the responsibility of what was happening. What I used to say was it was my love of the stage, but I don't think so. I think it was my need to say, "This is what I am. This is what I do. This other thing I am unfamiliar with, it scares me. It's too much."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt threatened as an actor?

PACINO: I used to feel that. I would be in a play and somebody would come and I would say, That guy looks a little like me; I guess they are going to replace me. Insecurity.

PLAYBOY: Do you dream about your characters when you are playing them?

PACINO: When I'm about to do a project, I dream about the character, about the play, all the time. Acting is hard work. At times, it's very energizing and enervating. It's childish. It's also responsible. It's illuminating, enriching, joyful, drab. It's bizarre, diabolical. It's—exciting. Eleonora Duse said it's such a horrible word: *acting*. It makes you feel bad just saying it. It's more trying to get at some certain truth, some common denominator, some exchange, some connection, that makes us feel a certain truth in ourselves. The way of acting that you really try to finally learn is how *not* to act. That's where it's at. Acting is *not* acting.

PLAYBOY: What are the qualities that make up a good actor and a good director?

PACINO: There are all kinds of good actors. There are actors who are strong in suggestibility. There are actors who are intellectually attacking material. There are actors who are very instinctive and operate completely on tremendous believability in situations. There are actors who are able to find the humor of a situation immediately, get right to the essence of something.

As for directors, basically, great directors can understand staging in such a way that can make a scene come alive. Others have a certain way of pacing the scene. Others have a way of setting a kind of



"Daddy says the only thing he doesn't have enough of is sex."



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ambience around the set that makes everybody creative around them.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered your image onscreen? At the end of *The Godfather*, *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon* and now . . . *And Justice for All*, you appear all alone. You are the loner.

PACINO: Well, most of the successful characterizations that any actor does seem to be those kinds of characters.

PLAYBOY: But have you ever thought about it?

PACINO: Never.

PLAYBOY: That you're always alone.

PACINO: That's why I can't wait for you to leave. [Laughs]. See, as our relationship develops, you get hurt. That's wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Well, it's almost that time. Just a few more questions. What was it that Marlon Brando's make-up man once said to you?

PACINO: I said, "I'm not going to go to California." He said, "Don't worry, I heard Marlon say that. You'll be out there in three years." Well, I haven't moved yet. I haven't moved out of this apartment.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Los Angeles?

PACINO: I like parts of L.A. But after a while, I can't help but feel that need to be around people. I can't take it in a car anymore. I need to be on the ground

with people walking by me, crisscrossing. California gets you slap-happy.

PLAYBOY: You're a true New Yorker.

PACINO: It's my turf. I really love New York. You can imagine how I know it, having come here when I was 16 from the Bronx. I was a city messenger when I was 16, on a bicycle. I worked 11 hours a day just riding the streets of the city. I watched this city, I've walked it, lived in it, I know it in all kinds of times of my life. It's home. I know it all, from Battery Park right up to Harlem. I know lights—I can time myself so I never get a light. I used to walk from 92nd Street and Broadway right to the Village and back again, bopping along the street, thinking of parts. I worked out a lot of my role in *Godfather I* that way. I still get out there in the streets as much as I can. Watch a guy put 40 packs of crackers in his soup.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a permanent resident.

PACINO: I've already been here too long. I want to get out.

PLAYBOY: What about the museums; ever go to the Modern?

PACINO: Sometimes. I go to look at Picasso's *Woman in a Chair*. I know every time I go to the museum that I'm going to come away feeling different. It's almost like going to the Y.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything that upsets you?

PACINO: The thing that can get you a little upset is when people say other people are better than you. That can bug you.

PLAYBOY: What about fears?

PACINO: I have normal ones. I have a fear of electricity.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a philosophy?

PACINO: I believe in one day at a time; you've got *today*, that's what you've got.

PLAYBOY: What about analysis?

PACINO: I dabble from time to time. I mean, *this* is analysis. By the time we're finished, I will be empty and it [indicates the tape recorder] will be full. It's a crazy feeling. I get the feeling when you leave I will be interviewing myself.

PLAYBOY: What makes you cry?

PACINO: The end of this interview. [Laughs] I had a fantasy the other night that this interview is so great that they no longer want me to act—just do interviews. I thought of us going all over the world doing interviews—we've signed for three interviews a day for six weeks. . . .

PLAYBOY: That's what you think. Enough is enough.

PACINO: What? You've just put me through something—and it's over? Where are your whips?

PLAYBOY: Any last words?

PACINO: Yeah. YOU OWE ME MONEY!

PLAYBOY: Not after you read this.



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"Bea peered through an ornate grate into a sector of holy space full of scaffolding and raw pink stone."

a marble stair to the site of the Crucifixion. It was a great smoke-besmirched fungus of accreted icons and votive lamps; six feet from the gold-rimmed hole where Christ's cross had supposedly been socketed, a fat Greek priest, seated with his black muffin hat at a table peddling candles, was taking a swig from a bottle in a paper bag. At Bech's side, Bea was doing a genuflective dip and gazing enthralled at this compounded mass of aesthetic horrors. German tourists were noisily shuffling about, exploding flashbulbs. Bech looked incredulous at his radiant wife, and dragged her away, back down to the main floor of the

church, which her guidebook itself admitted to be a "conglomeration of large and small rooms, impossible to consider as a whole."

Père Gibergue greeted their return hopefully. "Enough?"

"More than," Bech said.

The Jesuit nodded. "A great pity. This should be Chartres. Instead—" He told Bea, "With your camera, you should photograph that, what the Greeks are doing. Without anyone's permission, they are walling up their sector of the nave. It is barbarous, but not untypical."

Bea peered through an ornate grate into a sector of holy space crowded with

scaffolding and raw pink stone. She did not lift her camera. She had been transported, Bech realized, to a realm beyond distaste. Her skyey eyes seemed unseeing. "We can't go without visiting the Sepulcher of Christ," she announced.

Père Gibergue said, "I advise against it. The line is always long. There is nothing to see. Believe me."

Bech echoed, "Believe him."

Bea said, "I don't expect to be here ever again," and got into line with her husband to enter a little building that reminded Bech of nothing so much as those mysteriously ornate structures that used to stand in discreet corners of city parks, too grand for lawn mowers but unidentified as latrines. He had always wondered what had existed inside such little buildings. The line moved slowly, and the faces of those returning looked stricken.

There were two chambers. The outer held a case containing a bit of the stone which the Angel is said to have rolled away from the mouth of the tomb; a woman ahead of Bech in line kissed the cracked glass top of the case and caressed herself in an elaborate spasm of pious gratification, eyeballs rolling. He was relieved that Bea did nothing of the kind. The inner chamber was entered by an opening so small Bech had to stoop, though the author was not tall. Within, as had been foretold, there was "nothing to see"—smoking lamps hanging thick as bats from the low ceiling, a bleak marble slab, no trace of the original sepulcher hewn from the rock of Golgotha. In the confines of this space, elbow to elbow with Bech, a Greek priest, stocky and dazed in appearance, was waving lit tapers held cleverly between his spread fingers. The tapers were for sale. The priest looked at Bech. Bech didn't buy. With a soft grunt of irritation, the priest waved the lit tapers out. Bech was fascinated by this sad moment of disappointed commerce; he imagined how the wax must drip onto the man's fat fingers, how it must sting. A hunger artist. The priest eyed Bech again. The whites above his dolefully sagging lower lids were very blood-shot. Smoke gets in your eyes.

Back in their room at the Mishkenot, Bech asked Bea, "How's your faith?"

"Fine. How's yours?"

"I don't know much about places of worship, but wasn't that the most God-forsaken church you ever did see?"

"It's history, Henry. You have to see through external accidents to the things of the spirit. You weren't religiously and archaeologically prepared. The guidebook warns people they may be disappointed."

"Disappointed! Disgusted. Even your poor Jesuit, who's been there a thousand times, had to hide his face in his hands. Did you hear him complain about what the Greeks were doing to their slice



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of the pie? Did you hear his story about the Copts' swooping down one night and slapping up a chapel that then couldn't be taken away for some idiotic superstitious reason?"

"They wanted to be close to the Holy Sepulcher," Bea said, stepping out of her skirt.

"I've never seen anything like it," Bech said. "It was—celestial pollution."

"It was beautiful to be there, just beautiful," Bea said, skinning out of her blouse and bra in one motion.

How, Bech asked himself, out of a great materialist nation containing 100,000,000 fallen-away Christians, had he managed to pick this one radiant aberrant as a bride? *Instinct*, he answered himself; his infallible instinct for the distracting. At the height of the lovemaking that the newlyweds squeezed into a shadowy hour before they were due to go out to dinner, the bloodshot eyeball of the unsuccessful taper-selling priest within the tomb returned to him, eying Bech like a demon brother unexpectedly met at the site of a mutual crime.

The dinner was with Israeli writers, in a restaurant staffed by Arabs. Arabs, Bech perceived, are the blacks of Israel. Slim young men, they came and went silently, accepting orders and serving while the lively, genial, grizzled, muscular intellectuals talked. The men were an Israeli

poet, a novelist and a professor of English; their wives were also a poet, a novelist and a professor, though not in matching order. All six had immigrated years ago and therefore were veterans of several wars; Bech knew them by type, fell in with their warmth and chaffing as if back into a party of uncles and cousins. Yet he scented something outdoorsy, an unfamiliar toughness, a readiness to fight that he associated with gentiles, as part of the psychic kit that included their indiscriminate diet and their bloody, lurid religion. The poet, a man whose face appeared incessantly to smile, broadened as it was by prominent ears and a concentration of wiry hair above the ears, said of the Wailing Wall, "The stones seem smaller now. They looked bigger when you could see them only up close."

The professor's wife, a novelist, took fire: "What a reactionary thing to say! I think it is beautiful, what they have done at the Kotel Ha. They have made a sacred space of a slum."

Bech asked, "There were many Arab homes?"

The poet grimaced, while the shape of his face still smiled. "The people were relocated, and compensated."

The female novelist told Bech, "Before '67, when the old city was theirs, the Jordanians built a hotel upon the Mount of Olives, using the old tombstones for the soldiers' barracks. It was a

vast desecration, which they committed in full view. We felt very frustrated."

The male novelist, whose slender, shy wife was a poetess, offered as a kind of truce, "And yet I feel at peace in the Arab landscape. I do not feel at peace in Tel Aviv, among those Miami Beach hotels. That was not the idea of Israel, to make another Miami Beach."

"What was the idea, then?" asked the female novelist, teasing—an overweight but still dynamic flirt among hirsute reactionaries. There is a lag, Bech thought, between the fading of an attractive woman's conception of herself and the fading of the reality.

The male novelist, his tanned skin minutely veined and ponderously loose upon his bones, turned to Bech with a gravity that hushed the table; an Arab waiter, ready to serve, stood there frozen. "The idea," it was stated to Bech in the halting murmur of an extreme confidence, "is not easy to express. Not Freud and Einstein, but not Auschwitz, either. Something . . . in between."

Bech's eye flicked uneasily to the waiter and noticed the name on his identification badge: SULEIMAN.

The poetess, as if to lighten her husband's words, asked the American guests, "What have been your impressions so far? I know the question is foolish, you have been here a day."

"A day or a week," the female novelist



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boisterously volunteered, "Henry Bech will go back and write a fat book about us. Everyone does."

The waiter began to serve the food—ample, deracinated, Hilton food—and while Bech was framing a politic answer, Bea spoke up for him. He was as startled as if one of his ribs had suddenly chirped. "Henry's in raptures," she said, "and so am I. I can't believe I'm here, it's like a dream."

"A costly dream," said the professor, the youngest of the men and the only one wearing a beard. "A dream costly to many men." His beard was red as a viking's; he stroked it a bit preeningly.

"The Holy Land," Bea went on, undeterred, her voice flowing like milk poured from above. "I feel I was born here. Even the air is so *right*."

Her strangeness, to her husband at this moment, did verge on the miraculous. At this table of Jews who, wearied of waiting for the Messiah, had altered the world on their own, Bea's voice with its lilt of hasty good news came as an amazing interruption. Bech answered the poetess as if he had not been interrupted. "It reminds me of Southern California. The few times I've been there, I felt surrounded by enemies. Not people like you," he diplomatically amended, "but up in the hills."

"You were there before Camp David," joked the female professor; until then,

she had spoken not a word, merely smiled toward her husband, the smiling poet. It occurred to Bech that perhaps her English was insecure, that these people were under no obligation to know English, that on their ground it was his obligation to speak Hebrew. English, that bastard child of Norman knights and Saxon peasant girls—how had he become wedded to it? There was something languid and eclectic about the language that gave him trouble. It ran against his grain; he tended to open books and magazines at the back and read the last pages first.

"What shall we do?" the flamboyant novelist was urgently asking him, evidently apropos of the state of Israel. "We can scarcely speak of it anymore, we are so weary. We are weary of war, and now we are weary of talk of peace."

"The tricky thing about peace," Bech diffidently suggested, "is that it doesn't always come from being peaceable."

She laughed, sharply, a woman's challenging laugh. "So you, too, are a reactionary. Myself, I would give them anything—the Sinai, the West Bank. I would even give them East Jerusalem, to have peace."

"Not East Jerusalem!" the Christian in their midst exclaimed. "Jerusalem," Bea said, "belongs to everybody."

And her face, aglow with confidence in things unseen, became a cause for

wonder among the seven others. The slim, shy poetess, whose half-gray hair was parted in the exact center of her slender skull, asked lightly, "You would like to live here?"

"We'd love to," Bea said.

Bech felt he had to step on this creeping "we" of hers. "My wife speaks for herself," he said. "Her enthusiasm overwhelmed even the priest who took us up the Via Dolorosa. My own impression was that the Christian holy sites are hideously mismanaged. I liked the mosques."

Bea explained with the patience of a saint, "I said to myself, I've waited for this for forty-two years, and I'm not going to let anybody ruin it."

Sunday-school pamphlets, Bech imagined. Bible illustrations protected by a page of onionskin. Bea had carried those ochre-and-moss-green paper images up from infancy and when the moment had at last arrived, had placed them carefully upon the tragic, eroded hills of Jerusalem and pronounced the fit perfect. He loved her for that, for remaining true to the little girl she was. In the lull of silence her pious joy had induced, Suleiman came and offered them dessert, which the sated Israelis refused. Bech had apple pie, Bea had ice cream, to the admiration of their hosts. Young in marriage, young in appetite.

"You know," he told her in the taxi back to the Mishkenot, "the Holy Land

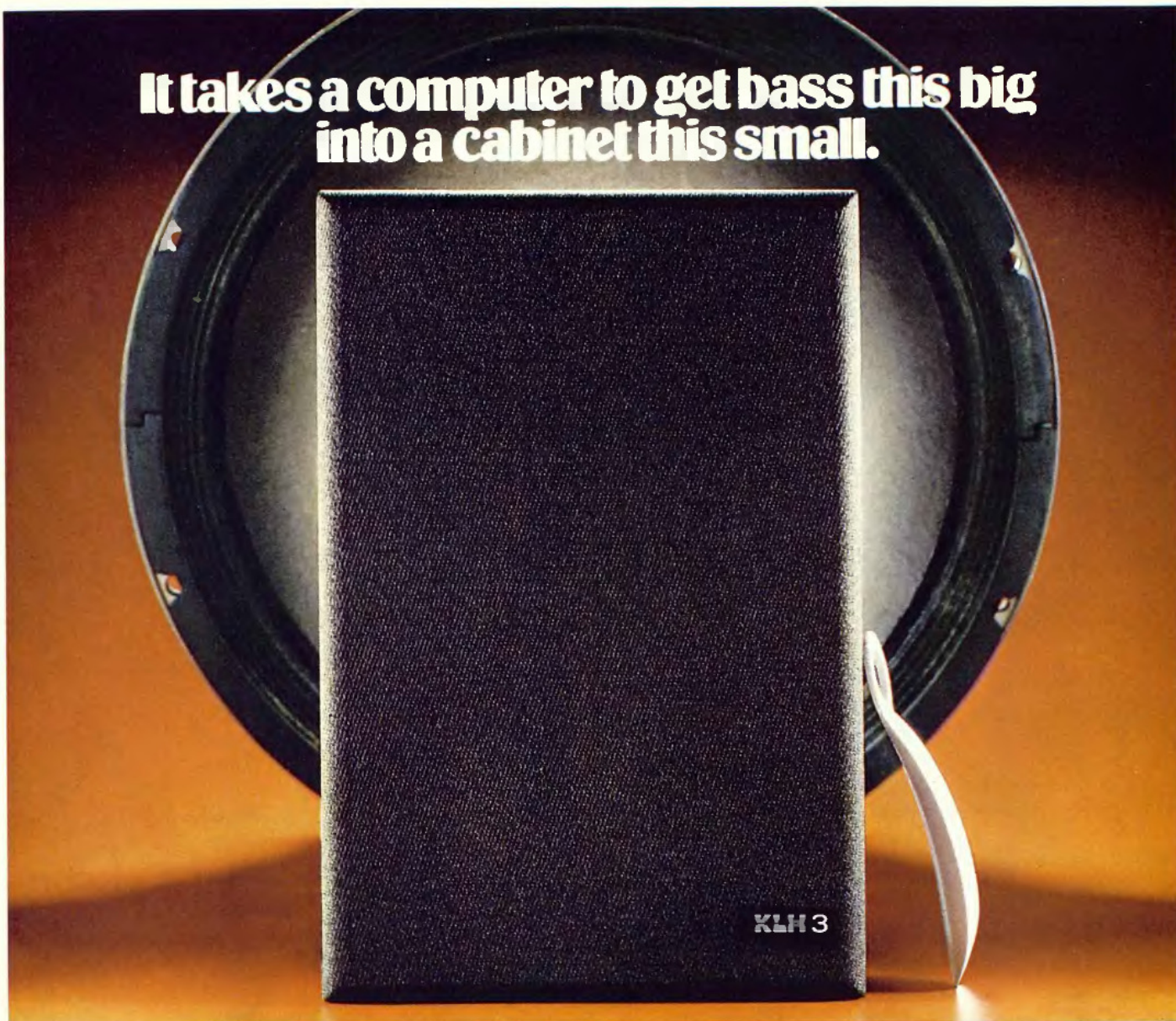
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isn't holy to these people tonight the way it is to you."

"I know that, of course."

"To them," he felt obliged to press on, "it's holy because it is land at all; after nineteen hundred years of being pushed around, the Jews have a place where they can say, OK, this is it, this is our country. I don't think it's something a Christian can understand."

"I certainly can. Henry, it saddens me that you feel you must explain all this to me. Rodney and I once went to a discussion group on Zionism. Ask me about Herzl, about the British mandate."

"I explain it only because you've surprised me with your own beliefs."

"I'll keep them to myself if they embarrass you."

"No, just don't offer to immigrate. They don't want you. Me, they wouldn't mind, but I have enough problems right now."

"I'm a problem."

"I didn't say that. My work is a problem."

"I think you'd work very well here."

"Jesus, no. It's depressing. To me, it's just a ghetto with farms. I *know* these people. I've spent my whole life trying to get away from them."

"Maybe *that's* your problem. You could write and I could join a dig, under Father Gibergue."

"What about your children?"

"Aren't there kibbutz schools?"

"For Episcopalians?"

She began to cry, out of a kind of sweet excess, as when angels weep. "I thought you'd like it that I love it here," she got out, adding, "with you."

"I *do* like it. Don't you like it that I like it in Ossining, with you?" As their words approached nonsense, some dim sense of what the words holy land might mean dawned on him. The holy land was where you accepted being. Middle age was the holy land. Marriage.

Back in their room in the Mishkenot, a calling card had been left on a brass tray. Bech looked at the Hebrew lettering and said, "I can't read this."

"I can," Bea said, and turned the card over, to the Roman lettering on the other side.

"What does it say?"

Bea palmed the card and looked saucy. "My secret," she said.

I never should have married a Christian, Bech told himself, without believing it. He was smiling at the apparition of his wife, holding a calling card shaped like a stone in Herod's wall.

Wifely, she took pity. "Actually, it's somebody from *The Jerusalem Post*. Probably wanting an interview."

"Back to earth," Bech said.

"I suppose he'll come again," Bea offered.

"Let's hope not," Bech said.



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*"And here we are all gathered around the tree, in
front of the fire—that's me on top."*

EXECUTIONER'S SONG

(continued from page 196)

"If he had to stay in prison, he wanted to die. But if he could get outside, that was another game."

wanted to be alone with him. They took a bench in a corner of the visiting room, away from the others.

Gary said he had \$50,000 and looked Ron right in the eye. His pale gray-blue eyes looked as deep as the sky on one of those odd mornings when you cannot tell by the light of dawn whether good or foul weather lies ahead. "Yes, Ron," he said, "I've got fifty thousand dollars, or, to be exact about it, access to fifty thousand dollars, and I'll give it to you. All I want is that the next time you go outside, leave me the keys to your extra clothes." Those other clothes were in a locker back in one of the little rooms. "There's so much hubbub around here," Gilmore said, "that the guards won't know. Just leave your key."

"What do you have in mind?" Ron asked. Ron couldn't believe how stupid he was acting. "Well, what, really, Gary, do you have in mind?" he asked again, and then it hit him, and he felt doubly stupid.

"Ron," said Gary, "if I can get through that double gate in your clothes, I'm out. There's nothing past there but the outside door, and that's always open. I'll just skin up the barbed wire and flip over the rolls at the top. That wire'll put a few holes in me, but it's nothing."

"Then you drop?" asked Ron.

"Yeah," said Gilmore. "Then I drop, and start running. If I get out there, I'm gone. You leave those clothes, all right?"

Now Ron realized what had been going into those arduous calisthenics Gary had done every day. He forced himself to look back into Gary's eyes, Ron would say that much for himself, and he answered, "Gary, when we started, part of our bargain was no hanky-panky." Then he made himself say, "I've grown very close to you. I'd do anything I could for you. But I'm not going to put my children and my family in jeopardy." Gary nodded. Acknowledged it all with that nod. Didn't seem discouraged so much as confirmed.

Ron was remembering that as Toni and Ida left, Gary had gone into a playful little scene where he put on Toni's hat and Ida's coat and pretended to get into the double door with them. All very funny at the time. Everybody was laughing, including the novice guard on the gate, a young kid Ron had never seen before, but all that guard would have had to do was, by mistake, open both doors at once. Gary would have been gone. Wow! It came over him. This guy

meant what he said. If he had to stay in prison, he wanted to die. But if he could get outside, that was another game.

7

Sitting on a bench, trying to keep his thoughts above the pain in his calcified knee, taking it all in with sorrow and fatigue and considerable churning at the core of his stomach, Vern was feeling pretty emotional. He knew his face was set like stone, but it was getting hard to hold up. He almost busted out once—didn't know if it was to cry or laugh—when Gary said over the phone, "Is this the real Johnny Cash?" That was as crazy as you would want.

Now Gary was going around in the hat Vern had bought for him at Albertson's food store, a Robin Hood type of archer's hat, way too big. It had been the last one left. Vern had looked at Ida and said, "He wears funny things, anyway, so I'll buy it." How could you love a guy because he wanted to wear a crazy hat?

Ah, Gary was so full of love this night. Vern had never seen him this rich. The only thing in the world he could still get mad about was the prison, and he even had a funny attitude there. "My last night," he kept saying with his grin, "so they can't punish me anymore," and Vern came near again to that feeling he was going to cry. He remembered that day so many visits ago that Gary had said, "Vern, there's no use talking about the situation. I killed those men, and they're dead. I can't bring them back, or I would."

A little later, Stanger was feeling restless. Talking of escape with Gary hadn't exactly calmed him down, so he said, "Hey, let's get some pizza," and asked Lieutenant Fagan, "Can we get cleared?" Everybody liked the idea.

Fagan volunteered a car with a man to drive them, and then Ron and Bob and the guard went out and stopped in the parking lot long enough for Stanger to slip out of the car, walk around, find Larry and tell him, "Gary wants to call you around one-thirty in the morning."

Schiller said, "OK, I'll go with you."

By now, the press wasn't on Schiller's car and elbow anymore. The cold had gotten to everybody. People stayed in their vans drinking, and Schiller was able to stroll around the perimeter and get to the police car unobserved. The

guard in the front seat said, "Who are you?"

But Schiller only replied, "I'm supposed to be going out with you," and got in, and lay down in the back. Stanger, in the meanwhile, had gotten waylaid by a reporter. It took five minutes before he and Moody could return. Then they went up the road, and the outer gate swung open and they were out of the prison grounds. Schiller got off the floor and everybody started laughing.

If they drove Larry all the way back to Orem, the prison would wonder why the car had been gone so long. It was better they head north to the near outskirts of Salt Lake. From there, Schiller called his driver to take him back to the motel to wait for Gary's call.

The Pizza Hut was the only place open, and they were the last customers, and ordered the stuff with ham, salami and pepperoni, Bob Moody thinking he'd hit everybody with the selection, and they picked up some beer in a grocery. Back at the prison, their car was searched and the beer confiscated. It made them mad, but the guard examining them was a stiff and said alcohol would not be tolerated on prison grounds. The irony was that he didn't even look at the pizza boxes. They could have hidden five pistols in there. Then they proceeded from the outer gate down the entrance road to the front of administration and the guard at the top of the tower spoke down to them like God's voice coming out of a dark cloud to say there had been a ruling against pizza. Not acceptable.

While they were still disputing that, new word came. They could walk in with the pizzas, after all. It was just that Gary wouldn't be able to have any. He had not put it on the list for his last supper.

Bob and Ron were so angry they stood out there to eat their pizza in the cold, and by the time they went in, Lieutenant Fagan was very embarrassed over the situation, very. He was a small man, with white hair, a mustache and a lean build, usually a crisp and pleasant man, but hangdog now over the way his superiors had reacted. After a while, a guard came up and said Gary could have a piece, too. Of course, Gary wouldn't go near the stuff by then. Gave a look to blister paint and said, "I hope everybody's enjoying my last meal."

After this episode, there was a feeling of humiliation all over. Last night, Gary could have requested any of a hundred dishes. The warden would have initialed the form and he could have had it tonight. Now it was too late. A couple of pharmacists, however, came to give him pills. He couldn't eat pizza, but they would feed him speed. Stanger decided

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the best word for the prison administration was "beautiful."

8

At Toni's birthday party, there were dozens of phone calls from friends, so Toni didn't have to think about Gary. All the same, she kept saying to her mother, "I want to go back up."

And Ida would reply, "Oh, hon, all those reporters know who you are now." Toni thought, All right, I'll wake myself up at five.

Her in-laws left early, and she and Howard just sat there, talking. She knew he could feel how she wanted to be with Gary again. Of course, she also didn't want to leave Howard. Besides, that press! The lights in your eyes were frightening, and you could hear reporters' nerves snapping on every question. It was the first time she had ever felt like an animal in a cage with other animals.

Howard must have been reading her thoughts, because he said, "Come on, honey, I'll get you through the reporters." So they left a note for Ida and took off. It was close to ten by the time they reached the prison and they must have used up 45 minutes getting through the gate. Security was tight by then. They were accustomed to her face, but Howard was new, and they wouldn't clear him. She had to go and talk to the warden, and that did mean pushing through the reporters outside administration by herself.

Sam Smith wouldn't let Howard in. Toni had the feeling the warden would relent if she kept pushing, but Howard didn't want to. He just kept saying, "How can you sit and talk to someone who is going to die in a few hours?"

When they opened the double gate, there were Daddy and Gary sitting together on a cot. Vern was sleepy, and Gary was uptight, but they must have been used to people going in and out, because the first gate slammed behind her and they didn't even look up when the second gate opened. She was actually in the room before Gary saw her and jumped to his feet and held her in the air. He said, "I knew you'd come back. Thank God you came back."

He whirled her around and hugged her and gave her another big kiss. Vern said, "What are you doing back here? It's a long way from morning," but he left them alone.

They sat down and started to talk, and Gary just held on to her hands. He said, "I wish we had more time together."

"I'm sorry, too," said Toni.

"Well," he said, "maybe it's for a reason. Maybe if we'd developed a relationship earlier, tonight wouldn't mean so much." Then he asked if she wanted to

see some pictures of Nicole, and got out a carton he had taped, and carefully unwrapped it, and showed Nicole as a child. "These," he added, "you don't have to look at, if you don't want to," but pulled out a couple of beautiful drawings he'd done of Nicole nude. Then a whole series of pictures taken on photo machines where you would get four shots for half a dollar. Nicole was showing her breasts. It was obvious these pictures meant a lot to Gary, and Toni thought they weren't foul. Really, kind of meaningful. All the while, Gary kept bringing up more snapshots of Nicole when she was five, and eight, and ten, saying what a beautiful child she was.

Toni said, "She's a beautiful woman now." What was all this carrying on about how she looked as a child?

"I wish," said Gary, "I could have seen her one more time." They sat there full of silence at the thought of Nicole trapped against her will in the mental hospital and of Brenda, trapped against her will in a hospital bed.

The record player was going and Gary said, "Come on, I haven't danced in years." So they got up. She had heard him sing once and he was a terrible singer, but she could see he was going to be even worse as a dancer. Yet she enjoyed it. Sitting on the floor, looking through his things, she had felt so close. Her marriage with Howard had lasted nine years. In less trouble now than ever, it was a good marriage, but Toni had never exactly felt the kind of special feeling she had now. It was like she'd known Gary for a lifetime in these couple of hours.

The music was fast. Gary put his funny hat on Toni, fluffed her hair and they danced. She did her best to follow. When they finished, Gary said, "I never really was very good, but I haven't had much chance to go to dances," and they laughed, and he told her that he had talked to Johnny Cash on the phone, but it was a bad connection. Still he had asked, "Is this the real Johnny Cash?" and right after the answer, hollered back, "Well, this is the real Gary Gilmore."

They sat down again. Gary said, "I have found something with you tonight that I knew with Brenda through all these years, and I wish I'd made things more equal between you and your sister." When Toni looked puzzled, he said, "I gave three thousand dollars for you and Howard, and five thousand to Brenda and Johnny. I'm sorry I did not make it equal. I never really knew you." She told him the money didn't mean anything.

He said, "You're so many people to me tonight. You're Nicole, and you're Brenda, and in a way, you're like my mother in the way I remember when she was young." Toni didn't know if she was

reading his mind, but she thought he was feeling a strong urge to put his arms once more around his mother.

Every now and then, a couple of guards would come in to shake hands with Gary, and he would say, "Do you want my autograph?"

"Sure, Gary," they would tell him. So he would borrow a pen and sign the pocket of their shirt or their cuffs.

When the pharmacist came back, Gary said, "Here's this old boy who takes care of me."

And the pharmacist grunted and said, "Yeah, you keep me pretty busy with all your shenanigans."

All the while, Toni was reminding herself that Howard was out there shivering in the parking lot. Finally, she told Gary, "Look, I'll bring Mother back by five."

And Gary said, "I want you here in the morning with me," and put his arms around her to give another big hug and said, "Thank you, for tonight." He held her one more time and said, "A cool, peaceful summer evening, a love-filled room. You just brightened my whole night, Toni, and filled it with love," and he cuddled her face in his hands, putting one hand on each cheek, and gave her a kiss on the forehead. "You brought my Nicole back to me tonight," he said.

Then he gave her a big hug and Toni said, "I'm going to have to go."

Gary walked her toward the gate. "I'll see you in the morning," he said. "Go home and take care of Ida." Then he added, "Tell Howard hello. It's so great that Howard came to try to see me." Toni went out letting him think that the only reason Howard had not been there was that the warden would not let him. When the first gate closed behind her, Gary held the bars to watch until they opened the other gate, and when that closed behind her, she put her coat on and left. She never got to see him again.

9

Up till then, despite the pizza, it had really been a party and everybody was feeling good, and there were no problems, except one so large it removed all sense of the others. But now, after Toni was gone, Gary started to get mad about the pizza all over again. He became very solemn, very upset. Toni remembered how Gary always said, "I don't want a last meal, because they'll play games with me." Ron knew he didn't want to talk to Gary now.

Nor did Moody. A sense of death had come into the visitors' room. It had been there before, but it gave everyone strength. Now it was as if it came creeping like smoke beneath the door. It was getting late. Things had quieted. The

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record player was not going, and Vern had gone to sleep. Dick and Evelyn Gray were snoozing. Ron went to the kitchen to talk to the guards. It was then that Gary came over to Bob.

"You wouldn't change clothes with me, would you?" he said.

And Bob answered, "No, I wouldn't."

Gary began to describe how he could get out, if Bob would just give him the clothes. The guards were paying no attention. He could walk through those twin gates as Bob Moody, be out the door of Maximum and over that barbed-wire fence faster than you could ever believe. He would just climb up the wire, then he would do a forward roll over the barbed wire at the top, pick up a hole or two in his skin, nothing, and be running, man. They would not find him. It was a somber moment. "I know," said Gary, "that I can get out of here."

"No," said Bob Moody, "I can't do it, Gary, and I won't do it."

Cline Campbell had been in and out all night, so he saw the change in mood. For the first couple of hours, you would have thought it was Christmas morning. But Campbell had to leave by 7:30 that evening to give a lecture in Salt Lake and didn't get back until close to midnight. By then, it had all changed. Earlier, a guard had been sitting at the head of a cot, Gilmore in the middle and Campbell at the foot. In the middle of talking away, Gilmore reached under the pillow and came up with a sample bottle of whiskey. "Ooops," said Campbell and looked away. "I see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. But have at it, partner, just have at it." Gilmore laughed. That was earlier.

After the speaking engagement, Campbell rushed back to the prison without stopping to eat, and discovered everybody had gone through the pizza. There was none left. He and Gilmore were the only two with empty bellies. When they were alone, Campbell said, "It looks like this time will be it."

"It's going through," said Gary. "They can't stop it now."

"You know," said Campbell, "we're to meet again. It will be the same for you and me, no matter what's on the other side." They were in Lieutenant Fagan's office and Gary was still wearing the hat with a feather that looked like it belonged to Chico Marx. "It doesn't matter," said Campbell, "whether what you feel, religiously, is right, or what I feel, either way, we're going to see each other again. In whatever form, Gary, I want you to know I think you're a good guy." It was awful, thought Campbell, the more time he spent with Gilmore, the less he was able to remind himself that Gary was a man capable of murder. In fact, by now, most of the time, Gilmore looked not at all capable of that, at least

not compared with most of the faces Cline Campbell saw every day in uniform and out.

Father Meersman said to Moody and Stanger that he had this advantage over almost everybody else, that he'd been through two other executions. He explained to them how he had succeeded in convincing the warden and his staff that it was necessary to walk through the procedure on this night, for every step ought to be taken equal to those steps which would be taken in the morning when the real execution took place, and they had done that. Some of the prison officials had agreed to a dry run and taken the steps so that it would be calm and dignified when they all participated. They had gone through the whole thing and somebody had a stop watch and timed it, and that was a normal thing to do for such an important procedure. It was important to have a run-through of the whole mechanics of the execution.

II—GILMORE'S LAST TAPE

I

About one o'clock in the morning, with everybody half asleep, Gary moved into Lieutenant Fagan's office and got a call out to Larry Schiller at the motel. Schiller, who had been waiting by the phone, seized it with all the questions of the last month in his throat. "How are you, champ?" were his first words.

"All right," said Gilmore. "What do you want to ask me? What do you want to know?"

"I'd like to go over a couple of things."

"Go ahead."

He got to the subject fast. "At this point, Gary, at one in the morning—"

"Pardon?" said Gilmore.

"At one in the morning," Larry continued, reading off a card, "do you think you still have to hide anything about your life?"

"Like what?"

"I'm not asking you to tell me what it is, you see? I'm just asking if there's the feeling that you want to hold back something."

Gilmore sighed. "Do you have anything specific?" he asked.

"Well, let's say," said Schiller, "did you ever kill anybody besides Jensen and Bushnell?"

Maybe it was more of his romanticism, but he had the idea that if a man was about to die, he would be ready to reveal himself, and Schiller really wanted to know if Gilmore had ever killed anyone before.

"Did you?" repeated Schiller.

"No," said Gilmore.

"No," repeated Schiller. One more frustration. There was a silence. No way to continue. He had to try another line of inquiry.

"Is there anything about your relationship with your mother or father," he asked, "that is so personal to you, that even at the moment of death you'd rather not talk about?" What kind of relationship could a mother have, he was thinking, that she would not come to see her son? Even if she had to arrive by stretcher! Schiller couldn't comprehend it. There had to be some buried animosity—something Gary had done to her, or she to him. If he could only get a clue to that. But nobody got to Bessie Gilmore. Dave Johnston had gone up to Portland on his own for the *L.A. Times* and couldn't speak to her. When Dave Johnston failed, you had a woman not ready to talk.

"Goddamn it," said Gilmore over the phone, "I'm getting pissed off at that kind of question. I don't give a damn what anybody else has said. I've told you the fucking truth. Man, my mother's a hell of a woman. She has suffered with rheumatoid arthritis for about four years and she's never bitched about it at all. Now, does that tell you anything?"

"That tells me a fucking lot, right now," said Schiller hoarsely.

"My dad got thrown a lot in jail, when we was kids," said Gilmore. "He was a rounder. My mother would say, 'Well, he walked out,' and she let it go at that. She did the very goddamned best she could, and, man, she was always there, we always had something to eat, we always had somebody to tuck us in."

"OK," said Schiller, "I believe you."

"What about *your* mother?" asked Gilmore.

"My mother," said Schiller, "was a rough, hard woman. She worked every day. She used to put me in the movies with my brother. We'd watch movies every day while she scrubbed floors for my dad." Much of human motivation, he had decided for himself in later years, came from the idea of behavior that movie plots laid into your head. When you could make remarks that brought back those movie plots, people acted on them. So the story he told Gilmore was something of a film scene. In actuality, his family had been in financial straits for only a few years, and in that period, his mother had to scrub floors at times, but the idea of a life spent on one's knees certainly mollified Gilmore.

"My mother," said Gary, "worked in a hash house as a buswoman. She didn't have any money, and she was trying to hold on to a beautiful house that we had with a nice swing-around driveway where you drive up and it makes a circle. She wanted that. She wanted some things. She lost it. When she did, she moved into a trailer. She never bitched about it."

"You really love her, man, don't you?" said Schiller.

"Goddamn it, yes," said Gary. "I don't want to hear any fucking bullshit that



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she was mean to me. She never hit me."

At that moment, there was an interruption on the phone. "Hello," said a voice.

"Hello," said Gary.

"Is this Mr. Fagan?" said the voice.

"Who's this?" asked Gary.

"This is the warden."

"This is Mr. Gilmore," said Gary modestly. "I'm making a phone call that Mr. Fagan approved."

"OK, thank you," said Sam Smith, "pardon me," and he hung up. There was something in the warden's voice that sounded like he was just about holding on to himself. It gave Schiller the feeling he had better hurry.

Schiller took his last crack at the question he could not get Gilmore to respond to. "I believe you had rough breaks," said Schiller. "You got into trouble, and had a temper and were impatient, but you weren't a killer. Something happened. Something turned you into a man who could kill Jensen and Bushnell, some feeling, or emotion, or event."

"I was always capable of murder," said Gilmore. "There's a side of me that I don't like. I can become totally devoid of feelings for others, unemotional. I know I'm doing something grossly fucking wrong. I can still go ahead and do it."

It wasn't exactly the answer Schiller was hoping to hear. He wanted an episode. "I still," he said, "don't understand what goes on in a person's mind who decides to kill."

"Hey, look," said Gilmore, "listen. One time I was driving down the street in Portland. I was just fucking around, about half high, and I seen two guys walk out of a bar. I was just a youngster, man, nineteen, twenty, something like that, and one of these dudes is a young *chicano* about my age and the other's about forty, an older dude. So I said, 'Hey, you guys want to see some girls? Get in.' And they got in the back. I had a Forty-nine Chevrolet, two-door, you know, fastback? And they got in. And I drove out to Clackamas County, a very dark . . . now, I'm telling you the truth, I ain't making this up, I'm not dramatizing, I'm going to be blasted out of my fucking boots, and I swear to Jesus Christ on everything that's holy that I'm telling you the truth ver-fucking-batim. This is a strange story."

"OK."

"They got back there," said Gary, "and I got to telling them about these broads. I was just embroidering how they had big tits and liked to fuck and had a party going and how I left the party to get some guys to bring out there because they were short on dudes, and these two were about half drunk, and I drove 'em down this pitch-black fucking road, it had gravel on it, you know, not a rough road, black, smooth, flat, chipped fucking con-

crete, that's how I remember it, and I reached down under the seat—I always kept a baseball bat or a pipe, you know—and I reached down under the seat . . . just a minute."

He heard Gary say, "Jesus fucking Christ."

Schiller could feel a shift in the silence.

"Lieutenant Fagan just told me that Judge Ritter issued a stay," said Gary. "Son of a bitch. Goddamn foul mother-fucker."

"OK," said Schiller, "let's just hold this shit together. You can hold it. You've held it together before, man." Now he wanted to hear the story.

Instead, he had to listen to Gary talking to Fagan. "Ritter definitely issued a stay," Gary said to Larry finally. "Says it's illegal to use taxpayers' money to shoot me."

"Yeah," said Schiller softly. There was a long pause and then he declared, "You couldn't define what the roughest torture is. What Ritter just did, is."

"Yeah," said Gilmore, "Ritter's a bumbling, fumbling fool. Yeah, yeah," he said, "yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Foul cocksuckers. A taxpayers' suit. I'll pay for it myself. I'll buy the bullets, rifles, pay the riflemen. Jesus fucking goddamned Christ, man, I want it to be over." He sounded like he was close to crying.

"You have a right for it to be over," said Schiller, "an inalienable right."

"Get ahold of Hansen," said Gilmore.

"Get on the fucking phones, girls," shouted Schiller to Lucinda and Debbie, his secretaries. "Get an attorney in Salt Lake City named Hansen."

Gilmore said, "He's the fucking attorney general of the state of Utah."

"Attorney general of the state of Utah, OK?" Schiller repeated to the girls.

"Tell him to go to the next highest judge and get Ritter's bullshit thrown out."

Maybe, Schiller thought, I've seen too many movies myself. He could hear his voice exhorting Gary to live. It was the kind of pep talk he had heard in many a flick.

"Gary," Schiller was saying, "maybe you're not meant to die. Maybe there's something so phenomenal, so deep, in the depths of your story, that maybe you're not meant to die right now. Maybe there are things left to do. We may not know what they are. Maybe by not dying you may be doing a hell of a lot for the whole fucking world. Maybe the suffering that you're doing now is the way you're giving back those two lives. Maybe you're laying a foundation for the way society and our civilization should proceed in the future. Maybe the punishment you're going through now is

a greater punishment than death, and maybe a lot of fucking good's gonna come from it." Abruptly, he realized he was affecting himself a good deal more than he was moving Gilmore. Oh, am I going to sound like a schmuck in the transcript, thought Schiller, and aloud he said, "You're not listening to me, are you?"

"What?" said Gary. "Yeah," he said, "I'm listening."

"Let's look at the other side of it," said Schiller. "Let's get through the next hour together. You know they're making you suffer like nobody's suffered."

Gary's voice sounded like it was close to snapping. "Do me a favor," he said. "I got to get off this fucking phone. Because Mr. Fagan wants to use it. Get ahold of your girls."

"Right."

"Give 'em each a kiss for me. Tell 'em to get ahold of Mr. Hansen. Find out what the fuck can be done to overcome that guy immediately. That fool Ritter. He'll do any given thing on any fucking given day. And call me back."

"You gotta call me," said Schiller. "I can't call you."

"I'll call you back in a half hour."

"In one half hour. Keep your shit together."

"Yeah."

"It's shit," said Larry, "but keep it together."

"Jesus Christ," Gary replied. "Shit. Piss. Gawd!"

2

In the visiting room, Stanger heard a great groan come up from the inmates in Maximum Security. It rolled down the long corridor that went from cell row to cell row. Stanger had completely forgotten there were all those men back in Maximum listening to the radio on their earphones. All of a sudden, you could hear the sound. He couldn't tell if they were clapping or cheering, or moaning. Some deep confused sound, like earth shifting. He could hear "There's a stay!" being yelled through the cell rows, and he turned on the television. At that moment, Gary came back from making a phone call and almost charged into the set. Stanger thought he was going to put his fist through it.

Cline Campbell had seen Gary get angry once or twice before. He took on wrath in a different way than most people. Gilmore's anger, Campbell had long ago decided, came from very far inside. Other men might slam a wall or grab a book and throw it down, but Gilmore would only grit his teeth and give a low growl. Then he would hold his hands and press them together as if to crush the anger. This night, when the news came through about Ritter, it looked like Gary was going to break

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his hands. Campbell had never seen him as angry as this.

Bob Moody had what he considered an inappropriate leap of the heart. There could have been nothing more impermissible for him to say to his client at the moment than, "Wait a second, excuse me, Gary, they don't have to kill!" But then Bob saw the look on his face. Gary had prepared himself to receive the sentence. By what method, Moody did not know, whether by whipping his will into line or pulling off his fears, like leaves. No matter how he had done it, the judge had just consigned him to hell. Something began to collapse in Gary. He was more sullen, more threatening, and he had less stature. Went around saying, "I'll hang myself before eight in the morning. I'll be dead. Those shoelaces will be used." Moody had heard of the shoelaces. Stanger told him of an occasion when he and Gary had been alone in Fagan's office for 20 seconds. Fagan had had to go out for a moment. Call it less than 20 seconds, ten seconds. In that time, Gary stole a pair of shoelaces out of Fagan's desk drawer. They kept him under such guard it was not easy to steal anything nor keep it, but he had held the shoelaces these last two weeks. Now he was talking of using them.

Moody and Stanger couldn't take it anymore. They went out of Maximum Detention and over to the parking lot, where they mingled with the press. Suddenly, a roar went up. A lot of TV lights started to shine on a particular car that was leaving the prison grounds. Just then, Stanger and Moody heard from a reporter that Judge Ritter had driven up to the prison with a Federal marshal to make certain the stay would be delivered in person to the warden. It seemed Ritter, large and old as he was, had gotten down on the floor of the car when it passed the parking lot, in order not to be visible to the press. That was typical of the judge. Deliver the paper himself. Probably expected the writ to slip between the floor boards if he didn't.

Now that he had just driven out of the gate, Moody and Stanger could hear the press grumbling. Furious to have been cheated of the interview of the night. Yet they were roaring at the possibilities for headlines. "RITTER DELIVERS THE WRIT," said one. "WRIT RIDES WITH RITTER," came back another. There was a funny bad taste in the back of everyone's mouth. They had been waking up in the cold to start the motors of their vans, then drinking some more and falling asleep again. The stay of execution, if it held, would make this add up to one long night of pointless suffering for all.

Back in the visitors' room, Moody could see that the prison officials, in effect, had decided, OK, Gary, no more

speed. You couldn't give it out to a man who was an ordinary resident on death row again. He might be around for 30 more days. So there was Gary full of anger and speed, obliged to start coming down from his high.

After a while, he went off by himself. Father Meersman had brought a recorder, and Gary had been planning all night to make a tape for Nicole to be given to her after his execution. Stanger couldn't imagine what would be on it but didn't have long to wonder. Not a half hour later, Gary sat down close to Ron and said, "I'll let you listen to it."

3

"Baby, I love you," the tape began. "You're a part of me, and a long time ago, we made in the month of May, vows to each other, to teachers, masters and loved ones of Nicole and Gary, because we've known each other for so long."

"This may be awfully personal," Stanger said to him.

"Just listen to it," said Gary.

He told Stanger, "You know, Nicole and I talked about more personal things together than you could think of. I've discussed every personal thought I've ever had with her." He nodded. "I'd like you to have an idea of what it's like when we speak to one another."

So Stanger started listening. But the tape really got personal and sexy. About the time Gary started to talk about kissing her private parts, it entered the area of the very personal and very crude. Stanger began to protest again. "Gary, you know, it is very personal."

"Well, what do you think?" Gary said.

Stanger said, "I think, Gary, it's very, very personal."

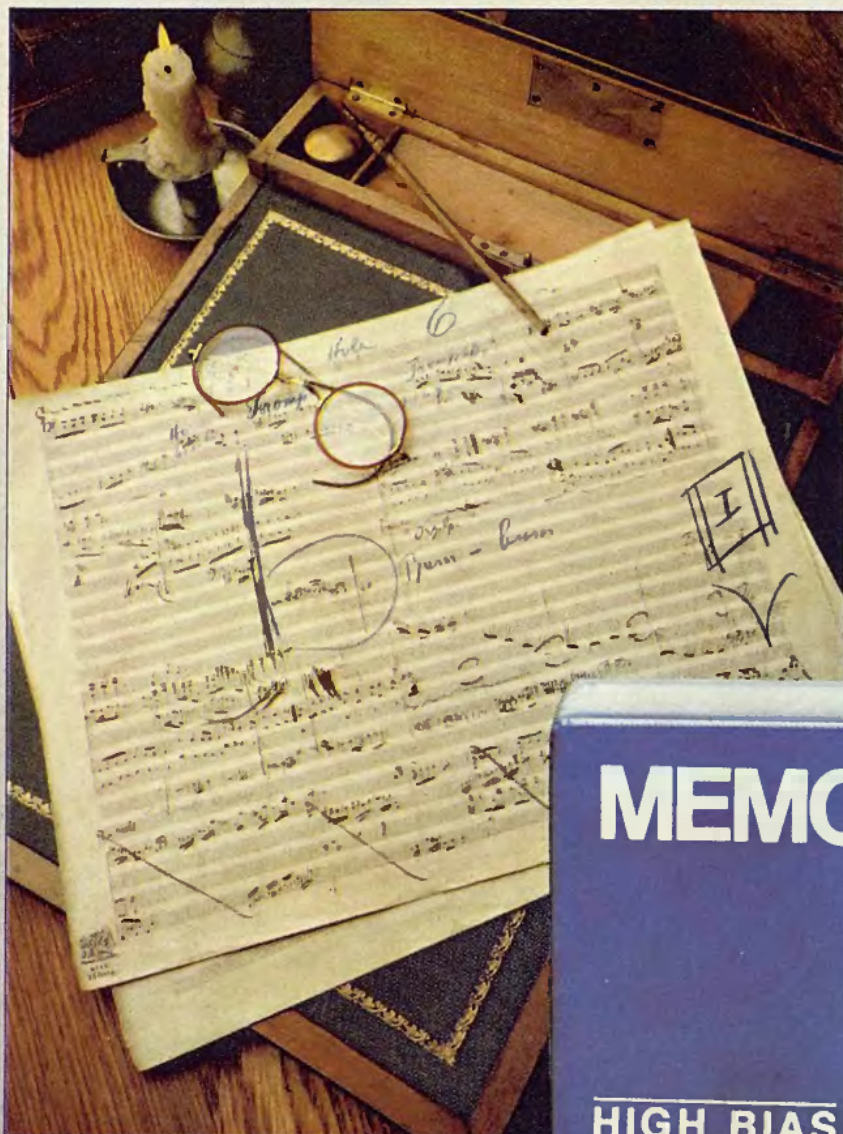
The voice in this recording was unlike anything Ron had heard coming out of Gary before, a funny voice, fancy and phony and slurred. Every now and then, it would be highly enunciated. It was as if each of his personalities took a turn, and Ron thought it was like an actor putting on one mask, taking it off, putting on another for a new voice. Sometimes Gary would sound pompous, sometimes weak and close to crying. All in all, Stanger wished he did not have to listen. Whenever Gary walked away, Ron kept turning the FAST FORWARD so he would not have to hear it all. Yet it surprised him. The speech was more eloquent than you'd expect. Stanger did not know if he could ever address anyone he loved in such words.

"In the early morning when your mind is clear, that's the best time to know, but you're in a place like I am, you don't want to be part of ringing bells and hollering get up, get up, or we'll come in and take your bedding. I have to listen to the clanging and banging of

steel and concrete and bullshit and I wake up and I can't, you know, think pure thoughts, these need quiet and relaxation. Hey, elf, I love you," he said, "I want to suck your little cunt. God-fucking-damn, I was ready to die. Ohhh, the fuckers. Just remember that I love you, and like any foolish man, my head stays sort of funky and all the girls write to me, girls from Honolulu wrote to me, they're fourteen, their names are Stacy and Rory and they was just talking about fucking, smoking dope, but you know they come from good families, and one of 'em wrote, Man, tell me about Nicole. I want to know about her, and I told her, Man, she's the most beautiful, sexy girl in the world and I kept her naked most of the time, 'cause she's such an elf, and a cute little elf, the elf, the elf, my elf." His voice trailed off, and then he seemed to collect himself and told Nicole, "She wrote back and she says, Well, I got red hair and freckles, too. It was just before Christmas and I sent 'em each one hundred dollars, a Christmas gift from Gary and Nicole, they didn't ask for it, they weren't looking for nothing—it's just I like to do things like that," and he stammered a little and said, "I sent 'em each a Gary Gilmore T-shirt, and I asked 'em to wear it, or whatever, I told 'em they could wear it with nothing on underneath. A lot of girls write to me and they say different things, and love, they don't know me, if they knew me, they wouldn't love me. They're in love with the motherfucker that's got his name in the paper every day. You know, I flirt with them a little bit, but I always tell them, Ah, look, I got a girl, I didn't mean to fucking mislead your ass, but I got the most terrific girl in the world, she's part of me, nobody but you, Nicole, never, ever, ever. . . . I love you with all that I am, I give you my heart and my soul." He sighed. "I read things in the paper . . . they say this evil son of a bitch with his hypnotic, charismatic, fucking personality talked this girl into suicide . . . whew, whew . . . I'm not going to tell you what to think. Like you said, you're on that fucking psycho ward, you're watched by the hospital posse. When we tried our suicide, I took sixty fucking phenobarbital. I laid there for twelve hours. I have this pretty strong body, you know, I haven't ruined it with too much drink and smoking, 'cause I've been in this ol' prison so long. If they do stay my execution, I'm going to hang myself, fuck 'em in their goddamn rosy red asses." He took a breath and began to sing. He had one of the worst singing voices Stanger had ever heard, never on pitch, and Gary had no idea when he was off. When he thought to croon, he groaned. The groans strangled. When he came near a note, he was sour. Still, he began to sing *Rock of Ages*. "While I draw this fleeting breath, when my eyelids close in bed . . .

(continued on page 382)

WHICH HIGH BIAS TAPE WINS WITH MAHLER'S FOURTH SYMPHONY?



Original manuscript sketch for the first movement of Gustav Mahler's Fourth Symphony. Courtesy of The Newberry Library, Chicago.

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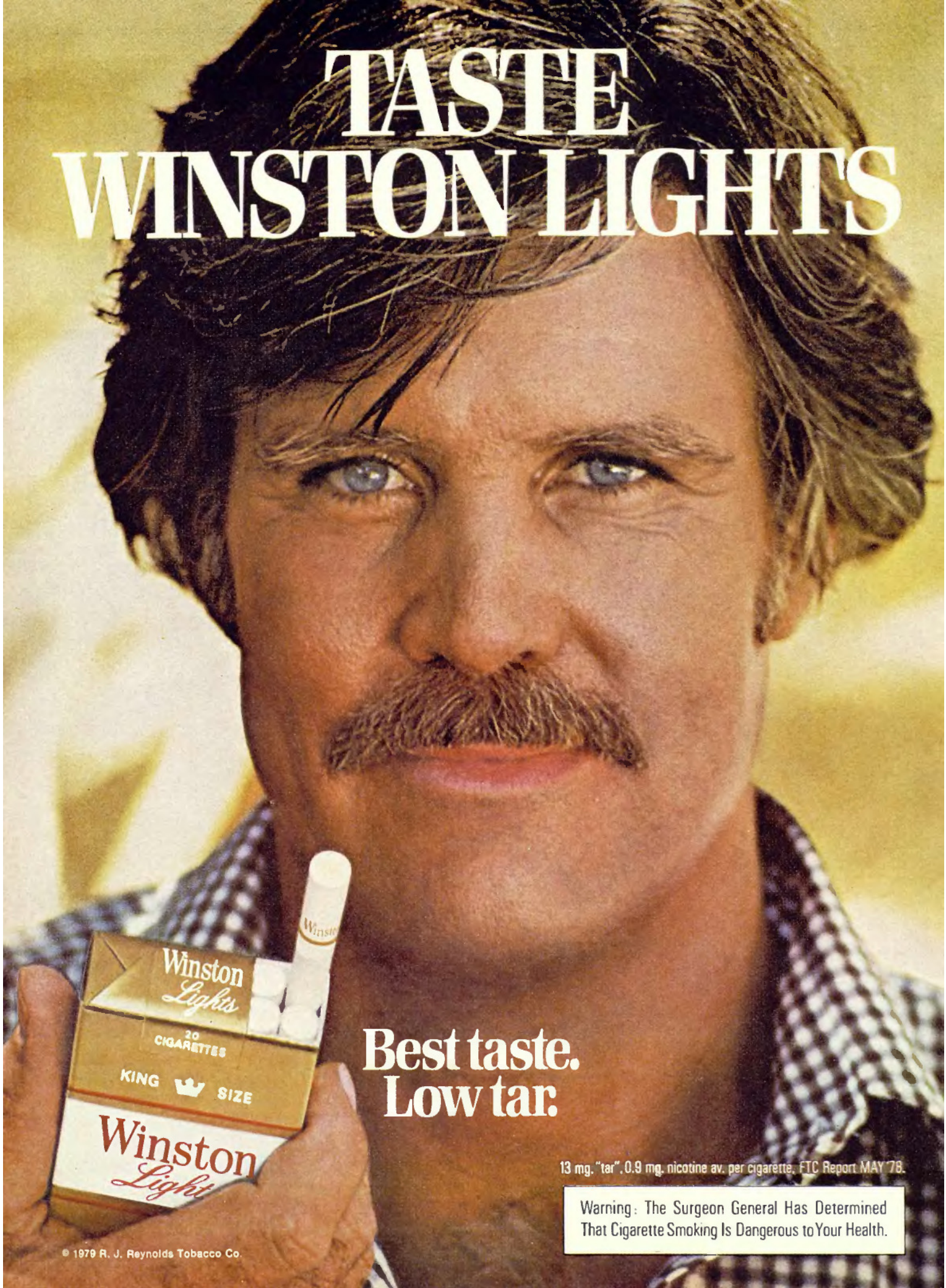
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PLAYBOY'S NEW AGE PRIMER

useful information—from the interconnecting worlds of technology, parapsychology and social science—to help you enjoy the future

WE ARE ENTERING an age in which the line between science and fantasy seems to be fading rapidly. Over the past 20 years, reports from the international scientific community have transformed what once seemed myths—communication of mind to mind, the continuity of consciousness after death, interstellar communication, the likelihood that there is a Loch Ness monster—into real possibilities. These are weird and wonderful things, and they all add up to one big message: We can't say we've reached the bottom line on any theory of how the universe works.

So rather than get caught with your cosmic pants down while everyone around you is more confused than ever, we'd like you to check this



space each month for reports from the fringes of human speculation and knowledge. We aim to amuse and entertain you with helpful information on 1001 strange and arcane subjects, ranging from instructions on how to travel in your astral body to tips on how to get the most out of the air you breathe. If there's a new age coming, we want you to be prepared. If there isn't, you can still be the life of the party. Blast off.

SPACE WATCH

(This section is devoted to bringing you interesting useful, useless, relevant

and irrelevant information on such big questions as these: Are they out there? Are they watching us? Do they visit us? If one meets one, what does one say? Are there credit cards where they're from?)

How to Recognize an Alien (Even if He's Wearing a Three-Piece Suit)

We've all seen and read various fanciful descriptions of beings from other planets, but Leonard Stringfield, UFO investigator and author (*Situation Red, The UFO Siege*), has compiled descriptions from people who've reported having either seen extraterrestrials or been abducted by them, and he's put together a composite of your basic UFO habitué. We suggest you cut it out and keep it in your wallet, just in case your car mysteriously stops in the middle of the desert on a warm summer night.

Appearance: Humanoid. Bipedal, with head, torso, arms and hands.

Height: Three and one half to four and one half feet.

Head: Relatively large for body size. Pear-shaped.

Eyes: Deep-set, slightly slanted, imparting Mongoloid appearance.

Ears: External ears lacking, but openings to inner ears are present.

Nose: Vague, only slight protuberance.

Mouth: Small slit. Appears nonfunctional for either communication or food ingestion.

Neck: Thin.

Hair: None to slight fuzz on scalp. Body hairless.

Torso: Small and thin. No navel.

Arms: Thin and long, extending to knees.

Hands: Thumbless. Four fingers, two longer than the others. Webbing between fingers described by three observers.

Skin: Generally grayish. Tough texture.

Blood: Liquid present but no cellular constituents.

Gastrointestinal system: No alimentary canal. Anus absent. No food or water intake known and none ever seen aboard spacecraft.

Genitalia: Absent. No reproductive organs identified.

Should you happen to meet anyone, no matter how well groomed, who fits the above description, call us, so that we can set up a *Playboy Interview*.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN DEPARTMENT

(This section is dedicated to all the witch doctors, alchemists, sages and old wives whose advice on a wide range of

subjects has at first been dismissed by the scientific community, only subsequently to be proved meritorious.)

Go Sit in a Cave

In ancient textbooks on yoga, that venerable mystic discipline of the East, it's suggested that a student wishing to perfect his body and mind through breathing exercises should practice near a waterfall, in a cave or (best of all) in a cave under a waterfall. While it's obvious that pure air is better than polluted air, the proposition that there's more energy in one kind of pure air than in another would, to many people, seem specious,



if not superstitious. But science over the past 20 years has proved that some air *does* give us more energy than other air. It's called negatively ionized air.

A quick crammer on ions: An ion is any atom or molecule that has gained or lost an electron (a teeny-weeny charge of energy, for those who slept through eighth-grade science).

A negative air ion is an oxygen atom or molecule that has *gained* an electron and a positive air ion is usually a carbon-dioxide molecule that has *lost* an electron.

Nature produces both positive and negative ions in abundance, but when it comes to feeling good, it's the negative ions that are important.

In a recent Russian study by D. A. Lapitsky and A. L. Tchijewski, lab animals were placed in a chamber with no negative ions; most died within several weeks. Next, Lapitsky's researchers put animals in a chamber with no simple oxygen but added only negative ions. The animals stayed healthy and active for several weeks. The researchers concluded that negative ions regulate our ability to use oxygen, and Tchijewski reported: "An organism receiving the cleanest type of air for breathing is condemned to serious illness if the air does

not contain a small quantity of [negative] air ions."

How are negative ions produced? Well, the best generator is lightning, followed by ocean surf and waterfalls. Negative ions are also abundant in mountains and forests (all plants give off some ions). You'll notice that the highest negative-ion concentrations are in natural environments and if you suspect that the air in your air-conditioned office isn't so good, you're right. That's because of one or more of the following factors:

1. The surrounding grounded steel structure draws off any negative ions.
2. Central heating or air conditioning actually strips the air of negative ions.
3. Synthetics used in carpets, draperies and upholstery carry a high positive charge and absorb negative ions.

Our modern office, then, will often have a negative-ion count below 100 ions per cubic centimeter. Now let's categorize the effects of various ion counts in the air you breathe.

IONS PER C.C.	EFFECTS
0-100	Dead air; oppressive; difficulty of concentration; viruses and germs can flourish; depressing.
100-500	Barely acceptable; counter-productive when working for any length of time.
500-1000	Normal air found indoors where pollution is low and the building has open windows, few synthetics.
1000-5000	Generally the range found for "country-fresh air." The minimum level one <i>should</i> sleep, work and live in.
5000-50,000	Exceptionally fresh, clean and invigorating air.
50,000	Pure air; very stimulating and relaxing; germs cannot live in this air.

Next, here's a table of ion conditions.

PLACE OR CONDITION	(-)IONS PER C.C.
Hermetically sealed steel-structure office building with central a/c and heating	0-250
Inside an airplane	20-250
Smoky indoor air	0-250
Normal indoor air	250-500
Urban air in average industrial city	250-750
Country air	1000-2000
Mountain air	1000-5000
Ocean-surf air	2500-10,000
Inside caves	5000-20,000
Waterfalls	25,000-100,000

So the old sages were right about where to find "energizing" air. We score it Sages 1, Science 1/2 (for being 2000 years late with the information).

NEVER-ENDING PLEASURE DEPARTMENT

(This section is reverently dedicated to the first laboratory rat that died from starvation because it couldn't stop pressing the little button that released electrical charges into the pleasure centers of its brain.)

The Serpent Strikes Again

The Orient has long been known as the home of mysterious secrets of passion and love. One of the most delightful is called "The serpent strikes again." This

tip of your thumb, index finger or a knuckle in one hollow and relax buttocks. Now deeply goad that area until you feel a twinge of sensitivity—something like a toothache or pinched nerve—then massage in a deep, rolling manner for several minutes. Better: Let your *partner* give the massage, as they do in the Orient.

The massage should be done on both sides of the buttocks (unless you discover that one side is more effective than the other). The feeling should lie between sensuous and uncomfortable, as a tender muscle might feel if it were massaged. Almost immediately, you'll feel a sense



is an acupressure (pressure-point massage) technique—a kind of acupuncture without needles—that can be used by a man in good health to reawaken his "serpent of love," almost upon command. The effects of this technique are so—um—arousing that there are reports of new erections occurring within minutes of love's cobra's having struck its first nocturnal bite.

The special acupressure trigger point is located in the hollow on the outside of each cheek of the buttocks. To use it, first locate—then deeply massage—the tiny but pressure-sensitive spot. Begin by clenching your buttocks together until the hollows sink in noticeably. Put the

of relaxation in your lower abdomen, and a sensation like tension flowing out of your body (often leaving from the frontal part of your thighs). That is how you know you've found the right point. Shortly after that, you may notice the stirrings of an old, familiar feeling.

CONTRIBUTORS

David L. Dobbs for "How to Recognize an Alien (Even if He's Wearing a Three-Piece Suit)"; Josh Reynolds and the Ion Foundation for "Go Sit in a Cave"; Michael Blate and the G-Jo Institute for "The Serpent Strikes Again."

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EXECUTIONER'S SONG

(continued from page 376)

"Gary looked up at her and said, 'All I ever wanted was a little love.'"

when I soar to worlds unknown, see Thee on my judgment time, rock of ages, let me hide myself in Thee." He stopped singing. "Oh, man, I told you I talked to Johnny Cash, goddamn." Gilmore laughed. "Johnny Cash knows I'm alive, he knows you're alive, he likes us. . . . Oh, Nicole. . . . I'm not a Charlie Manson type, I'm not swaying you to do this. . . . if you want to go on living and raise your children, you're a famous girl, you've got a lot of money and I want to see you get a lot more, too, go ahead, baby, but don't let nobody fuck you." Now he whispered, "Don't let nobody have you. Baby, don't, you're mine. Discipline, restraint—maybe a girl, I don't know, shit. . . . I was supposed to be executed at seven forty-nine. . . . I got this hymnal in front of me, you're pretty, sexy and you got something about you, baby, that just sticks right out. Well, I know them guys got designs, they're designing motherfuckers, take advantage of opportunities. They see you, see how pretty you are, think I'm going to be dead, they want your money, they want you, there's something about you that anybody would want, I hope, God, I hope, oh, my God, I just fucking hope. . . . man, I want you, baby." He started to cry right there. "Oh, fuck," he whispered, "I feel so bad right now. I thought I was going to be dead in a few hours. . . . free to join you. . . . I don't care if you want to go on living. . . . you got children, I'm not telling you. . . . to come out and commit suicide. I have such a hard thing to do. . . ." Now he whispered, "I just don't want anybody to fuck you, I want you to be mine, only, only. . . . only mine. Oh, baby, I want to be fucking free of this planet. . . . I gave all my money away, a hundred thousand dollars. . . . I didn't want to tell you about that. I didn't want to seem like I was bragging, you got more money than I do, I just want to be honest with you. I thought they were going to kill me, the chickenshit sorry cocksuckers. . . . fucking sleazy motherfuckers. . . ." The words wore down. He was droning into the tape recorder, "Nicole, I don't know what's happening. Maybe we're supposed to live a little longer, listen, I took everything you gave me. . . . twenty-five Secondals, ten Dalmane at midnight. I don't have to, but I know so many hymns. It's a Catholic hymnal. . . . the priest come out last night and said a Mass, God, nothing more boring than Mass. . . . Nicole. . . . you're mine, God, I feel such power in our love. . . . baby, I asked you to love me with all that you are. I miss you so fucking bad, I want only you, and I

swear to God, I'll have you. I ain't going to the planet Uranus. I don't care what I have to go through, the demons I have to fight, no matter whatever I have to overcome, I'm going to make myself plain to you. I don't give a shit what I have to do, torture, suffer, how many lives, you can know if I love you tenderly and softly, wildly and rowdy, naked, wrapped around me. . . ."

4

Vern had been watching Gary carefully. After everybody else began to sleep, Gary turned on the radio so loud it was practically offensive. Then he lay down and pretended to sleep himself, but it was obvious he couldn't. A little while later, he got up, shut the radio off, milled around, glowered, looked like he might throw a punch at the wall, then tried once more to sleep.

Evelyn Gray, who was a nice lady, a slender, middle-aged lady with eyeglasses and short curled red hair like she went to the beauty parlor regularly, went up to Gary now and tried to console him. "Gary," she said, "is there anything I can possibly do for you?"

Gary looked up at her and said, "All I ever wanted was a little love."

Evelyn Gray came away so touched, she had moved over into tears.

"There you go," said Vern to himself. "All I ever wanted was a little love."

Earlier in the evening, the guards had carried in Gary's belongings. Those filled several cartons, and a number of plastic bags contained his mail. Now, after trying to rest for a little while, he got up and said to Vern, "I want to show you some stuff."

They sat there, side by side, while Gary went through trinkets and foreign coins. Then he asked Vern to help him in taping up a package for Nicole. They started to pick out letters and special items. When done, Gary rearranged the cartons. He looked up at one point and said, "Vern, if they don't do it, I'm committing suicide." Said it so quietly and evenly that Vern finally decided it would be that day and Gary wasn't going to wait too long after the hour was passed.

One way or another, Vern put it to himself, dead before noon.

They went through the papers a last time, and Gary took off the Robin Hood hat that Vern had bought him and put it in the box for Nicole. Then he taped her carton. "I want you to swear that this will all go to her," said Gary.

And Vern said, "You know I'll do what you want."

III—SUNRISE

1

Toni had gotten home from the prison early enough to have a little time with Howard before he had to be up at 4:30 to start for southern Utah and Monday morning's work. Under these circumstances, however, they hardly had any sleep before they were out of bed again.

Then back at the prison this third visit, they told her it was too late to see Gary again. His visitors would soon be leaving, so they couldn't take her in. That was ridiculous. They kept her waiting a long time in Minimum Security before Dick Gray was brought in and said, "Toni, don't try to get back. Remember him like you did last night."

She shook her head. "I got to say goodbye."

"No," Dick Gray told her, "that could just make it harder for Gary to go to his execution. If you break down, maybe he would, too." At that moment, Toni had the feeling Gary was real scared and didn't want to die.

When Schiller got to the gate at 5:45, the guards couldn't believe it. "I never went in last night," Schiller said.

"Oh," they said, "yes, you did."

"Well," Schiller agreed, "yeah, I went in at five-thirty, but I came out five minutes before six." That was his answer. They shrugged. They knew he was lying, but what could they do? An officer came to guide him to the holding area. Schiller parked his car and they began to walk all the way down to Minimum Security in the ice-cold night with the sun just starting to stir somewhere beyond the ridge. It was dark still, but the sky was turning light way to the east.

In these mountains, it might be only half an hour to the dawn, but two hours to the rise of the sun, and Schiller kept walking. The guard was really nice. He seemed to sense that Schiller hadn't slept for a long time and said, "If you want to stop and rest, you can."

Schiller didn't know whether or not they were all getting near some kind of release, but this guard had a nice personality. "You want some coffee?" he asked. Just a guard walking him down, but Schiller was feeling a calm and a serenity he had never experienced in a prison before. It was five minutes to six, and when he turned around, the sky had come up another shade of blue from dark to light. There was a clear light on the eastern horizon and the buildings of the prison around him began to feel like a monastery.

They led him to the visitors' room in Minimum Security, where he was one of the first to enter. As he sat and thought



AS ORIGINAL AS
THE MAN WHO
WEARS
IT.

of the notes he was going to have to take on the execution, he reached inside his pocket to get his pad, but all he had with him was his checkbook. He would have to take notes on the backs of checks. At that recognition, his bowels flared up like a calf bawling. Of all the fat-ass things to do. There were tears in his eyes from the effort of holding his gut through the spasm. If a reporter ever saw him now with checks in hand after all their anger at the way he had bought the rights to Gilmore's life!

There was a bathroom near the visitors' room, and his condition had him going back and forth every five minutes. In addition, he had a near to overwhelming desire to urinate, but nothing was coming out. Nothing. All his insides were fucked up. He had never felt like this in his life. Everything was going crazy.

2

About ten of seven, some guards came into the visiting room at Maximum Detention and told everybody they would

have to say goodbye to Gary. The warden had sent word to proceed as though the execution was on. So they began to get him ready. Of course, until word came from Denver, nobody would know for sure. It was a funny leave-taking, therefore. Kind of scattered. Evelyn and Dick Gray had already left, and now Ron and Vern went out through the double gate and into a waiting car. Cline Campbell and Bob Moody remained while Gary shook hands with his regular guards. Even put his arm around one. "You've been great, you know," he said, and to another, he grinned and stated, "You're sort of a black bastard, but I like you, anyway." The black guard took it with good humor. Here were these tough, rough young fellows and they were almost crying. Then this other damned gang of officers had to come in. They stood there with shackles in their hands, dressed in maroon jackets, real big fellows, and Gilmore turned to them and said, "OK, start."

He was calm. He put out his hands

and Campbell left to go to the waiting car. After Cline passed through the gates, however, he turned around and could see a scuffle going on. Over the leg shackles.

Moody saw it clearly. "Look," said Gary to the guards, "I'll walk out. You don't really need those things."

The guards were saying, "This is prison procedure. We're following orders." It was a mistake. Gary was all the way down from the speed by now. Just about crashing. It was the wrong time to push.

Before it was over, it looked like a gang rape. It was like he had to have one final fight to show the guards he was not going to take it ever again. Moody wanted to cry out, "Couldn't you just come in and say, 'OK, Gary, it's time,' and see if he'll walk out like a man? If he doesn't, then go to the shackles. Dumb dumb gorillas."

They kept grabbing hold of Gary, and Gary kept saying, "I'm not ready to go yet." He was looking to pick up some last object, whatever it was. Then they seized him and took him through another door. Other guards were requesting Moody to exit, and he passed outside and into the vehicle that would carry him to the appointed place.

3

In the Minimum Security room to which Schiller had been escorted by the guards were a lot of people he didn't recognize. One by one, they would pass in, try not to look confused, take a folding chair and sit down. Nobody was talking to anyone else. It did not have the atmosphere of a funeral, but there was an utter and polite calm.

Then Toni Gurney walked in. For the first time, Larry saw somebody he could say hello to and chatted with her. It was not so much that he was the man who broke the ice, but at least one conversation had begun, and soon a lot of people began to converse.

After a while, Vern came over and pointed out a fellow Schiller had noticed, a rather icy-looking man, wearing an obvious toupee, accompanied by two severe-looking women. Schiller assumed the fellow was a mortician, but Vern said, "That's the doctor who's going to take Gary's eyes out."

Then Stanger came into the room and maintained that this would be another dry run. The execution was simply not going to come down. Schiller heard someone in the corner say, "They may keep us here three hours."

Just then, a guard came running in from the back door and yelled some words over his shoulder. "Overturned!" he cried out. "It's on!" At that moment, Stanger, for the first time, understood



*"You just stand here on the corner
and shake your can!"*



She gave...
And gave...
And gave.
Until she had
nothing left
to give.

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Gary Gilmore was going to be shot. It went through him like he had been kicked in the chest. Then he felt chilled. It was an appalling sensation. The strangeness of the reaction went all through him. For the first time in his life, Ron could feel the ends of his nerves. His heart could have been caked in ice. He looked over at Schiller taking notes on the back of some paper and thought, I'm sure glad he's recording all this, because I can't even move. I don't know if I can walk.

Then they started to transfer the guests. As they led him to the car, Stanger knew he must look ready to throw up. He felt as close to death as breathing, and wondered if he were going mad, because he would have bet a million Gary Gilmore would never be executed. It had made his job easy. He had never felt any moral dilemma in carrying out Gary's desires. In fact, he couldn't have represented him if he really believed the state would go through with it all. It had been a play. He had seen himself as no more important than one more person on the stage.

4

When Gary came out of Maximum Detention, he was escorted to the van and seated behind the driver. Meersman sat next to him and then Warden Smith came in, and three new guards. The van drove slowly with the seven men, the only car moving in all that quarter mile of prison streets from Maximum Detention to the cannery.

As soon as they started, Gary reached in with both manacled hands to a pocket of his pants and took out a folded piece of paper and put it on his knee so that he could look at it. It was a picture of Nicole clipped from a magazine, and he stared at it.

When the driver of the van turned the key for the motor, the radio, having been on before, now went on again. The tension in the van was sufficient that everyone jumped. Then the words of a song were heard. The driver immediately reached down to turn the radio off, but Gary looked up and said, "Please leave it on." So they began to drive and there was music coming from the radio. The words of the song told of the flight of a white bird. "*Una paloma blanca*," went the refrain. "I'm just a bird in the sky. *Una paloma blanca*, over the mountains I fly."

The driver said, "Would you like me to leave the radio on?"

Again, Gary said, "Yes."

"It's a new day, it's a new way," said the words, "and I fly up to the sun."

As they drove along slowly, and the song about the white bird kept playing, Father Meersman noticed that Gary no

longer looked at the picture. It was as if the words had become more important.

*"Once I had my share of losing,
Once they locked me on a chain,
Yes, they tried to break my power,
Oh, I still can feel the pain."*

No one spoke any longer. They listened to the song.

*"No one can take my freedom away,
Yes, no one can take my freedom away."*

When it was done, they drove in silence and got out at the cannery, one by one, disembarking in the way they had practiced in the early hours of the morning, when these same prison guards had walked through the scene with a model standing in for Gary. Now they brought him into the cannery, very, very smoothly. None of them knew that Nicole had written a letter to Gary that said:

*Last nite I flew in my dream like a
white bird through the window ...
Tonite i will tell my soul to
fly me to you.*

IV—WAKE

1

Toni was waiting in Minimum Security with Ida, Dick Gray, Evelyn Gray and all the people who had not been invited to the cannery. A guard in a maroon jacket walked into the room and said, "Anybody come to tell you?"

Toni said, "No."

The man was pale and trembling terribly. He said, "It's over with. Gary's dead."

When they got to her truck, Vern wasn't there yet, and the parking area seemed massive with cars and people. Reporters clustered around like flies, interviewing her mother through one window, herself through the other, until Toni finally got foulmouthed. By then, she had really had it. She was smoking with the window open, and one of them came over and kept asking for an interview, even though Toni was shaking her head. This TV man had no respect for her feeling that she didn't want to talk and he set his microphone in the window and said, "Can I put this here?" That was when she told him where he could put it. His hands flew all over. Later, a girlfriend told her that on *Good Morning America* you could catch where they cut a few words.

Then she could see Vern, came in hand, trying to walk up to them. His face was distraught. He was obviously in pain, and she had the feeling his knee was going to go on him. So she jumped out of the truck to run over, and three reporters grabbed her arm. So help her, three. "Please give us a few words."

She grabbed one of the microphones as if to say something, then threw it to the ground, where it broke into a dozen little pieces, and shouted to Vern, "Get your truck out later. It's stuck behind the others now." Then she led him to her truck, and drove to her home in Lehi, gave him coffee, got him settled down, then took him for breakfast to the Spic and Span Cafe in Provo. About two hours later, he went out to the prison with her and recovered his vehicle.

2

At the hour of Gilmore's execution, Colleen Jensen was at home in Clearfield, getting ready for school. She was now a substitute teacher and had begun the job just two weeks before. Today, she was having her first class with a new group of students, and while she got dressed this morning, thinking the execution was stayed, for that was what she heard on the first news, by the time she reached school, it was over. Kids in the class were talking about it as she came through the door. She could hear their whispers about her involvement in it. So she gave a little speech to the class.

She did not tell them that in the evenings, when she sat downstairs, nursing Monica and rocking her to sleep, she would show the baby pictures of her murdered daddy, and tell Monica who he was. At such times, Colleen would try to speak out of the stillness of herself, and thereby tell the one-year-old that Max was dead, her daddy was dead. For now, talking to the class, she merely said that for those who did not know, she would tell them who she was and what her part in it all had been. She added that it was not something they would need to discuss again. She also said she was ready, if they were, to get on with the teaching and the class.

3

Nicole had found out that Gary was going to be executed today, but she had no idea of the time. In the morning, walking back from the ward dining room, she suddenly felt a great need to lie down on her bed. They started making a big thing of it, but she just walked toward her room. Nobody said anything more. Then she lay there and tried to think about Gary. For days, she had been dreaming of the moment he was shot and falling back. She always saw Gary standing up when he got it. Now, in her mind, she saw nothing but those red blocks they gave the patients to put together into a cube.

They were in her head, and she was trying to push them away, when suddenly Gary's face came to her out of the darkness, came in fast with a look of pain and horror. He didn't fall back but right up toward her. Her body flipped around on the bed, her eyes opened and

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that was all. She kept trying to feel him again, but couldn't. He wasn't near her at all for a few days.

4

Schiller had reassigned Jerry Scott from watching over the office to meeting up with Gary's body in Salt Lake. Jerry was to make certain no kooks tried something while the autopsy took place.

On the drive from Orem to the hospital, Jerry was mulling over how he had been the one to take Gary to Utah State Prison from the county jail right after his trial, and now he'd probably be the last one to view the remains. That was a large enough coincidence to occupy your mind.

The autopsy room on the fifth floor at the University of Utah hospital was good-sized, with two slabs, and Jerry, by way of his policework, was familiar with it. Post-mortems for the state were held there. This morning, they had just brought in the body of a woman who had drowned in a river north of Salt Lake, and they had her beside Gary, the two tables about ten feet apart.

At first, it was hard to tell who were the doctors, what with three males and three females all around the table, and a couple of them busy removing Gilmore's eyes, and then another team on the organs for the transplants. They all seemed to be working in a great rush and obviously had to get everything out pretty quickly. All the same, another doctor, watching, kept saying, "Can you hurry? I have a lot of work to do." And just a little later, "Aren't you done with him yet?"

Finally, the last of the special doctors said, "Yes, he's yours," and the regular autopsy crew took over.

Jerry stood only three or four feet away. He was curious to see what was going on, and the medical examiner told him he could be a witness to the post-mortem and took his name, plus the name of Cordell Jones, a deputy sheriff whom Scott was glad to see there, because he expected trouble later with the people outside when Gary's body would be transported from the hospital to the crematorium. In fact, he asked Cordell Jones to help on crowd control. Jerry had counted at least 20 people down below at the hospital door, of which only a couple were bona fide newsmen and more than a good dozen were oddballs and thrill seekers. So, at the least, Jerry was expecting problems and a confrontation, possibly with agitators.

The doctor who had been getting the transplants had left Gary open from above the pubic hair to his breastbone. Now the autopsy crew washed him down and the examiner took a scalpel and continued the incision up the breastbone to the neck, and continued the cut on out

to the shoulder on each side. Then he started pulling up.

He skinned Gilmore right up over his shoulders like taking a shirt half off, and with a saw cut right up the breastbone to the throat, and removed the breastplate and set it in a big, open sink with running water. Then he took out what was left of Gilmore's heart. Jerry couldn't believe what he saw. The thing was pulverized. Not even half left. Jerry didn't recognize it as the heart. Had to ask the doctor. "Excuse me," he said, "is that it?"

The doctor said, "Yeah."

"Well, he didn't feel anything, did he?" asked Jerry.

The doctor said, "No." Jerry had been looking at the bullet pattern earlier, and there had been four neat little holes you could have covered with a water glass, all within a half inch of one another. The doctors had been careful to take quite a few pictures. They numbered each hole with a felt marker and turned Gary over to photograph where it had exited from his back. Looking at those holes, Jerry could see the guys on the firing squad hadn't been shaky at all. You could tell they'd all squeezed off a good shot.

Of course, Jerry was always thinking about getting shot himself. It could happen any time on duty. He had to keep wondering what it would be like. Now, looking at the heart, he repeated, "He didn't feel anything, did he?"

The doctor said, "No, nothing."

Jerry said, "Well, did he move around after he was shot?"

The doctor said, "Yes, about two minutes."

"Was that just nerves?" Jerry asked.

The fellow said, "Yes," and added, "He was dead, but we had to officially wait until he quit moving. That was about two minutes later."

After that, it got really gruesome. Jerry had to admit it. They started removing different parts of Gilmore's body. Took his plumbing out, stomach, entrails and everything, then cut little pieces out of each organ. One guy was up at the head, just working away. Next thing you knew, he had Gilmore's tongue in his hand. "Why take that?" asked Jerry. He didn't know whether his questions bothered the doctors or not, but since he had to witness, he thought he might as well find out what was going on.

The dissectionist answered, "We're going to take a sample of it." Put the tongue down on the slab, cut it in half and sliced out a piece. Put it in a bottle of solution.

Jerry had seen a lot of bodies, and gone to a lot of plane wrecks, and he knew what a person dismembered could look like, but just sitting there, watching them cut away, got to him. These fellows

were really good at it, and kept talking back and forth, but they couldn't have been less excited if they were in a meat stall doing a job on a quarter of beef. Once in a while, they'd call across to some other medics working on that woman who had drowned. She was so fat that when they cut her open, her stomach hung over her thigh. Kept working like it was nothing.

Now the fellow who was at the head of Jerry's table made an incision from behind Gary's left ear all the way up across the top of his head and then down below to the other ear, after which he grabbed the scalp on both sides of the cut and pulled it right open, just pulled the whole face down below his chin until it was inside out like the back of a rubber mask. Then he took a saw and cut around the skull. Picked up something like a putty knife and pried the bone open, popped the top of the head off. Then he stuck his hand inside the cavity and pulled the brain out, weighed it. Pound and a half, it looked like. Then they removed the pituitary, put it aside and sliced the brain like meat loaf. "Why are you doing that?" asked Jerry.

"Well," said one of the doctors, "we're looking for tumors." They started explaining to him about the different areas of the brain, and how they were looking to see if there were any problems in Gary Gilmore's motor system. Everything, however, looked to be just fine.

After the autopsy was all over, they took pictures of Gary's tattoos. MOM had been written on his left shoulder and NICOLE on his left forearm. They took his fingerprints, and then they took all the organs they did not need for dissection and put them back into the body and head cavities, and drew his face up, pulled it right back taut over the bones and muscles, like putting on the mask again, fit the sawed-off bone cap back on the skull and sewed the scalp and body cavity. When they were all finished, it looked like Gary Gilmore again.

During all of this, Jerry Scott noticed that Gilmore had only two teeth on his bottom gums and none on the top. Then they put his false teeth back. Looking at him now, reconstituted, Jerry was amazed to see he had quite a layer of body fat for a fellow as skinny as he was. Still, he looked in pretty good shape, practically the build of an athlete, but for that belly fat.

Jerry looked at his watch then. It was 1:30 in the afternoon. He had been there for four hours. Then the fellow from Walker Mortuary came over, and they put Gilmore on a rollaway-type bed with a sheet covering him and a nice blanket over the top, and scooted him out to the street and loaded him into a hearse, in which they took him over to the

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Shrine of Memories crematorium in Salt Lake.

Since the coffin would be incinerated with the body, they had only a welfare-type casket waiting. It was made out of plywood, though covered in maroon velvet, and it had silver rails on the sides, and nice white satin on the inside, plus a real nice satin pillow. It was better than just a plain wood box, though nowhere near one of the fancy metal jobs.

Among Jerry Scott's orders this day was to make sure the right guy was being burned. So just before they put the casket into the furnace, he lifted the sheet to verify Gary's face. Then they lifted the big oven door they had slammed down earlier to protect against the four-foot flame that shot out during the preheating, and inserted the box and body. Once it was in the kiln, and burning for a few minutes, they opened the door another time for Jerry, and the guy who ran the place took a long poker and knocked off the head of the casket. Then they stared through a furnace hole about 14" x 14" through which Jerry Scott could see Gary's head. Already the scalp was burning and the skin was falling off to the side.

Scott could see Gary's face going, and

the top flesh blacken and disappear. Then the muscle began to burn, and Gilmore's arms, which had been folded on his chest, came up from the tightening, and lifted until the fingers of both hands were pointing at the sky. That was the very last recognition Jerry Scott had of him. He kept this picture in his head all the while the body was burning, and that was plenty of time, for he had gone to the furnace at 2:30 and the work wasn't done until five, when there was nothing left but a bit of ash and the char of the bones.

5

A couple of waitresses, friends of Toni Gurney, who worked at The Stirrup, came over to the place before the evening shift to sit at the bar. It was a large, dark cocktail lounge with a dance floor and, of course, being Utah, you had to buy a membership in the club to get your drink, but that was not too difficult. The Stirrup was lively in the evenings, and one of the few nice places between Provo and Salt Lake where you could drink and dance. Now, however, being afternoon, it was quiet, and only a few people were there in the half-dark.

One of these friends, named Willa Brant, asked Alice Anders, the hostess,

who the three guys were sitting in the lounge, for they were certainly new. Alice replied they were some of Gary's executioners. "How do you know?" asked Willa.

The hostess replied, "Well, I signed them in. They're members of the Pronghorn Club in Salt Lake, and we honor that membership."

Willa went to get a pack of cigarettes and made a point of passing their table. One of the men said, "Why don't you sit down and talk to us?"

They were sitting there drinking and playing liar's poker with dollar bills. After Willa took a seat, they played only a little while before one of the men said, "I bet you think we are bloodthirsty bastards, don't you?"

"Well," said Willa, "it had to be done. That was what Gary wanted." She left it at that. Didn't say she knew Toni Gurney and the rest of the family.

Then the executioner said, "Want to see something sadistic?" He showed her a strap of webbing and the slug of a bullet, and he said, "This is one of the bullets that killed Gary, and this was one of the nylon straps that was holding his arm."

Asked if she wanted to touch them, Willa said, "No," but couldn't help herself. She did it with a slight smirk on her face. Then he put them back in his pocket.

Another one at the table now said he had the hood out in the car. He didn't talk much about it. Merely said he had it. They were certainly drinking.

One of these men was short and stocky and in his mid-30s, bald on top, and another was also in his mid-30s, with light-brown hair, around six feet tall, average weight, only he had a real potbelly and wore glasses. Those were the two talking the most. The third one, who didn't talk, had dark hair and an average build, but he had a real full beard and a mustache that was graying and he had tears in his eyes. Finally, he said if he had known what he was getting in for, he would never have done it. Then a young married woman named Rene Wales, whom Willa knew slightly, sat down with them, and they all played a lot more liar's poker.

After a while, the executioners began to talk about their C.B.s. All three were equipped, but one began to brag about the distance he could get on his. Before you knew it, Rene Wales left with him to go check out the C.B. in his pickup. Before she got back, 45 minutes had passed. Rene came in with the fellow, and both had a look on their faces like they'd been sopping up some of the gravy.



"He told me he loved me more than life itself,
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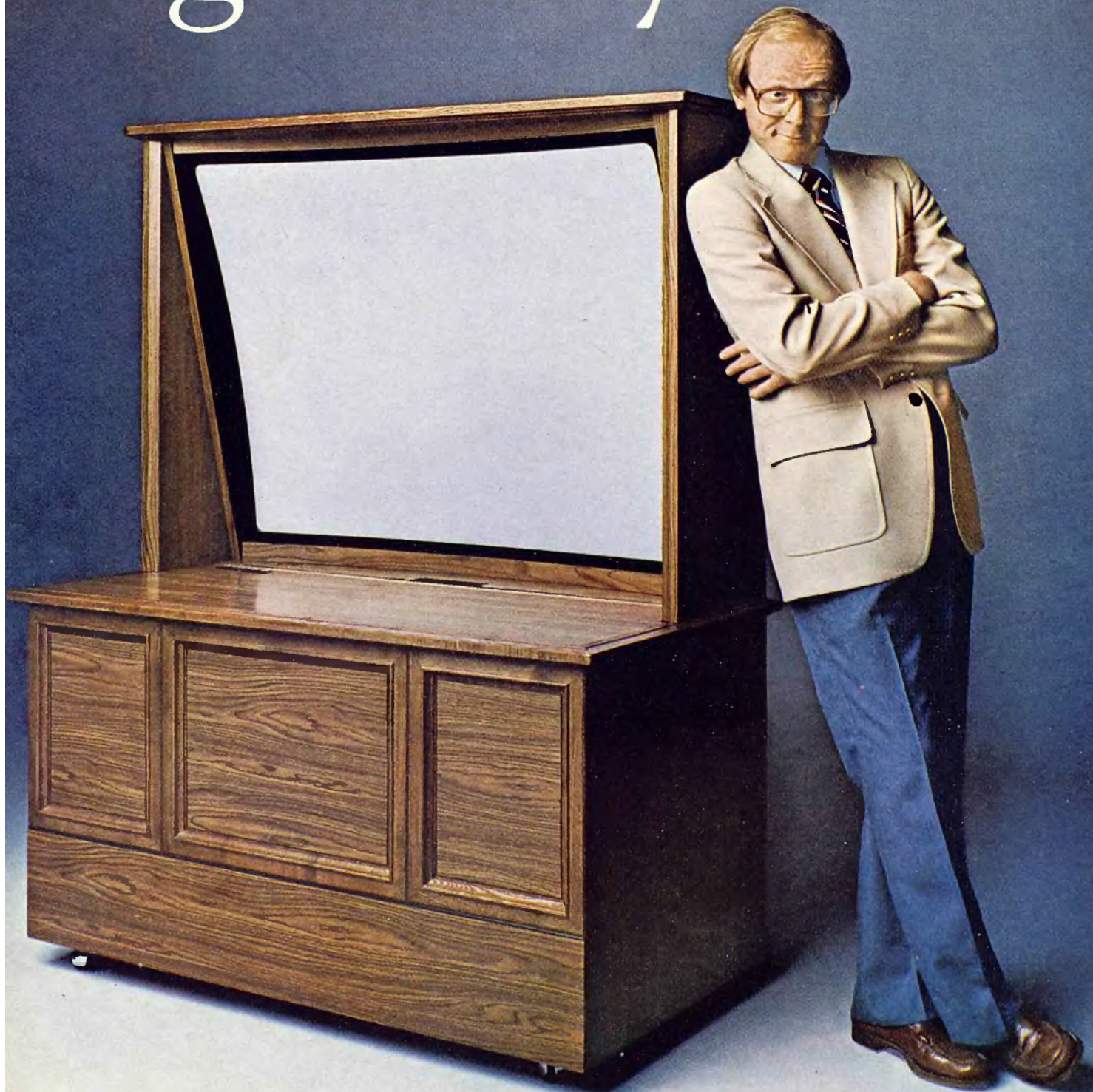
Your local computer store has several different brands to show you. So the salesman can recommend the one that best meets your needs. Chances are, it will be an Apple Computer. Apple is the one you can program yourself. So there's no limit to the things you can do. Most important, Apple's the one with more expansion capability. That means a lot. Because the more you use your Apple, the more uses you'll discover. So your best bet is a personal computer that can grow with you as your skill and involvement grow. Apple's the one.

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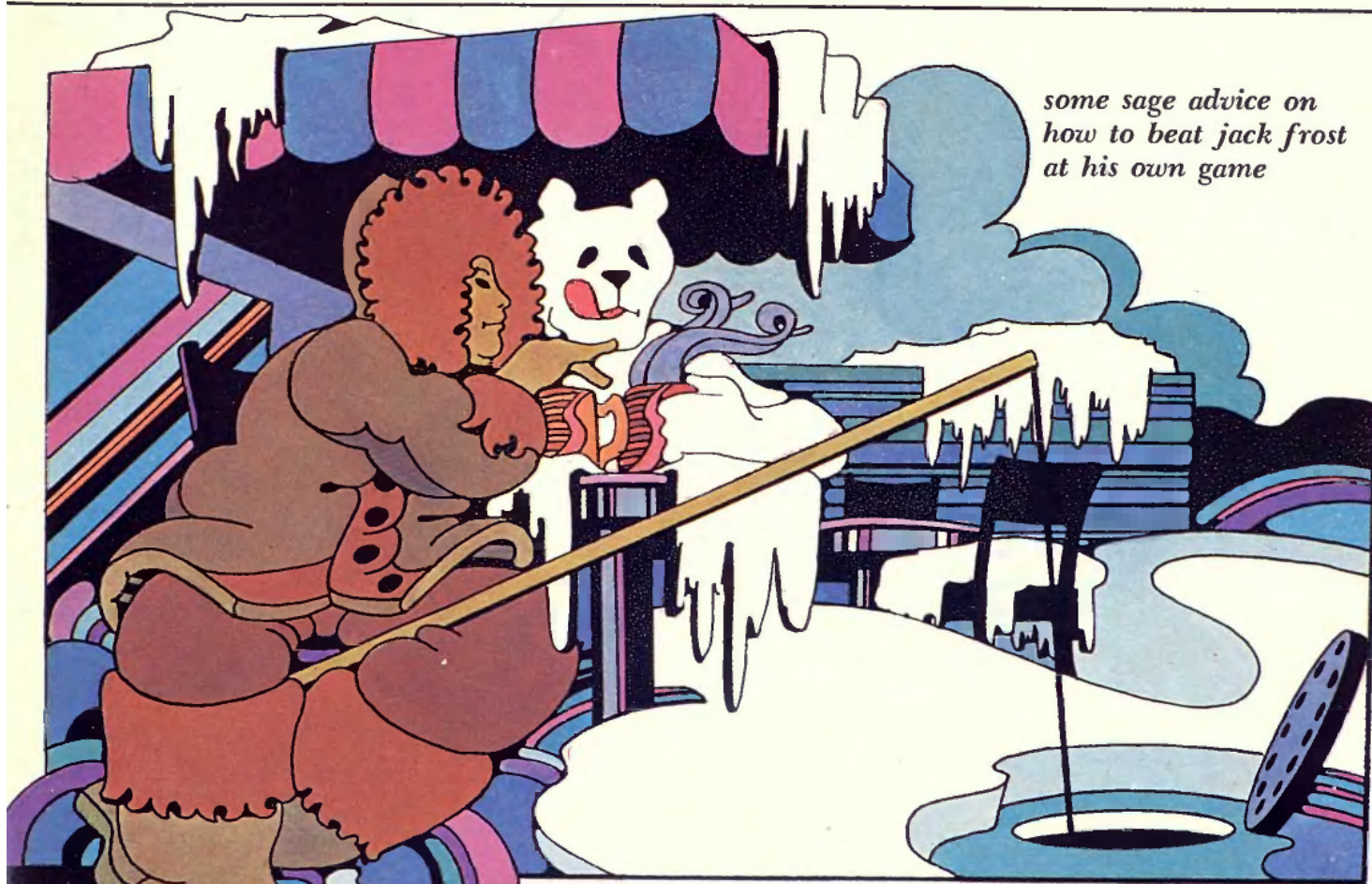
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PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE



*some sage advice on
how to beat jack frost
at his own game*

HOW TO KEEP WARM

Winter would be enjoyable for most of us if it weren't so damn cold. We tend to bundle ourselves against the temperature and grudgingly go about our business. It needn't be so, however. With proper clothing and other gear, coupled with an understanding of how our bodies deal with cold weather, we can beat the shivers and get more out of the outdoors in winter.

SOME POINTS OF PHYSIOLOGY

Man is ideally a subtropical animal who is best adapted to deal with heat, not cold. When there's an imbalance between the body's heat production and its loss, the body's first response is a cyclical shutdown of circulation of blood to the skin to reduce further heat loss. The body also attempts to insulate itself by raising goose bumps, which attempt to fluff out the vestigial body hair. It's the same principle that works well for fur-bearing animals. The fur traps a layer of air next to the skin surface. This layer of dead air is the best kind of insulation, but, unfortunately, humans don't have enough hair to effectively trap enough air to make a difference. The body also attempts to warm itself by shivering—which is a rapid contraction and relaxation of the muscles on the skin surface. It produces up to three times more body heat, but it doesn't help much unless the body is covered, therefore insulated.

As this grandstanding couple demonstrates, it may be North Dallas and 40 below, but unless your extremities are protected, not even your love will keep you warm. We recommend down socks, down booties, scarves, hats and your choice of mittens or gloves.

One of the body's most important means of adjusting to the cold is simply not to let the weather bother it. The first day of a cold snap always feels the worst, no matter how cold subsequent days eventually get. We become used to it, because the body relaxes its vasoconstriction a bit, letting more heat reach the skin. A shot of alcohol produces the same temporary effect.





While it's not nice to fool Mother Nature, it's OK to tease her occasionally. A hit of cognac, hot buttered rum or mulled wine (far left) can take the chill off—at least temporarily—and override your body's natural response to the cold. So grab a mug, top a keg and curb your waiter.

At left is a mock thermogram that shows the distribution of heat loss. As you can see, the feet, hands and head area are the places where most of the loss occurs. The lower-torso heat concentration is caused by deep understanding and a worm personal relationship. It is also caused by friction.

CLOTHING: THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU WARM

Generally speaking, it is better to give up cotton clothing and switch to wool garments during the winter. Wool and cotton both absorb perspiration, but wool retains better insulating properties when moist, unlike cotton, which, when wet, actually draws heat away from the body. Ideally, wool underwear would be great, if you could stand the feel of it next to your skin. Dress for winter by adding layers of clothing, but don't overheat yourself; as you sweat, your clothes lose their insulating properties.

mail-order houses

(A selected list of companies that specialize in footwear, foul-weather gear and winter clothing. Catalogs are free.)

L. L. BEAN, INC., Freeport, Maine 04033. *The best such mail-order company in the country. Home of the famous L. L. Bean Maine Hunting Shoe. Although many of its standard items have become fashionably chic, president Leon Gorman reminds us that Bean "sells steak, not sizzle." You can't go wrong with any of its products.*

EDDIE BAUER, 1330 Fifth Street, Seattle, Washington 98124. *Like Bean, a highly reputable company. It has outlet stores in some major cities.*

HOLUBAR MOUNTAINEERING, LTD., Box 7, Boulder, Colorado 80306. *Lots of winter camping and mountain-climbing gear.*

Other companies of interest: KREEGER & SONS, 387 Main Street, Armonk, New York 10504; NORM THOMPSON, P.O. Box 3999, Portland, Oregon 97208; EASTERN MOUNTAIN SPORTS, Vose Farm Road, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458; THE NORTH FACE, 1234 Fifth Street, Berkeley, California 94710.

Obviously, for most of us who must endure urban winters, the most valuable piece of equipment is a warm coat or jacket. And while a wool topcoat is stylistically correct and fairly warm, and cashmere is as warm and a good deal lighter, though frailer, neither will really do the trick when the temperature dips below zero and the wind chill factors the temperature dramatically downward. A goose-down parka is the best insulator under most circumstances. When shopping for one, though, don't be confused by its manufacturer's claims. A term such as "prime Northern goose down" is virtually meaningless. Geese living in the North are no better at producing high-quality insulation than their cousins in the South. By law, a garment labeled goose down generally contains only 80 percent goose down. The best idea is to buy your coat from a reputable supplier, such as L. L. Bean or Eddie Bauer. Many down-filled garments have seams that penetrate both the outside and the inside of the shell. These will produce cold spots, though over-all insulating ability may be satisfactory. The major drawback to a down jacket is that if it gets wet, the down mats and rapidly loses its insulating properties. A number of synthetic fibers have been introduced in the past several years in jackets and they're worth considering: Fiberfill, Hollofil, Hollofil II and Polar-Guard. It generally takes one third more synthetic material to keep one as warm as down does. But, unlike down, the synthetics do not absorb moisture; so if they get wet, they can be wrung out and dried very quickly. Also, jackets made with synthetic fibers are often considerably less expensive than their down counterparts. A new entry is 3M's Thinsulate—a nonwoven 35 percent polyester and 65 percent polyolefin batting of microfibers that offers warmth without bulk. The theory is that the microfibers impose more friction on air in a given space than their bulkier counterparts—so that a Thinsulate jacket is as warm as a thicker Hollofil jacket. For the best of both worlds, wear a down vest under a water-resistant parka.

Of course, you're not going to get much out of a warm coat if your head is uncovered. Sixty percent of body heat is lost through the scalp. That occurs because, unlike other major organs of the body, the tissue and musculature that surround

INSULATE YOUR BODY AND LAUGH AT WINTER



A good pair of sensible, water-proof shoes (for left) will help carry you through the worst of winter. This is no time for fashion consciousness. Besides, some foul-weather boots and shoes have their own clunky charm. You can change into your Guccis once you hit your office or the disco.

With the President's energy guidelines, it may be hard to keep warm even when inside. A down comforter can help. You may even want to invest in a bed warmer. In any case, keeping active with nighttime sports will raise your body temperature, among other things, and keep everything toasty.

the skull are not able to contract—shutting off the flow of heat from the skin. If you look silly in a wool cap or a fedora, try a beret—which least alters your unhatted appearance. We've found, too, that a scarf worn not for ornamentation but for warmth is a major asset.

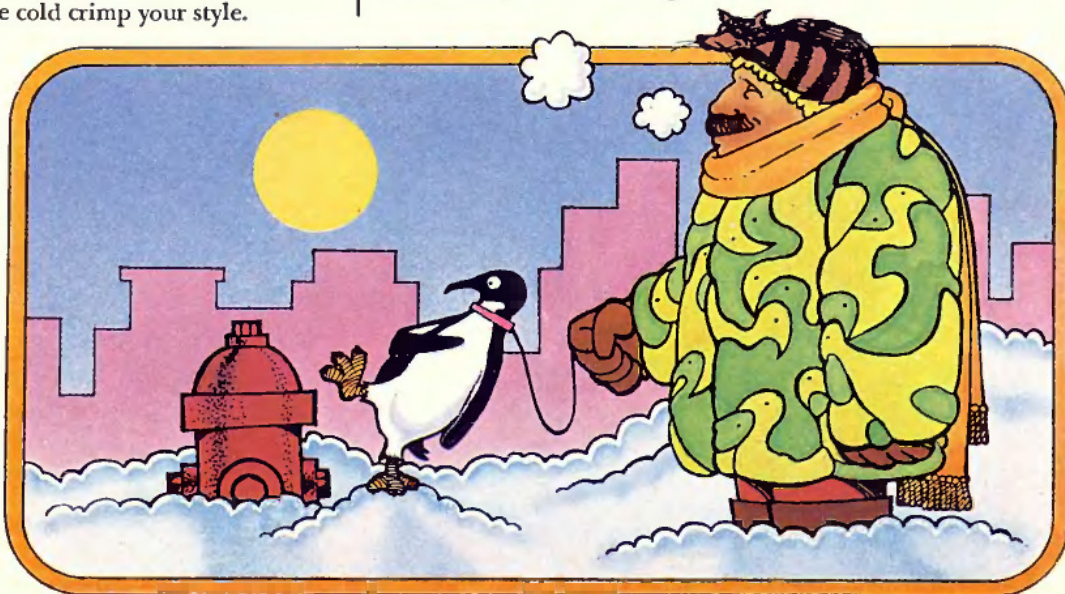
Cold feet are one of the most unpleasant aspects of slushy wintry weather. Dress shoes take an awful beating from the snow and the salt and, besides, they were never meant for heavy-duty winter use. The alternatives, while not fashionable in a strict sense, have their own special charm. Our favorites include the L. L. Bean Maine Hunting Shoe, which has rubber bottoms and leather uppers. It comes in a variety of boot lengths from moccasins to just under the knee. Be sure to order inner soles with it. Another choice is the Herman Survivor. It's a good deal heavier than the Bean boot, but it's relentlessly waterproof and your feet will remain toasty, no matter what you're trekking through. Whatever shoe you wear, make sure your foot has enough room for you to wiggle your toes. If your shoes are too tight, your feet will get cold because you will have cut off warming blood circulation to them.

So button up, and don't let the cold crimp your style.

EMERGENCY PROCEDURES

Cold weather stops being annoying and starts being dangerous when frostbite and hypothermia set in. The best solution to frostbite is to avoid it in the first place. Once your skin surface freezes and white spots, numbness or hardness is present, the damage is done. The severe pain and danger of infection are postponed until your skin thaws, however, so it's critical to get to a doctor quickly. Warming up the victim's feet or hands or whatever area is affected should be attempted only if you're sure the frostbite is very minor. Otherwise, keep the victim in his boots and on his feet. Hypothermia occurs when your internal body temperature begins to fall below normal. It is more common in warmer climates than in cold ones, and 40 degrees with rain is more dangerous than zero degrees and snow. Look for goose bumps, prolonged shivering and slow, confused speech and body movements. Victims need insulation from the cold. If all else fails, get into the same sleeping bag with them. Practice makes perfect.

Penguins hove it easy. The snow-suit they were issued can withstand the worst our urban winters can throw at them. The rest of us, however, must make do with the by-products of our feathered friends. But if goose down makes you sneeze, cheer up. The new synthetic insulating materials—Fiberfill, Hollofil, Thinsulate and PolarGuard—all offer comparable warmth at smaller prices. Also, they don't lose their insulating properties when wet, as down does. They dry quicker, too.



SEX STARS

(continued from page 251)

"Is there any screen role that poster girl Cheryl Tiegs could play to equal her real-life affair?"

embodiment of mature sexiness. Her age varies from press release to press release (it's been given as high as 44, but she's most likely in her late 30s). Born to a poor family, she planned to become a gym teacher but got into Italian nudie films in the late Sixties. As her talents as well as her figure gained attention, she gradually made her way into higher-class film fare. For the past several years, she's been the companion of actor **Jean-Paul Belmondo**.

Except for Antonelli and some of her Italian and French counterparts, however, American screens haven't offered much in the way of new sex goddesses lately. Not surprisingly, the small screen proved even more bland, reneging on its sexy promises of a year earlier. Tits and ass went flat, mainly because network executives chickened out in the face of a minority of protests but also because the public seemed to tire quickly of the constant tease from busty stewardesses, investigative reporters and vapid space travelers.

When it comes to sex, as we've all discovered from time to time, there's nothing better than imagining that there are secret places where the sex is hotter than anything we've ever known.

Recently, we were privileged to accompany two of today's reigning porno stars, **Carol Connors** and **Desiree Cousteau**, to the hard-core equivalent of the Academy Awards, presented by the Adult Film Association of America, and you'd be amazed at the number of calls we got the next day from otherwise suave Hollywood men, wise in the ways of actresses, starlets, hookers and just plain housewives, dying to know what Carol and Desiree are *really* like.

Frankly, it was easy to grow a bit weary of **Farrah Fawcett-Majors'** undying devotion to hubby **Lee**, which could be one reason she plummeted so fast from favor with a public that not only rejected her first starring film, *Somebody Killed Her Husband* (despite generally good reviews from the critics) but wouldn't buy her shampoo, either. But did her separation from Lee, and her plan to drop the hyphen and sever his surname from hers, suddenly make Farrah more sexy? You bet it did, at least for the men who, theoretically, at least, now have a chance to be the Six Million Dollar Man's replacement after hours. And if further proof were needed that bionic isn't better, matrimonially speaking, **Lindsay (Bionic Woman) Wagner** divorced actor **Michael Brandon**.

Is there any screen role that poster

girl **Cheryl Tiegs** could play to equal her real-life affair? She, too, had one of those perfectly syrupy marriages, to director **Stan Dragoti**, and how they billed and cooed, promising to live happily ever after. That lasted until she got off on safari—how romantic—with handsome photographer **Peter Beard** and never came home. Enough there for three B movies; but wait, there's more.

Busy at home, Stan comes up with one of the year's hit pictures, *Love at First Bite*, taking it to the Cannes Film Festival to celebrate. On the way there, however, he ends up in a German jail for smuggling cocaine. After nearly two months in the can instead of Cannes, Dragoti begged off a possible ten-year sentence with a plea for sympathy: He'd been driven to snort his sorrow by Cheryl's love affair. She, incidentally, visited him in jail but still refused to come home.

Almost as good was **Sylvester Stallone's** leaving wife **Sasha**, taking up with Gold-engirl **Susan Anton**, who in turn split from her husband-manager **Jack Stein**. Poor Sasha. Sly leaves her when his pictures are failures (e.g., *F.I.S.T.*, *Paradise Alley*) and he leaves her when his pictures are hits (*Rocky*, *Rocky II*). Sasha, understandably, finally filed for divorce. As for Anton, despite a superhyped drive for public attention, two flop TV shows and a movie bomb in quick succession, Stallone was her only prize.

Rocky II, in fact, rolled over a couple of other marriages. **Talia Shire** left composer **David Shire** (and dallied a bit with her *Prophecy* director, **John Frankenheimer**), while **Burgess Meredith** separated from his fourth wife, **Kaja Sundsten**.

In other unmade beds, **Bianca** finally went to court to begin a messy divorce with **Mick Jagger**, presumably a wrangle to equal their messy marriage. Producer **Robert Evans** tried again, marrying **Phyllis George**, but the former Miss America and CBS sportscaster called time after only 11 months, going on to marry **John Y. Brown, Jr.**, then co-owner of the Boston Celtics. **Peter Sellers**, after two years of happiness, telephoned transatlantic to tell bride **Lynne Frederick** he wasn't coming home, making her the fourth of his wives to get the same news. **Marjoe Gortner** and **Candy Clark**—who so romantically slipped across the Mexican border to marry last year—soon found their love turning colder than yesterday's tamale. And **Robert De Niro** dumped his spouse, **Diahne Abbott**.

But marriage isn't the only bond that can be broken—at great expense—and the language this year got a new word,

palimony, thanks to the historic court decision awarding **Lee Marvin's** girlfriend **Michelle** \$104,000 for the time spent under Lee's roof without benefit of clergy.

Inspired by this legal landmark of love, there are *Marvin* cases now pending all over: Model **Cynthia Long** wants \$5,000,000 from **Alice Cooper**; **Karen Louise Eklund** seeks \$2,500,000 from **Nick Nolte**; **Flip Wilson** has double trouble, with separate suits from **Rosylin Taylor** and **Kayatana Harrison** pending.

But **Peter Frampton** managed to beat back a similar suit from **Penny McCall**, with whom he lived after they left their respective mates in 1972; and **Rod Stewart** settled a reported \$500,000 on **Britt Ekland**, the two-year live-in mate he left before marrying **Alana Hamilton**.

Rod Stewart married? Shocking though the news was to many, after a quick courtship with **George Hamilton's** ex, Stewart took the plunge—but didn't promise to stop acting like one of the world's most eligible, and athletic, bachelors. He did say he would try to be faithful, especially after Alana turned up pregnant. In any case, she isn't likely to find the union boring, which was her complaint about her marriage to George.

Among other sexy newlyweds, **Jill Clayburgh** married playwright **David Rabe** after two years of living together; and **Season Hubley** wed **Kurt Russell**, her co-star in *Elvis*. But that was about it this year for honeymoons; the trend was clearly away from the altar and toward the courtroom.

Once again, the viewing public proved it can be fickle, too. Rarely has a superstar plunged so far so fast as **John Travolta** in his dive from the heights of *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease* to the laughable depths of *Moment by Moment*, his attempt at a serious screen romance with **Lily Tomlin**. But Travolta was far from alone in his travail. **Paul Newman** couldn't save **Robert Altman's** *Quintet*, a frozen turkey guaranteed to put any career on ice, and **Sophia Loren's** comeback in *Brass Target* fizzled. Despite her blossoming beauty, young **Brooke Shields** slipped in *Tilt* and *Wanda Nevada* but was aided by **George Burns's** presence in *Just You and Me, Kid*.

Ali MacGraw topped her *Convoy* wreck with an even bigger dud, *Players*—which was no help for her sexy young co-star, **Dean-Paul Martin**, who said all along he would be just as content to give up acting to play tennis and live with skater **Dorothy Hamill**.

Dustin Hoffman failed in not one but two pictures, *Straight Time* and *Agatha*, though he went to court on the latter in an effort to prove it wasn't his fault. **Barbra Streisand** and **Ryan O'Neal** couldn't connect in *The Main Event*, and **Richard Dreyfuss** cracked on *The Big Fix*.

Among the other superstars, **Marlon Brando** wasted away in *Superman* and *Apocalypse Now*, while **Steve McQueen**

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simply wasted away without another picture. At least **Robert Redford** went back to work, with **Jane Fonda**—fresh from her *China Syndrome* triumph but rebuffed by California politicians who refused to confirm her appointment to the state's Arts Council by buddy **Jerry Brown**—in *The Electric Horseman*. Least and last, **Donny** and **Marie Osmond** were hit on the head so hard by *Goin' Coconuts* that the Osmond family promised to get out of the film business forever, proving that ultrainnocence won't sell, either.

But there was cheerier news. This year's two box-office smashes introduced **Sigourney Weaver** in *Alien* and **Christopher Reeve** in *Superman*. Weaver gave a healthy boost to feminism as a tough, courageous heroine while giving the men a great crotch shot as she warded off the monster. Reeve was more anxious to save the world than to romance curious **Margot Kidder** ("How big is it?" she asked upon introduction. "I mean how big are you?"). But *Superman II* promises to add more steel to their relationship. Off-screen, Reeve and girlfriend **Gae Exton** were trying to stave off the stork until her divorce came through from British socialite **David Iveson**—like *Dragoti*, busted for coke smuggling. (Is this the latest fad for estranged husbands?)

In addition to Weaver, a couple of other newcomers managed to heat up theaters in a year of sparse screen sex: **Belinda Bauer's** enthusiastic orgasms in *Winter Kills* were worth seeing but didn't save the picture. Likewise, **Season Hubley** was a torrid trollop in *Hardcore*, with **George C. Scott**, but that was another film going limp. More successful was *Manhattan's* **Mariel Hemingway**, the sexy teenager with a subteen voice.

Speaking of *Manhattan*, it was kind of kinky for a comedy, but who says sex isn't funny. Putting aside his nebbish act for a change, **Woody Allen** became one of this year's hot screen lovers, carrying on with **Hemingway** and **Diane Keaton**.

But he wasn't the only comic suddenly accustomed to the ladies' adulation. Following **Chevy Chase** into the movies, the other guys in the *Saturday Night Live* gang were everywhere. **John Belushi** starred in *Animal House* and teams with **Dan Aykroyd** in *1941*, while **Bill Murray** proved lovable in *Meatballs*. In addition, most of the *Saturday Night* cast, plus **Carrie Fisher** and **Margot Kidder**, were on the big screen in *Mr. Mike's Mondo Video*, originally planned as a 90-minute TV special that NBC shelved because it was vulgar and raunchy, just because it included an explicit salute to stag movies and a parody called *Celebrity Deformities*.

In addition to his stage shows, recordings and a best-selling book (previewed in *PLAYBOY* last June), **Steve Martin** starred in his first film, *The Jerk*, and **Robin Williams** proved to be the year's most talked about newcomer, winning millions of hearts with a smile.

While a sense of humor helps, there's still nothing better than incredible good looks to win a lady's favor. Fortunately for **George Hamilton**, he has both, coming up with a big sleeper hit, *Love at First Bite*, playing a wacky Dracula. Encouraged, he'll next tackle a swishing Zorro in *Zorro—the Gay Blade*. Having watched **Hamilton** in *Bite*, it was impossible not to chuckle a bit as **Frank Langella** tried to play it straight in *Dracula*. But **Langella's** succulent love scenes ultimately turn the mind to more serious matters.

Two of those other handsome, funny fellows, **Burt Reynolds** and **Warren Beatty**, took time off from filming to frolic with their real-life ladies, **Sally Field** and **Diane Keaton**. But the handsome, somber one, **Robert De Niro**, had a big hit in *The Deer Hunter*, which introduced **Chris Walken**, equally serious and good-looking.

Jon Voight trod water with *The Champ*, getting constantly upstaged by little **Ricky Schroder**, who replaced **Brooke Shields** as the sex idol of elementary schools every-

where. **Clint Eastwood** proved durable in *Escape from Alcatraz* and gossips continued to try to link him with **Sondra Locke**, his co-star from the earlier *Gauntlet*. They were seen together more than once, presaging the announcement that his 25-year marriage was in trouble.

Charlie's Angels lost another of the original trio as **Kate Jackson** followed **Farrah** out of the fold. Newly wed to **Andrew Stevens**, Jackson said series work interfered with smoking, drinking and staying out late and wasn't good for her sex life, either. Presumably, Stevens was pleased at her career decision, though it isn't known if he favors her drinking, smoking and staying out late.

After a cat fight for the role among many of Hollywood's pretties, **Shelley Hack** emerged victorious to replace Jackson and the reconstituted Angels will now consist of her, **Cheryl Ladd** and the remaining original, **Jaclyn Smith**.

Although TV generally abandoned its craze to clone other trios of beauties like the Angels, some pretty spiffy ladies showed up to decorate other series, including busty **Catherine Bach** on *The Dukes of Hazzard*, **Loni Anderson** on *WKRP in Cincinnati* and **Charlene Tilton** on *Dallas*. But the top-ten ratings were still dominated by sexless comedies.

Fortunately, the music world suffered no other shocks to equal **Rod Stewart's** marriage. British guitarist **Eric Clapton** finally married **George Harrison's** ex, **Patti Boyd**, but they had been together for four years. Like **Cheryl Tiegs**, **Linda Ronstadt** thought Africa might be romantic going on safari with California governor **Jerry Brown**. Hounded by the press, however, Linda pouted a lot during the trip and the romance seems to have cooled since they returned.

The **Village People** emerged to challenge the **Bee Gees** as sex symbols, though it wasn't quite clear which sex the People were aiming at, if it makes any difference. And throughout the land, discos pulsed to the throaty pleas and promises of **Donna Summer** and **Blondie's Deborah Harry**. On the quieter side, but no less sexy, were newcomers **Rickie Lee Jones** and **Nicolette Larson**.

Disco even gave **Cher** her first big record hit in years with *Take Me Home*, but she ironically wasn't out often enough to be taken home. She cropped her hair and the men in her life at the same time, preferring to live alone for the first time since she was 16.

Except for an occasional date with friend, not lover, **Gene Simmons** of **Kiss**, **Cher** says nobody ever asks her out and she prefers to stay home with her two kids, except for a few nights out at the roller rink.

Oh, well, it's probably too much to expect that every sex star's private life be thrilling.

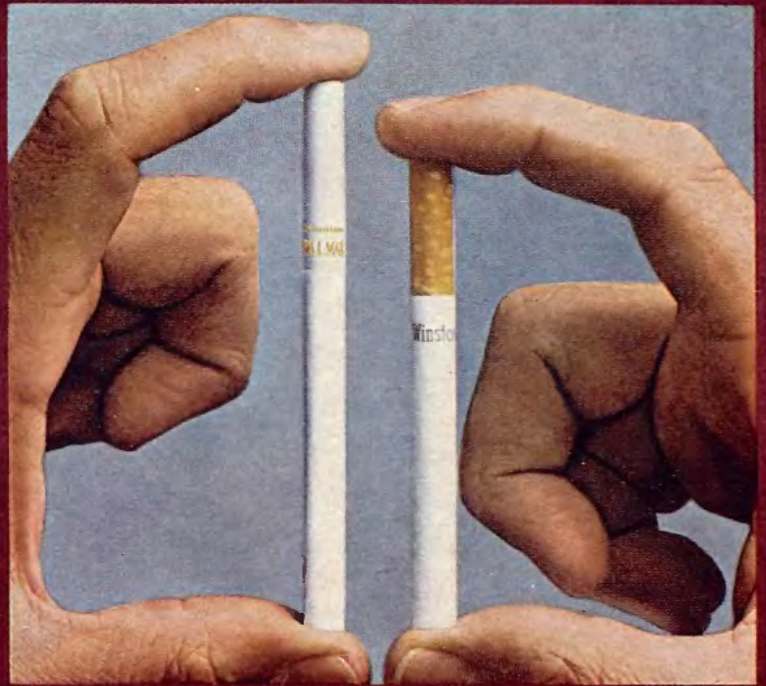


"Dasher, Prancer, Donder, Blitzen, Comet, Cupid, Dancer and Vixen don't understand me."

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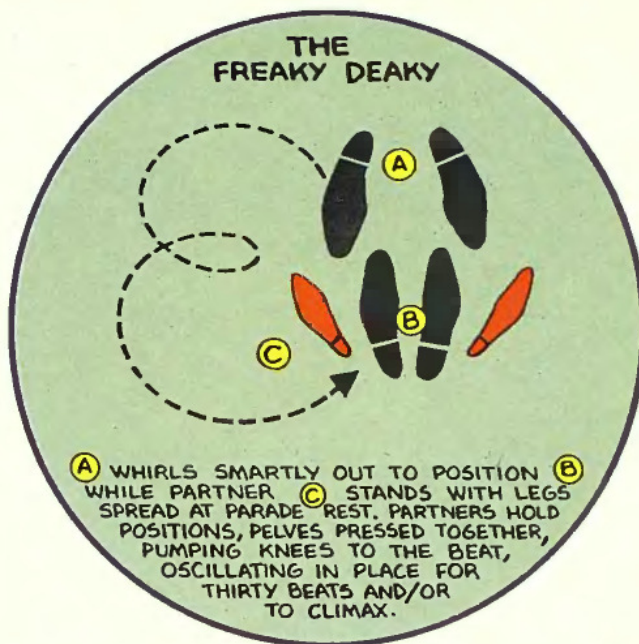
Bedazzle...

Remy Martin  V. S. O. P. FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

STUDIO FIFTY-FOURPLAY...DISCO HOME OF THE FREAKY DEAKY, THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, THE WITH-IT PEOPLE, THE FAMOUS, THE INFAMOUS, THE HALSTONS, THE LIZAS, THE BIANCAS...ALL, ALL WANT TO GET INTO STUDIO FIFTY-FOURPLAY. OUR HEROINE'S FRIEND, PORTNOY, WANTS TO GET IN, BUT ANNIE WON'T LET HIM, SO HE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR STUDIO FIFTY-FOURPLAY.



*PEONS FROM OUTSIDE MANHATTAN: BRONX(UGH), B'KLYN, ETC....



The spirit of Christmas present.

The image features a bottle of E&J Brandy and a decorative thermos, both prominently displaying the E&J logo and the word 'BRANDY'. The bottle is labeled 'ORIGINAL EXTRA SMOOTH' and '750 ML.'. The thermos is labeled 'E&J BRANDY 750 ML. MELLOWED IN AGED OAK EXTRA SMOOTH 80 PROOF'. A crystal ball sits to the left of the bottle, and a white ribbon is draped around the base of the thermos. The background is dark, and the items are reflected on a glossy surface.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GIFTS

YULE LOG FOR THE LADIES

Christmas comes but once a year, and that can be more than enough when you've got a number of young lovelies on your yuletide gift list. So this season, rest ye merry, gentlemen, and shop early; the suggestions

below—from a battery-powered compact to a fox fur jacket—provide a price range from inexpensive to wallet busting. But lest you feel left out, old Saint Nick, there are some nifty items in this issue's annual gift guide that make presents perfect for you, too.



Above: An art-deco ring of gold, platinum, diamonds and sapphires, from Trabert & Hoeffler, Chicago, \$3600. Below:



Below: The scent of Christmas; Eau de Joy, the world's costliest perfume, is now available in a refillable 2-oz. atomizer, by Jean Patou, \$56; additional refills, \$49.

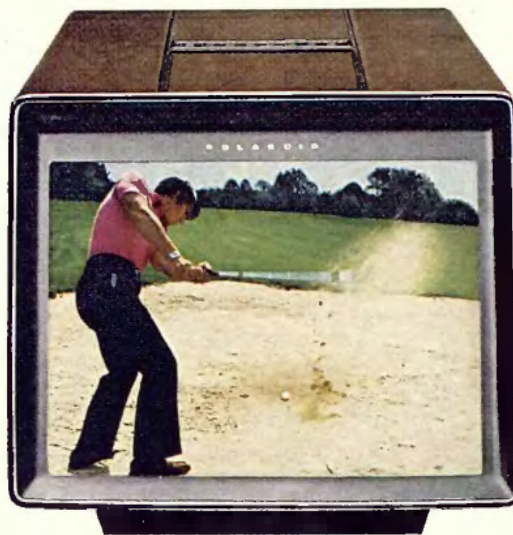


Above: To bring out the animal in her, try a knee-length camel-dyed fox jacket, by Coopchik, \$6000; and then slip into one pocket a battery-powered Look-A-Lite compact that lights when you open it, from The Works, Chicago, \$25, including batteries.

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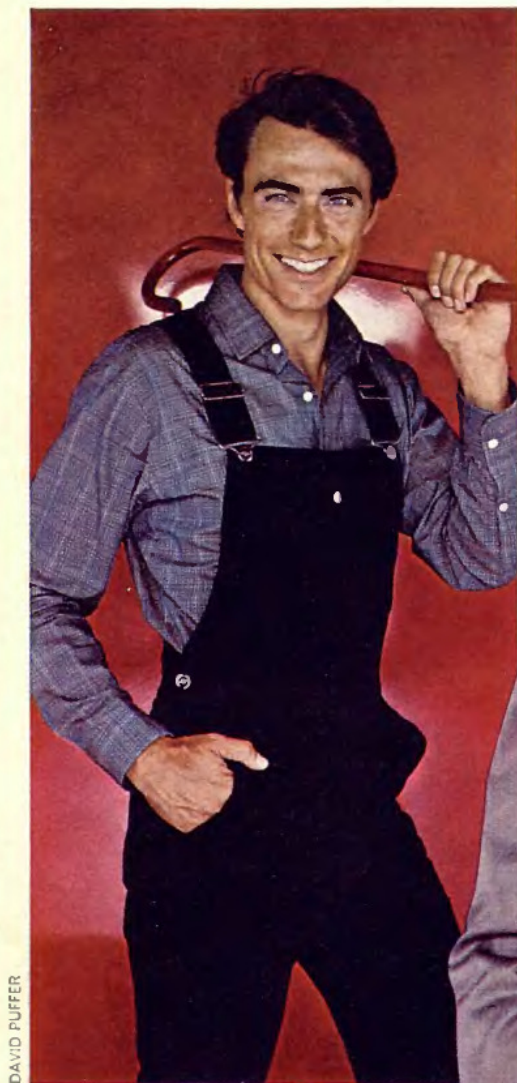
FASHION

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

Just as you've been knitted, tweeded and textured to a fare-thee-well, along comes the next fashion trend to whet your senses; light waves. Whether it's the subtle glow of velvet or the high electricity of satin, you'd better believe that dazzle is coming back to menswear. And that includes suits and ties made of those jazzy iridescent fabrics that were once anathema to

anyone interested in building a wardrobe of quality. No, iridescent looks won't totally usurp other fabrics; they're just shining examples of the richness of choice you'll have this coming spring. But for right now, here are two colorful outfits to brighten the dark months. Check them out and see if they don't put a gleam in your dates' eyes, too.

—DAVID PLATT



DAVID PUFFER

Above: This guy's no fashion hick in his cotton velvet disco overalls with a front snap patch pocket and straight legs, from Lightning Bolt Jeans by Big Smith, about \$60, worn over a multicolor cotton iridescent plaid shirt with a medium-spread collar, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$30.

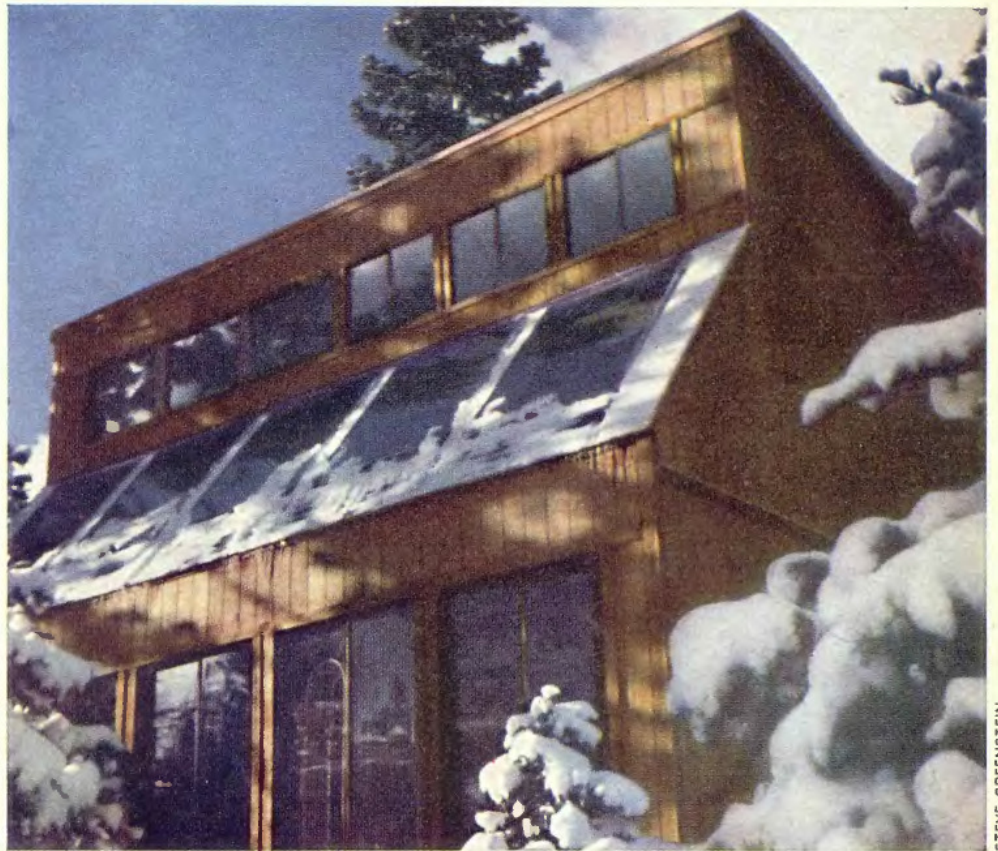


Right: Whoever thinks the iridescent suit is dead should join the swing of things and check out this iridescent muted herringbone suit with slightly padded shoulders, by Giorgio Armani, about \$295; that's teamed with an iridescent cotton shirt, by Excello, about \$25, and a satin tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$9.

HABITAT

LET THE SUNSHINE IN

With fuel costs rising through the roof, solar energy, as a cheap and effective way of heating homes, is being looked at with more scrutiny. But what if you don't want those odd-looking heat collectors that resemble disembodied skylights decorating your roof? Take a tip from Tom Smith, whose two-story house in the High Sierras near Lake Tahoe is a passive solar-energy gatherer. It works this way: The sun heats Smith's 300-square-foot greenhouse, the hot air rises and circulates around and under the house, creating a thermal blanket. At night and on overcast days, the heat absorbed by the structure's mass is released and keeps the place toasty. Last February, Smith's utility bill was \$31.75. His next-door neighbor's was \$228.03. OPEC, eat your heart out!



STEVE GREENSTEIN

Above: Even in the depths of a bone-cold Lake Tahoe winter, Tom Smith's two-story house, which is heated with a passive solar-energy-gathering system, stays inexpensively warm. Below: A cross section of the house showing the placement of the thermal air ducts surrounding the interior. For more information about Smith's house and passive solar energy, a handbook/case study is available for \$18.95 from Passive Solar Research Group, P.O. Box 2356, Olympic Valley, California 95730. It's hot stuff.

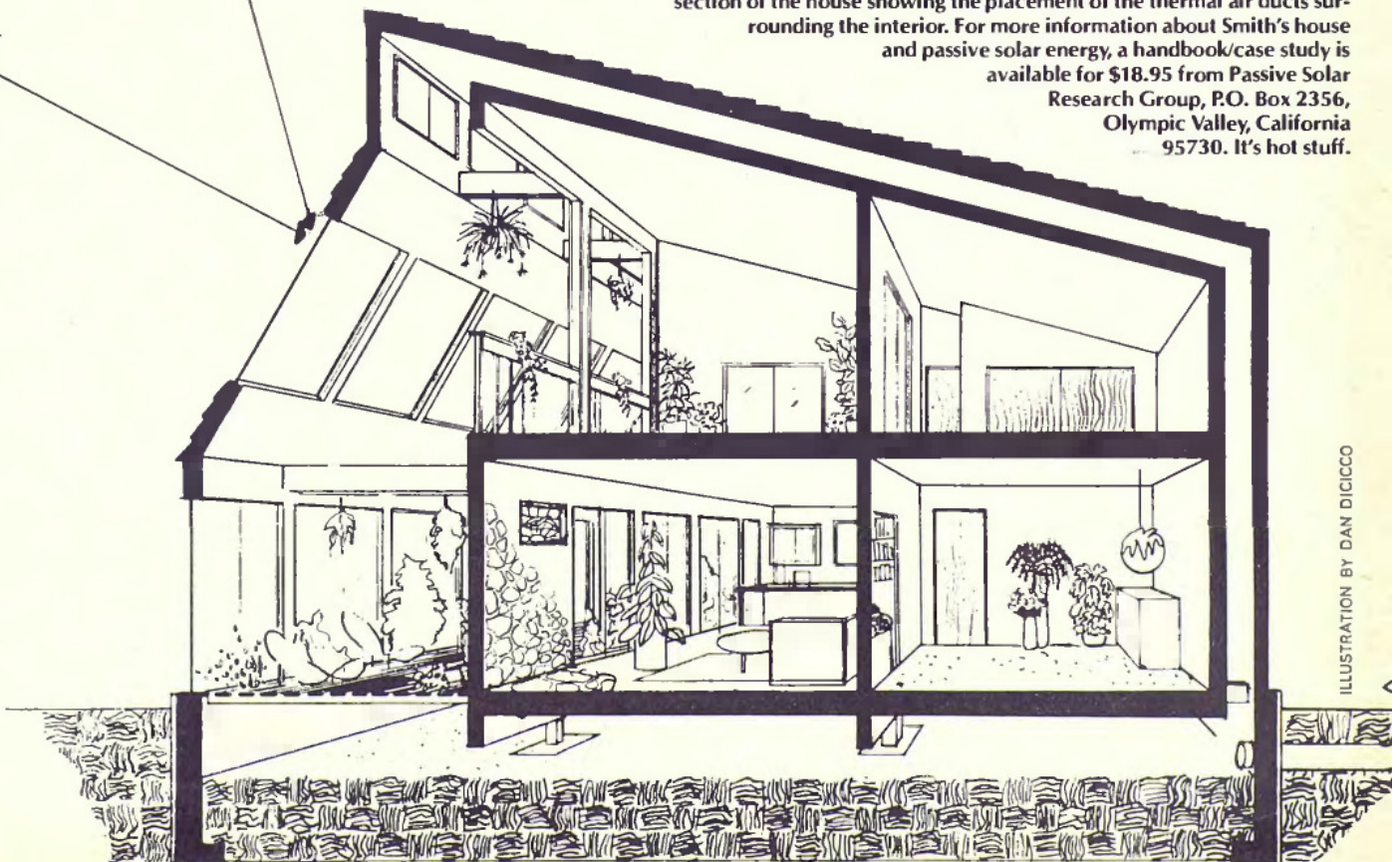


ILLUSTRATION BY DAN DICICCO



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Passport Scotch.

Scoring

No question about it, **NICK NOLTE** is hot stuff in Tinseltown. With great reviews in *North Dallas Forty* behind him, and the Jack Kerouac-Neal Cassady saga *Heartbeat* upcoming, he's got the world by the toes. He can also leap tall buildings in a single bound. Someone should tell Lois Lane before she makes a permanent commitment to Superman.



STEVE SCHAPIRO / SYGMA

How Green Was My Valley

The old **PETER FONDA** was culture hero and iconoclast. These days he's settled down in Montana, visiting Hollywood only long enough to make chase movies for the drive-in crowd. You might think Peter blew it, but he's smiling all the way to the bank.



MICHAEL NORCIA



© 1979 B. LACOMBE / SYGMA-PARIS

A Little to the Left...

in art and politics describes director **FEDERICO FELLINI**. His recent gem, *Orchestra Rehearsal*, is about anarchy vs. dictatorship in a symphony orchestra. The title of his in-progress opus, *The City of Women*, sounds consistent to us. Roll 'em, Maestro.

The Kid's All Right

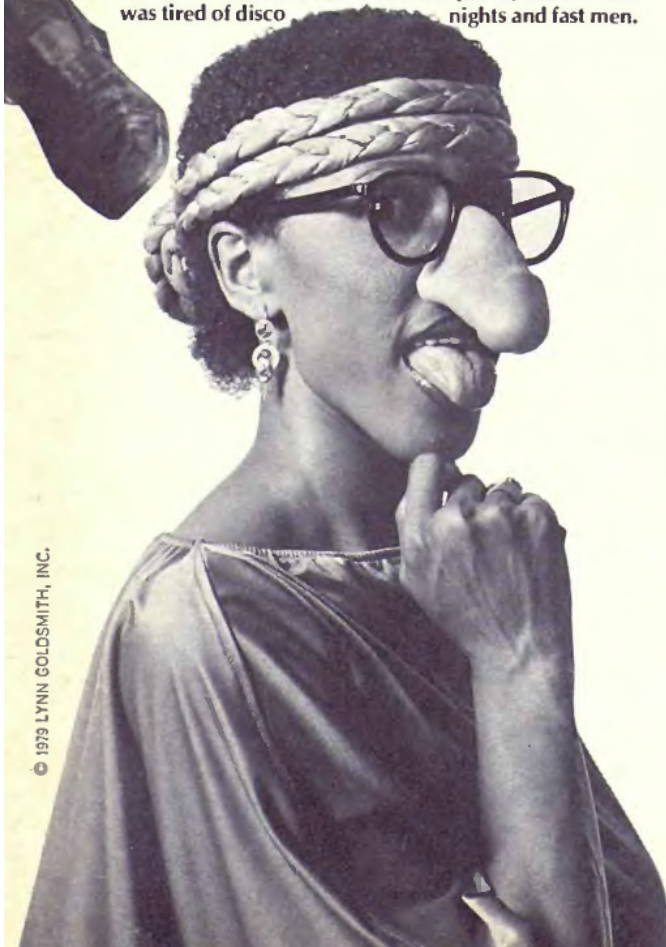
LOUISE GOFFIN needn't rest on the laurels of her parents, Carole King and Gerry Goffin. She looks great, has a hit LP and is "glad rock is back in the hands of young people."



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It's a Sin to Tell a Lie

Everyone knows your nose grows if you lie—just ask singer NONA HENDRYX, who, when we inquired, claimed she was tired of disco nights and fast men.



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LARRY DALE GORDON / SYGMA

Another Public-Service Spot

Always thinking of you, dear reader, we continue our endless search for the backs and fronts of showbiz celebrities. You will note that actress KAREN BLACK's three-year sabbatical from movies did her no harm. Welcome back, Karen.



BETTINA CIRONE

Suzy Chapstick Goes Slapstick

Skier SUZY CHAFFEE, who got her nickname peddling lip balm on TV, and our favorite artist, LE ROY NEIMAN, were recently snapped having a very athletic tête-à-tête. This doesn't look anything like progressive resistance to us, Suzy!

ARTISTIC LICENSE—SUSPENDED

Artist Joy Poe ran afoul of feminists when her exhibit opened at Chicago's Artemisia Gallery, a women-artists' collective. Poe's paper creations depicting rape and other forms of social malevolence stirred no particular ill feeling

of sex did. Victims reported decreased enjoyment of oral sex, intercourse and anal sex. (However, satisfaction with nonintercourse activities, such as masturbation and handholding was unaffected by the rape.) Although enjoyment of intercourse increased

with time, after two months, respondents still found their sex life less pleasurable than before the rape.

THE UNSEX

The American Lutheran Church has taken a firm stand on homosexuality. It supports gays as long as they don't "exercise their erotic preference." Sounds queer to us.

COME IN MY MOUTH, PLEASE

A California study implies that vasectomy helps prevent cervical cancer. In a broad study of the effects of the pill on women's health, re-

searchers at Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in Walnut Creek have set up research on cervical-cancer patients. They discovered that four percent of the 69 women who had had cervical cancer had regular sex partners with vasectomies. In contrast, 20 percent of the control group (women without cancer) had vasectomized partners. (If this figure seems high, remember that in the

California population at large, 35 percent of all men have vasectomies.) Researchers deduced that women whose partners haven't had a vasectomy are more than four times as likely to get cervical cancer than are women with vasectomized partners. The scientists speculate that sperm is in some way a cancer agent. Dr. Frederick A. Pellegrin, coleader of the Walnut Creek project, points out that data from other studies indicate that diaphragms also reduce incidence of cervical cancer, presumably by shielding the cervix from sperm. What makes sperm the culprit? Doctors guess that the problem may lie in the



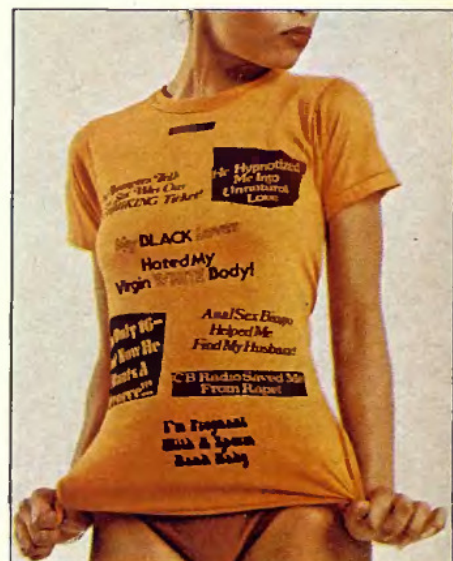
Our summer-vacation slides just came back. Ah, sweet memory. These are the belles of St.-Tropes wearing transparent bikinis. "On a clear day, you can see forever and ever..."

J. ANDANSON / SYGMA (2)

among viewers. The trouble started when a man grabbed the artist and proceeded to forcibly rape her on the gallery floor. A startled crowd of men, women and children stood slack-jawed until they determined from the calm of the gallery operators that actual rape was just part of the act. After the performance, Poe arose from her dishevelment to distribute cards explaining that the rape had been a performance. The event threw Chicago artists into a flurry of debate, mostly negative. Feminists argued that Poe had no understanding of rape; artists claimed rape was not art. Meanwhile, the gallery raised a sort of First Amendment defense, claiming that the artist was entitled to express herself. Reportedly, a male-chauvinist witness to the act confessed: "I don't know if it's art, but I know what I like."

THE AFTEREFFECTS OF RAPE

A new study indicates that rape victims suffer a loss of sexual satisfaction following the crime. University of Washington researchers, using a sexual-satisfaction questionnaire, studied changes in the love life of rape victims. While frequency of sexual activity did not change after the assault, quality



GARRICK MADISON

December's T-shirt of the month is what newspaper editors wear in hell. We found it at the Fiorucci Boutique in New York City.

RNA and the DNA carried in it. These genetic materials behave somewhat like viruses and may attack cervical tissue. So far, nothing has been proved. Research is continuing at Walnut Creek.

POSTCOITAL COIL

The proved effectiveness and convenience of the intrauterine device have made it an increasingly popular means of birth control. Now it appears the benefits of the I.U.D. are retroactive. Dr. Jack Lippes, inventor of the Lippes Loop I.U.D., announced the results of a six-year study concluding that postcoital I.U.D. insertion snuffs pregnancy. His work involved 299 women who had previously had sex without birth control. The doctor found that 100 percent of the patients avoided pregnancy during the first three months after I.U.D. insertion. Until now, the only postcoital hedges against pregnancy have been abortion and the morning-after pill, which relies on a massive dose of estrogen. Implanting an I.U.D. after sex offers quick and lasting protection.



GEORGE REZEK

Sign of the good times: The owners of this Maywood, Illinois, restaurant apparently feel you should deep wiener your hot dog.

A man with dark skin and short hair, wearing a light-colored dress shirt, a brown blazer, and light-colored trousers, stands with his arms outstretched. He is wearing brown leather boots. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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PLAYBOY'S GALA 26TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

STEVE MARTIN WAXES SERIOUS ABOUT THE NEW DIRECTIONS HIS CAREER IS TAKING IN A SURPRISING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

JOHN LE CARRE CALLS AGENT GEORGE SMILEY OUT OF RETIREMENT TO INVESTIGATE THE DEATH OF A RUSSIAN GENERAL IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS SPINE-TINGLING NEW NOVEL, **"SMILEY'S PEOPLE"**

NORA GALLAGHER TAKES US TO BAGHDAD BY THE BAY, WHERE GAY IS STANDARD, STRAIGHT IS ODD: **"THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE"**

CAPTAIN KIRK, MR. SPOCK AND ALL THE CREW OF THE ENTERPRISE RETURN, THIS TIME ON THE WIDE SCREEN. TUNE IN TO **"THE MAKING OF STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE"**

DAN GREENBURG, AFTER WEEKS WITH NEW YORK'S FINEST ON SOME OF THE SLEAZIEST STREETS, EXPLAINS WHY **"NOBODY LOVES A COP"**

ALVIN TOFFLER PREDICTS, WITH THE SAME FORESIGHT HE BROUGHT TO HIS TRAIL-BLAZING *FUTURE SHOCK*, WHY WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE THE END OF PUNCTUALITY, THE NINE-TO-FIVE WORKDAY AND EVEN, TO SOME EXTENT, THE SEASONS, IN **"THE THIRD WAVE"**

RICHARD RHODES TELLS US WHEN TO EXPECT VEST-POCKET COMPUTERS AND TVS, INFLATABLE FOOTGEAR, TIRES THAT DRIVE FLAT AND, JUST FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, HALLEY'S COMET AND RED M & M'S IN **"80 WAYS THE EIGHTIES WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE"**

ANDREW TOBIAS GIVES SOME SAGE TIPS ON HOW TO GET OUT OF 1980 WITH MORE THAN YOU PUT IN: **"TUCKING IT AWAY"**

POPE JOHN PAUL II, TEDDY KENNEDY, THE AYATOLLAH KHOMENI AND SOME ILL-ASSORTED FRIENDS JOIN IN HOLIDAY REVELRY AT **"THE ULTIMATE NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY"**

LARRY SLOMAN PEERS THROUGH THE FOG THAT SEEMS TO SURROUND **FRED SHERO**, COACH OF HOCKEY'S NEW YORK RANGERS, AND DELIVERS A REVEALING PROFILE: **"ZEN AND THE ART OF THE BODY CHECK"**

ROALD DAHL'S FICTIONAL RELATIVE DESCRIBES HOW HE EARNED HIS FORTUNE BY SELLING APHRODISIACS IN A FUN-FILLED EXCERPT FROM DAHL'S NEW NOVEL, **"MY UNCLE OSWALD"**

PLUS: A HOST OF YOUR FAVORITE FEATURES, INCLUDING **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; CARTOONS BY **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**; PAGES FROM A NEW SKETCHBOOK BY PERIPATETIC ARTIST **LE ROY NEIMAN**; A LOOK AT 10'S BEAUTIFUL **BO**, NEW WIFE OF DIRECTOR/ACTOR/PHOTOGRAPHER **JOHN DEREK**; **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**; **"PLAYBOY'S GREATEST PAJAMA PARTIES"**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: **"THE BUTTNDOWN TERROR OF DAVID DUKE,"** A HEART-STOPPING PORTRAIT OF A KU KLUX KLAN LEADER, BY **HARRY CREWS**; **"DOWNHILL RACERS,"** A LOOK AT THE OLYMPICS' GUTSIEST COMPETITORS, BY **JOHN SKOW**; **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **LINDA RONSTADT, STEVEN SPIELBERG** AND **BEN BRADLEE**; **"JOIN CHUCK BARRIS AND SEE THE WEIRD,"** A PROFILE OF THE MAN WHO PACKAGED THE LUNATIC FRINGE FOR TV; A PREVIEW OF **JAY CRONLEY'S** ZANY NEW BASEBALL NOVEL, **"SCREWBALLS"**; **"CONCORDE WEEKEND,"** THE MOST ROMANTIC WAY TO SEE PARIS; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION"**; LAVISH PICTORIALS ON ACTRESS **BARBARA BACH**, **"THE GIRLS OF AUSTRALIA,"** **"THE GIRLS OF CANADA,"** AND A UNIQUE LOOK AT **HAWAII**; **"THE NEW BOOK OF LISTS,"** BY **IRVING WALLACE, DAVID WALLECHINSKY, AMY WALLACE** AND **SYLVIA WALLACE**; AND THE NEXT EPISODE IN OUR SEXUAL SURVEY OF AMERICAN CITIES IN, OF ALL PLACES, **BOSTON**.

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